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EPIGRAMS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN:

OUS, WITTY, SATIRICAL, MORAL, AND PANEGYRICAL.

EDITED BY

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TO

WILLIAM ROBINSON, ESQ.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE MANY ACTS OF KINDNESS THAT HAVE MARKED A FRIENDSHIP EXTENDING OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS,

THIS COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE EDITOR

PREFACE.

FROM the present popular use of the word Epigram we get but an imperfect idea of what the Greeks intended that term to express. Literally speaking, it means an *Inscription*, and was employed by them to indicate the eulogy which they usually *inscribed* upon their temples, statues, arches, monuments, or trophies. A simple monogram, a single hexameter verse, or an elegiac couplet, commonly expressed the object of the memorial. *Brevity* was the requirement, limited at most to a few lines; and if those lines were of the most elegant, simple, concise, and polished kind, so much the more were they worthy of praise. From the very nature of the materials upon which such eulogy, or 'crowning feature of the object commemorated,' had to be engraven, the words of necessity were required to be few. And, inasmuch as they were intended to

catch the eye, and awaken the attention of every passer-by, point and simplicity were aimed at in their construction. In course of time this species of composition which, perhaps, at first simply recorded the name, character, or some striking action of the deceased, had a more extensive signification, and was applied by that remarkable people to every occasion and subject.

The Greek epigrams are said to be valuable as historical inscriptions, as contemporary records of public transactions; many of them, as disclosing to us the still more interesting events of private life. In these evidently written from the heart, we have the loves and the enmities, the hopes and the disappointments, the joys and the sorrows, of that sensitive and intellectual people; sometimes chaining us in astonishment by sublimity of thought, and sometimes subduing the heart by the most pathetic touches of tenderness. Their inscriptions are well calculated to enlarge the mind, to strengthen the judgment, and to refine the taste. 'They are the sole vehicles of her earliest history, the sole memorials of her honoured dead,' and are appealed to by later writers with all the confidence that sure indisputable testimony is calculated to inspire. They serve to chronicle each great event that in-

terested them, whether of a foreign or domestic character. 'Thus the history of an epoch is sometimes contained in a few distichs, which are easily remembered and referred to without trouble.'

The epigrams which have come down to us from a vast number of authors,* are justly distinguished for grandeur and nobleness of sentiment, and for the chaste and elegant language in which they are expressed. Fine thoughts, conveyed in natural and beautiful attire, are to the man of refined and cultivated taste an ample equivalent for the satire, or the wit, that are regarded as essential ingredients in a modern epigram. And we ought, moreover, to bear in mind that all that remain to us from that early period are but fragmentary productions of their lyric bards, and furnish perhaps but a sorry gauge of the salt and the smartness that may have marked their highest efforts in this branch of literature. A people so eminent in literature and the fine arts, as they are shown to have been by the monuments which we possess, and which are still the confessed 'standard of excellence,' in the judgment of the most polished nations of modern times, would not, we may reasonably conclude, have been inferior to any writers who

* The *Greek Anthology* contains about 4,500 epigrams by about 300 authors.—See Preface to *Liddell and Scott's Lexicon.*

came after them in that kind of composition for which they have been considered by the French wits insipid and defective. It would be no difficult matter to select a few Greek epigrams as virulently personal and stinging as any to be met with amongst our volatile neighbours; but 'they are the rare exception to a very general rule,' and show that biting sarcasm and personal invective were held in light esteem by that noble and illustrious nation. The Greek epigrammatists created, not the ideas which were common to them and to their audience, but the harmonious and appropriate language in which those ideas were conveyed; and their gems, richly strewn over the pages of the *Greek Anthology*, are for the most part 'distinguished for their terse simplicity, for their liveliness without guile, and their pungency without intent to vex or offend.' *

With the exception of Martial and Claudian, we have no one amongst the Roman poets of any great reputation as a writer of epigrams. Catullus has left us one or two which have been praised for their simplicity and delicacy of expression, and for their close imitation of the patterns of the Greeks; and which, for these reasons, have obtained amongst good critics great praise and favour; but

* *Quarterly Review*, January 1865.

his poems generally are justly reprobated for the vile and indecent thoughts that lie beneath this pretty outside covering; and which render his verses unwholesome to read, and totally unfit for translation. In the epigrams of Claudian, whose reputation for purity of language and real poetical genius is deservedly great, we have a certain smartness of wit, and that too in the most beautiful Latin phrase. There is no originality, if we except a few, but much of obscenity in those of Ausonius, whose reputation as a poet, but for his skill in versification, would not be of much account.

Martial, on the contrary, has left us a great number of epigrams, the creations of his own fertile imagination. Many of them refer to odious vices which in his time were common, and perhaps then little condemned, but which in modern days are unfit to be mentioned. In a considerable number of them he endeavours to give a sting to the last line or two; and in some he succeeds in exciting our admiration at his power of ridicule, wit, irony, sagacity, good sense, and knowledge of the world; but his thoughts are not always just, his humour often borders upon affectation, whilst his adulation of Domitian, one of the most execrable of the Roman Emperors, makes one blush for the depth

of moral depravity into which our nature can descend.

In our own day, and in our own language, an epigram is understood to mean a poem distinguished for its *point*, *elegance* and *brevity*; confined to one principal thought or subject; and so briefly and forcibly put, as to leave a sensible impression on the mind. A facetious application of an old proverb, or of some well-known passage of history or of ancient mythology, or the lucky application of a motto from a classical or modern author, are some of the requirements looked for in a modern epigram. If one striking thought be uniformly pursued to a point through the entire poem, it may justly, we think, be considered as an epigram though it be of some length. Harmony and smoothness of versification are essentially necessary to its success. In a word, the Moderns seem to follow the Romans, and are not satisfied if an epigram does not contain stinging personal satire, tickling humour or wit, so happily wrapped up as to create surprise, pleasure, or indignation in the mind of the reader.

Though this definition confines the term epigram to a poem, and may therefore by some critics be considered defective, inasmuch as it originally meant an inscription, and its use was certainly not

restricted to verse, yet there is an obvious distinction between what is epigrammatic and what is properly an epigram; just as there is between a poem and what is poetic. To compensate however for this deficiency, if such it be, the editor has subjoined a few of those epigrammatic sentiments which have obtained some degree of notoriety in the world. Every one will admit that this is an epigram: 'The blood of the Gracchi was the seed sown, and Marius was the fruit;' and that Canning uttered an epigram when he said of Addington's government, 'Every thing is at sea, but the fleet.' The same character may be claimed for Byron's remark, 'Dr. Polidori has no patients, for his patients are no more;' or Chamfort's division of mankind into 'those who have more dinner than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinner;' or Heine's classification of all that is into 'eatable and not eatable;' or Voltaire's definition when he said, 'the Frenchman was a cross between an ape and a tiger—tiger predominating;' or Burke's sneer that 'Chatham's force was fancy, while his feebleness was ignorance;' or La Borde's answer to a coquette who told him he was the last man she would choose, that 'he was charmed, because his turn would come;' or Dean Swift's remark that 'the

reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages;' or Garrick's remark, when a bad farce called 'Fire and Water' was offered him: 'I know what will be the fate of this piece when acted; for what can fire and water produce but a hiss?' Again, Milton's bitter taunt that 'James the First had at least one claim to the title of Solomon, that he was the son of David,' is an epigram; and also Lord John Russell's opinion of an Agricultural Jury, that 'they are men whose intellects are as muddy as their roads, and their wills far more obstinate than those of the brutes they drive.' Macaulay's description of Bishop Atterbury's defence of the Letters of Phalaris, as 'the very best book ever written on the wrong side of a question, of both sides of which the writer was profoundly ignorant;' and Disraeli's remark when he wrote on the Duke of Newcastle, 'The house of Pelham has been distinguished for the last century by an incapacity for statesmanship, and a genius for jobbing;' and Jekyll's of a brewer drowned in his own vat, 'unwept he floats upon his watery bier;' are good pointed epigrams. Sayings of this kind too: 'Chastity is the honesty of women, and honesty is the chastity of men;' 'She lived happily with her hus-

band from that time to his death, which happened shortly after;' 'My left hand knows not what my right hand gives.' 'Possibly not, for your right hand gives nothing;' 'Women in possession of every thing to gratify reasonable desires, are apt to sigh for straws;' 'There are no persons so solicitous about the preservation of rank, as those who have no rank at all;' 'A card-leaving ceremony is merely a deposit of crocodile's eggs;' 'If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry selfish affair—a pitiful morsel in a corner'—are true epigrams. These, with ten thousand other similar saws which may be culled from the prose writings of Bacon, Barrow, Pope, Byron, Seneca, Tacitus, Boethius, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Lamb, and numberless other eminent authors, need only to be tricked out in verse to be acknowledged as genuine epigrams. Again, it is no unusual thing to meet with epigrams within a poem which, in itself, is not one; as, for example, in Rochester's reply to Scrope the last four lines are a real epigram:

'Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,
Half-honest (which is very much a knave):
Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
For anything entirely but an ass.'

In that justly famous and imperishable production, *Hudibras*, Butler, in exposing the cant and hypocrisy of the men of his time and their deeds, has combined a series of epigrams, 'each funnier, absurder, and more pointed than the rest.' It would be an easy task to extract from Dryden's greatest poems, *Absalom and Achitophel* and the *Hind and Panther*, distichs and quatrains which are perfect epigrams; and what are the last seventy lines of the first of Pope's *Moral Epistles* but a string of epigrams on that abandoned profligate, Philip, Duke of Wharton, and other well-known characters of the day? So, too, there may be detached from the comic ballads of that greatest of punsters, Hood, verses which are verily neither more or less than epigrams. Take the two following:

'That picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing;
But surely lotteries encourage drawing.'

'A mechanic his labour will discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes:
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it strikes.'

It has been well and justly said, in the teeth of

the railing accusations nowadays blurted forth by the 'ignobile vulgus' against the study of the Classics, that the man who devotes himself to English literature without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions and illustrative associations.

Who that meditates over the strains of Milton does not feel that his magnificent mind was lighted by coals from ancient altars? Who that reads the poetry of Gray does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? What student of Dryden and Pope does not recognise in them the disciples of a school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? It is, then, but telling the bare truth when we affirm that many finished and perfected conceits, many charming sententious passages in Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson, Shakspeare, and others of our noble writers are, in fact, but a reproduction in another form and polish of rich gems acquired, consciously or unconsciously, from ancient treasure-houses, ever and anon recalling to the mind their Greek and Latin parallels.

No one can doubt that the epigram may be turned to an admirable use in correcting offences against good sense and good manners, by ridiculing vanity, pride, arrogance, impertinence, affectation, or vulgarity of behaviour; but it has altogether passed its legitimate bounds, when its satire or point is aimed at natural defects, or at anything that is stamped with the Divine approval.

The collection of epigrams now offered to the public consists of translations of a select few from the *Greek Anthology* and from Latin authors, ancient and modern. English versions of German, French, Spanish, Italian, and other continental authors who have indulged their fancies in such witty conceits, have received the attention they justly merited, and from such sources many have been included in the work. It also embraces a great number of those which were written by our own eminent poets who, though not devoting much of their time to this kind of writing, still amused and occupied themselves occasionally with such compositions, seemingly suggested by some passing event, or some eccentric personage, who may, perhaps, have caused offence, or given rise to merry thoughts. Selections have been made from periodical and ephemeral publications of 'the olden time,' or of

recent date, in which such *morceaux piquants* were likely to be found. The reader, too, will discover some epigrams which are not to be met with in any printed book or miscellany. In a work of this nature, it was necessary to set some limits to the field from whence the materials of its subject matter were to be collected. Had the range been extended, and the poetic treasure-houses of the East been ransacked, doubtless many a precious gem might have been gathered in, and the volume richly illumined. Take the following, in confirmation of this remark, as specimens in translation :

FROM THE ARABIC.

'When I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
"They ought to be heavy, and wrinkled, and yellow;"
When I offered myself, whom those graces adorn,
You flouted and called me an ugly old fellow.'

FROM THE PERSIAN.

'On parent knees a naked new-born child
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled.
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.'

Sir W. Jones.

The part devoted to Monumental Epigrams in the first edition has been advisedly omitted. A few Mock Epitaphs will be found, however, interspersed amongst the pages of the present edition. With all its faults and omissions, the editor hopes that as the tastes and understandings of men vary as much as their faces, there will be found in the present volume, altered and improved as he trusts it now is, materials enough to occupy and enliven the vacant hour, and it may be, help to drive 'dull care away.'

It now remains for him in concluding these remarks to say, that it has been his earnest endeavour to profit by the lavish amount of criticism with which his Collection of Epigrams was happily ushered into public acceptance, and that having rearranged them, and well weeded the work, observing to the extent of his ability a chronological arrangement of its contents, and amplifying the Notes wherever this appeared to be necessary, as well as adding a great number of fresh epigrams from a variety of sources, the editor trusts that the manifold defects which disfigured his first edition have now been atoned for. With all its faults, that edition was not suffered to encumber the publisher's shelves for any great length of time; and the reasonable in-

ference from this fact is that the book *was wanted*, the cynical barkings of some of its reviewers to the contrary notwithstanding. And here let him record his warmest acknowledgements for the many hints and suggestions which the first edition elicited from many distinguished reviewers.

It is always a pleasing duty to acknowledge efforts that point to our improvement; and it would be ungrateful not to profit by them. It is now left to the decision of those critics who have been somewhat lavish of the vinegar in their ink, to say whether their strictures have been turned to a desirable account. Should such be the verdict, the sting of past invective will be forgotten in the recognition of a more extensive patronage.

J. BOOTH.

BROMYARD:
September 1865.

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EPIGRAMS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

SECTION I.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY,(1) AND FROM LATIN AUTHORS, CATULLUS, MARTIAL, CLAUDIAN, AND AUSONIUS.

SECTION I.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

1

(Plato. Jac. b. ix. ep. 44.)

A man found a treasure; and what's very strange,
Running off with the cash, left a rope in exchange:
The poor owner, at missing his gold, full of grief,
Hung himself with the rope which was left by the thief.

Sir A. Croke.

2

(Nicarchus. Jac. b. xi. ep. 118.)

The physician, who killed me,
Neither bled, purged, nor pilled me,
Nor counted my pulse; but it comes to the same:
In the height of my fever, I died of his name.

Dr. H. Wellesley.

3

(Nicarchus. Jac. b. xi. ep. 186.)

'T is said that certain death awaits
The raven's nightly cry;
But at the sound of Cymon's voice
The very ravens die.

J. H. Merivale.

4

A Cure for Love.

(Crates, the Theban. Jac. b. ix. ep. 497.)

Fasting, or length of time, love's fires will chill ;
If that won't do the work, a halter will.

W. Baxter.

5

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 430.)

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
Then Plato must bow to a hairy he goat.

Lord Chief Justice Denman.

6

To an Idle Servant.

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 431.)

You feed so fast, and run so very slow :
Eat with your legs, and with your grinders go.

Bland.

7

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 401.)

A Doctor, fond of letters, once agreed
Beneath my care his son should learn to read.
The lad soon knew 'Achilles' wrath' to sing,
And said by heart, 'To Greece the direful spring.'
''T is quite enough, my dear,' the parent said ;
'For too much learning may confuse your head:
That wrath which hurls to Pluto's gloomy reign,
Go, tell your tutor, I can best explain.'

Bland.

8

(Palladas. Jac. b. xi. ep. 273.)

If the outward form's akin
To the nature that's within,
By your limping foot we learn
Your intellect's a lame concern.

H. W.

9

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 310.)

Hair, wax, rouge, honey, teeth you buy,
A multifarious store.
A mask at once would all supply,
Nor would it cost you more.

W. Cowper.

10

(Demodocus. Jac. b. xi. ep. 237.)

A viper stung a Cappadocian's hide;
And poisoned by his blood, that instant died.(2)

11

(Palladas. Jac. b. xi. ep. 387.)

One dinner's thought enough; but when I've dined with Salaminus,
I dine again at home, or else I find that I am minus.

H. W.

12

(Pollianus. Jac. b. xi. ep. 127.)

Some Furies sure possessed the Nine, what time
They dubbed thee poet with thy trashy rhyme.
Scribble away; if madness be a curse,
What greater can I wish thee than thy verse?

H. W.

13

(Lucillius.)

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

W. Cowper.

14

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 208.)

Eutychidès was no swift runner; true;
But as a diner-out, you'd say he flew.

H. W.

15

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 76.)

Heavens, what a nose! Forbear to look
Whene'er you drink, in fount or brook:
For, as the fair Narcissus died,
When hanging o'er a fountain's side,
You, too, the limpid water quaffing,
May die, my worthy Sir, with laughing.

Bland.

16

(Ammianus. Jac. b. xi. ep. 156.)

You think, old fellow, that a beard is wise,
And therefore nourish it, a flap for flies;
Come! be advised, and clip it, neat and nice;
Beards less betoken wisdom than breed lice.

Major Macgregor.

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 391.)

A miser, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse;
And thus his uninvited guest
Briskly inquisitive address'd:

'Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it,
I owe this unexpected visit?'
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied:
'Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard;
I came to lodge, and not to board.'

W. Cowper.

18

(Palladas. Jac. b. xi. ep. 281.)

When Magnus sought the realms of night,
Grim Pluto trembled for his right.
'That fellow comes,' he said, ''t is plain,
To call my ghosts to life again.'

B.

Parody from the same on Dr. Mead.

When Mead reach'd the Styx, Pluto started and said:
'Confound him! he's come to recover the dead.'

Anon. translation from Lessing.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Mead.(3)

Mead's not dead then, you say; only sleeping a little;
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off to a tittle;
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt;
Pluto knows who he's got and will ne'er let him out.

Hackett.

19

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 215.)

Though Eutychus the painter have of children twenty got,
Even in one of all the score we trace his likeness not.

R. G. M.

20

(Palladas. Jac. b. ix. ep. 530.)

Fortune advanced thee in thine own despite,
To prove how boundless, e'en on such, her might!

R. G. M.

21

(Nicarchus. Jac. b. xi. ep. 170.)

The dying miser wept not life to end,
But on his funeral so much to spend.

R. G. M.

22

(Jac. b. xi. ep. 250.)

The likeness, hang the artist! is so true,
Instead of one fat brute, we now see two.

H. W.

23

On M: P. Cato, the Roman Censor, circa 187 B.C.[4]

(Jac. App. 309.)

Red-hair'd, foul-tongued, gray-eyed, not e'en in Hell
Will Porcius be allow'd, though dead, to dwell.

R. G. M.

24

(Jac. b. xi. ep. 125.)

A sexton and a grave physician
Once made a gainful coalition:
The sexton gave his friend the garment
Of each corpse brought him for interment:
The doctor all his patients hurried
Off to the sexton to be buried.

W. Shepperd.

25

(Lucillius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 159.)

The astrologers did all alike presage
My uncle's dying in extreme old age:
One only disagreed: but he was wise
And spoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

W. C.

26

(Jac. b. xi. ep. 168.)

They call thee rich; I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou darest not use thy store,
But savest it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

Cowper.

27

On Plutarch.

(Agathias. Planudean. Jac. b. i. ep. 331.)

Chæronean Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise,
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared;
Their heroes written and their lives compared.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own—
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

Dryden.

28

(Agathias. Jac. b. xi. ep. 408.)

You dye your head, old age you cannot dye,
Nor lay the wrinkles of those wan cheeks by;
Plaster not thus the paint o'er all your face,
Till less a mortal there than mask we trace;
Cease the vain hope! Though paints and washes aid,
A Helen ne'er from Hecuba was made.

R. G. M.

29

(Apollinarius. Jac. b. xi. ep. 421.)

Speak ill of me, when absent, nought I heed;
But well, when present, then you harm indeed.

R. G. M.

30

(Jac. b. ix. ep. 498.)

O bury not the dead, but let him lie
A prey for dogs beneath th' unpitying sky!
Our common mother, Earth, would grieve to hide
The hateful body of the matricide.

F. Hodgson.

31

(Evenus. Jac. App. 24.)

With wisdom, daring is great gain:
Without, it brings disgrace and bane,

Goldwin Smith.

32

(Lucian. Jac. b. x. ep. 28.)

Short to the happy life's whole span appears,
But to the wretch one night is endless years.

G. Booth.

33

Lucian imitated. On a Column erected in a Field that had been often bought and sold.

(Jac. b. ix. ep. 74.)

I, whom thou see'st begirt with towering oaks,
Was once the property of John O'Stokes:
On him prosperity no longer smiles,
And now I feed the flocks of John O'Stiles.
My former master call'd me by his name;
My present owner fondly does the same:

While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs.
Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
For Fortune, Fortune! I am thine alone. (5)

34

(Archias. Jac. b. ix. ep. 111.)

Thracians, who howl around an infant's birth,
And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth,
Well in your grief and gladness are express'd
That life is labour, and that death is rest.

Bland.

35

(Hedylus. Jac. b. xi. ep. 414.)

While on soft beds your pillow'd limbs recline,
Dissolv'd by Bacchus and the Queen of Love,
Remember, Gout's a daughter of that line,
And she'll dissolve them soon, my friend, by Jove,

Bland.

36

(M. Argentarius. Jac. b. v. ep. 113.)

Rich, thou hadst many lovers; poor, hast none;
So surely want extinguishes the flame.
And she, who called thee once her pretty one,
And her Adonis, now inquires thy name—
'Where wast thou born, Sosicrates? and where,
In what strange country, can thy parents live?
Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware,
That want's a crime no woman can forgive.'

W. Cowper.

37

(Lucian. Jac. b. x. ep. 27.)

Man may not see thee do an impious deed;
But God thy very inmost thoughts can read.

J. W. Burgon.

38

(Lucian. Jac. b. x. ep. 42.)

From vain rash speech thy tongue let silence hold,
A watch o'er words is better than o'er gold.

Major Macgregor.

39

(Palladas. Jac. bk. x. ep. 85.)

Death dogs us all: we 're fatten'd, as a flock
Of swine, in turn for slaughter on the block.

Major M.

40

(Simonides. Jac. b. x. ep. 105.)

My foe, since I am dead, rejoiceth: o'er him yet
Another shall rejoice: to Death we 're all in debt.

Major M.

41

Inscription for a Drinking Cup.[6]

There 's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip.

42

(Agathias. Jac. b. x. ep. 69.)

Why fear ye death, the parent of repose,
Who numbs the sense of penury and pain?
He comes but only once, nor ever throws,
Triumphant once, his painful shaft again.
But countless evils upon life intrude,
Recurring oft in sad vicissitude.

Bland.

43

(Lucian. Jac. b. x. ep. 35.)

Firm and erect, to men and gods you're dear,
And readily your pray'rs they're wont to hear:
Stumble, at once all favours are estrang'd,
And friends to foes with changing Fortune chang'd.

Major M.

With this may be compared Ovid, Trist. El. ix. 5.

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

44

A Heathen's Prayer.

(Jac. b. x. ep. 108.)

Praying, or prayerless, give us good things, Zeus!
And, e'en though prayed for, evil things refuse.

R. G. M.

'Heathens, were those Greeks? they were not altogether wrong in the matter of prayer, at any rate "Fas est et ab hoste doceri."'

45

(Theognis. Jac. b. ix. ep. 50.)

Please your own taste. In passion or from pique,
Some good of you, and some will evil speak.

Major Macgregor.

46

(Julianus Æ. Jac. b. vii. ep. 565.)

Painter, this likeness is too strong,
And we shall mourn the dead too long.

W. Cowper

47

(Meleager. Jac. b, v. ep. 141.)

Heliodora's voice, by all that 's dear!
Is sweeter than Apollo's lute to hear.

H. Wellesley.

Parody on the same.

Dear Jenny Lind! I 'd rather hear you sing
Than Paganini fiddle 'on one string.'

H. W.

48

On the Statue of her Daughter by Nossis.

(Jac. b. vi. ep. 353.)

In this loved stone Melinna's self I trace;
'T is hers, that form; 't is hers, that speaking face!
How like her mother's! Oh what joy to see
Ourselves reflected in our progeny!

J. H. Merivale.

There are parallels to this in Horace and Catullus, too obvious to need quotation, but the general idea may be illustrated by Shakspeare's 'King John,' Act I:

'He hath a trick of Cœur de Lion's face.
* * * * *
Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And found them "perfect Richard."'

49

'Home, sweet Home.'

(Leonidas of Tarentum. Jac. b. vii. ep. 736.)

Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,

And some poor plot with vegetables stored
Be all that Heaven allots thee for a board;
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river bank or mountain brow,—
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

These lines recall to the mind passages in Goldsmith's 'Traveller':

'Thus every good his native wilds impart
* * * * *
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms,' &c.

And again:

'The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own.'
* * * * *
'Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, is at home.'

50

(Philo or Plato. Jac. b. xi. ep. 419.)

A hoary head, with sense combin'd,
Claims veneration from mankind;
But, if with folly joined, it bears
The badge of ignominious years.
Gray locks will pass for sapience well,
Until your tongue dissolve the spell;
Then, as in youth, 't will all appear
No longer sense, but merely hair.

Bland, Junr.

51

Corinth.

(Antipater. Jac. b. ix. ep. 151.)

Where is thy grandeur, Corinth? Shrunk from sight,
Thy ancient treasures, and thy ramparts' height;
Thy god-like fanes and palaces! Oh, where
Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair!
Relentless war has pour'd around thy wall,
And hardly spared the traces of thy fall!

E. Dodwell.

52

On Lais's Looking-glass.

(Plato. Jac. b. vi. ep. 1.)

I Lais, (7) once of Greece the pride,
For whom so many suitors sigh'd,
Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine
The mirror of my youth resign;
Since what I am, I will not see;
And what I was, I cannot be.

E. L. Swift.

Thus condensed by Prior:

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was:
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

53

On Envy.

(Palladas. Jac. bk. x. ep. 51.)

Pity, says the Theban bard,
From my wishes I discard;

Envy, let me rather be,
Rather far, a theme for thee!
Pity to distress is shown,
Envy to the great alone.
So the Theban: but to shine
Less conspicuous be mine!
I prefer the golden mean,
Pomp and penury between;
For alarm and peril wait
Ever on the loftiest state,
And the lowest to the end
Obloquy and scorn attend.

W. Cowper.

54

(Planudean. Jac. b. i. ep. 17.)

Ill-timed is all excess. 'Tis known to all
That even too much honey turns to gall.

H. W.

55

On Time.

(Plato. Jac. b. ix. ep. 51.)

Time bears the world away: a little date
Will change name, beauty, nature,—ay, and fate.

J. H. Merivale.

56

(Jac. b. x. ep. 119.)

The broad high way to poverty and need
Is, much to build and many mouths to feed.

57

(Jac. b. 10. ep. 125.)

'Tis hard to find a friend: many seem so,
Nay almost all—so far as words can go.

Major M.

58

On Homer.

(Antipater of Sidon. Planud. Jac. b. i. ep. 296.)

From Colophon some deem thee sprung,
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios ;
These noble Salamis have sung,
While those proclaim thee born in Ios ;
And others cry up Thessaly,
The mother of the Lapithæ.
Thus each to Homer has assign'd
The birthplace just which suits his mind :
But if I read the volume right,
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I'd say, they are mistaken quite,
And that his real country's Heaven ;
While for his mother, she can be
No other than Calliope.

Merivale.

Antipater's Epigram on Homer was also written in Latin by Sannazaro the Italian poet, who, in two lines, has most beautifully compressed it :

' Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,
Cedite, jam cœlum patria Mæonidæ est.'

59

(Planud. b. i. ep. 302.)

Nature, with difficulty, Homer found ;
And, him produced, her travail then was done ;
She all her vigour to that effort wound,
To show a matchless and immortal *one.*

Major M.

IMITATION OF
GREEK VERSES FOR LIFE AGAINST LIFE.

60

For London.

(Metrodorus. Jac. b. ix. ep. 360.)

Can we through London streets be led,
Without rejoicing as we tread?
The city's wealth our eye surveys,
The court attracts our lighter gaze;
Whilst charity her arm extends,
And sick and poor find hosts of friends.
Wit sparkles round our rosy wine,
And beauty boasts her charms divine;
Music prolongs our festive nights,
And morning calls to fresh delights;
A London residence then give,
For here alone I seem to live.

From 'The Adventurer.'

61

Against London.

(Posidippus. Jac. b. ix. ep. 359.)

Can London streets by man be trod
Without repenting on the road?
Where nobles, whelm'd in shame or debt,
And bankrupts swell each sad gazette;
All licensed death our frame attacks,
And to his aid calls hosts of quacks;
False smiles on beauty's face appear,
And wit evaporates in a sneer.

Dangers impede our days' delights,
And vermin vex our sleepless nights ;
From London, then, let 's quickly fly,
In rural shades to live or die.

From 'The Adventurer.'

From Latin Authors.

1

The Mortgage.

(Catullus.)

'Dear Furius, you may rest assured,
My country-house is well secured.'
'How? with good timber, stone, and plaster
From wind, and rain, and all disaster?'
'Ah, no! but by a certain skin,
Which is encased in painted tin ;
It is secured for money lent,
To a curst son of ten-per-cent.'

Theodore Martin.

From Martial.

2

(B. i. ep. 13.)

When Arria to her Pætus gave the steel (8).
Which from her bleeding side did newly part,
'For my own wound,' she said, 'no pain I feel ;
And yet thy wound will stab me to the heart.'

Sir Charles Sedley.

3

Against Suicide.

(B. i. ep. 9.)

That you, like Thrasea, or like Cato, great,
Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate,
Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart;
More to *my* wish you act the Roman's part:
I like *not* him who fame by *death* retrieves.
Give *me* the man, who merits praise and lives.

Hay.

4

(B. i. ep. 32.)

I love thee not; but why I can't display;
I love thee not, is all that I can say.

Anon. 1695.

In imitation of this epigram, an Oxford wit wrote the following on Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford, who died in 1686:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell:
But this I 'm sure I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

5

(B. i. ep. 33.)

Her father dead! Alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at every visit flows.
No mourner he, who must with praise be fee'd!
But he who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Hay.

6

(B. i. ep. 38.)

The verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine;
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

Bouquet.

7

(B. i. ep. 64.)

Fair, rich, and young! how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foul infection;
So proud a heart, I mean, so cursed a tongue,
As makes her seem nor rich, nor fair, nor young.

Sir J. Harrington.

8

(B. i. ep. 75.)

Lend Sponge a guinea! Ned, you'd best refuse,
And give him half. Sure, that's enough to lose.

Anon.

9

(B. i. ep. 91.)

Thou blam'st my verses and conceal'st thine own;
Or publish thine, or else let mine alone.

Anon.

10

(B. ii. ep. 3.)

You say you nothing owe; and so I say.
He only owes who something hath to pay.

Hay.

11

(B. ii. ep. 38.)

What my farm yields me, dost thou urge to know?
This, that I see not thee, when there I go.

Thus imitated by Cowper:

You ask me, Roger, what I gain
By living on this barren plain.
This credit to the spot is due,
I live there without seeing you.

12

(B. ii. ep. 55.)

Yes; I submit, my Lord; you 've gain'd your end:
I'm now your slave, that would have been your friend;
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove;—
Respect, adore you—ev'ry thing but love.

Rev. R. Graves

13

(B. ii. ep. 88.)

Arthur, they say, has wit. 'For what?'
'For writing?' No, for writing not.

Dean Swift.

14

(B. iii. ep. 9.)

Jack writes severe lampoons on me, 't is said—
But he writes nothing who is never read.

Hodgson.

15

(B. iii. ep. 14.)

A Yorkshire squire, an epicure well known,
Set forth to spend his winter months in town;
But heard the dev'lish price of beef and pork,
Stopp'd short at Highgate, and returned to York.

Graves.

16

(B. iii. ep. 42.)

Leave off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess ;
Double we see those faults which art would mend,
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

Sir C. Sedley.

17

(B. iii. ep. 61.)

'T is a mere nothing that you ask, you cry—
If you ask nothing, nothing I deny.

Hay.

18

(B. iv. ep. 21.)

That there's no God, John gravely swears,
And quotes, in proof, his own affairs ;
For how should such an Atheist thrive,
If there was any God alive ?

From Westminster Review, 1853.

19

(B. iv. ep. 70.)

Jack's father's dead ; and left him without hope :
For he hath nothing left him but a rope.
By a strange turn did fortune thus contrive
To make Jack wish his father were alive.

Hay.

20

(B. iv. ep. 76.)

Ten pounds I begg'd : with half thou bidd'st me speed:
Next time I'll ask thee twice what I have need.

Anon.

21

(B. v. ep. 17.)

Of rank, descent, and title proud,
Mere gentry Lady Susan could not bear;
She 'd wed but with a Duke, she vow'd—
And so absconded with a player.

N. B. Halhed.

22

Procrastination.(9)

(B. v. ep. 58.)

To-morrow you will live, you always cry.
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 't is so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'T is so far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'T will be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself 's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

Cowley.

23

A small Obligation the best.

(B. v. ep. 59.)

That I nor gold nor silver to thee send,
I this forbear, for thy sake, learned friend.
Who gives great gifts, expects great gifts again;
My cheap ones to return will cause no pain.

24

On a Newly-made Baronet.

(B. v. ep. 66.)

Though I do '*Sir*' thee, be not vain, I pray:
I '*Sir*' my monkey Jacko every day,

Cyrus Redding, N. M. Mag., May 1828.

25

(B. vi. ep. 12.)

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 't is hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

Harrington.

26

(B. vi. ep. 18.)

Our friend, who lately captive died in Spain,
Went to the other world without a stain.
To grieve is wrong; for leaving you alive,
He in his dearer part doth still survive.

Hay

27

(B. vii. ep. 3.)

You ask me why I have no verses sent?
For fear you should return the compliment.

Hay.

28

(B. vii. ep. 76.)

When Dukes in Town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine,

Or take thee to their country-seat
To make their dogs, and bless their meat,—
Ah! dream not on preferment soon:
Thou 'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Hoadley.

29

(B. vii. ep. 98.)

'Omnia, Castor, emis; sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.' (10)

If for mere wantonness you buy so fast,
For very want you must sell all at last.

Bouquet.

30

(B. vii. ep. 101.)

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle entered, I was cured.

Lord Nugent.

31

(B. viii. ep. 18.)

The last two lines of this epigram are thus rendered by Jeremy Taylor:

Land, gold, and trifles, many give or lend;
But he that stoops in fame is a rare friend.
In friendship's orb thou art the brightest star:
Before thy fame mine thou preferrest far.

32

(B. viii. ep. 19.)

Tom says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he 's not;
But take his word for 't: Tom's not worth a groat.

Graves.

33

(B. viii. ep. 27.)

You're rich and old ; to you they presents send :
Don't you perceive they bid you die, my friend ?

Hay.

34

(B. viii. ep. 35.)

Both man and wife as bad as bad can be,
I wonder they no better should agree.

Hay.

35

(B. viii. ep. 74.)

A Doctor lately was a Captain made.
It is a change of title, not of trade.

Hay.

36

(B. ix. ep. 5.)

You'd marry the marquis, fair lady, they say :
You 're right ; we 've suspected it long ;
But his Lordship declines in a complaisant way,
And, faith, he 's not much in the wrong.

N. B. Halhed.

37

(B. ix. ep. 78.)

Your spouse, who husbands dear hath buried seven,
Stands a bad chance to make the number even.

Hay.

38

(B. ix. ep. 80.)

Through servile flattery thou dost all commend :
Who cares to please where no man can offend ?

Sedley.

39

To Martial's Ghost.

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian, than I can to my James;
But in my royal subject I pass thee—
Thou flatteredst thine, mine cannot flattered be.

B. Jonson.

Imitated.[11]

(B. x, ep. 32.)

Under the engraved picture of Shakspeare in the first edition of his collected works, 1623.

TO THE READER.

This figure which thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut:
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life:
Oh! could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, Reader, look,
Not on his picture, but his book!

B. Jonson.

40

(B. x. ep. 8.)

Mc would the widow wed; she's old, say I,
But if she older were, I would comply.

Hay.

Thus imitated by the Rev. Mr. Scott:

TO THE HON. C. J. FOX, ON A PROPOSAL MADE TO HIM TO MARRY A RICH OLD MAID.

Lady Bab, though turned fifty, was hot I should wed her;
But I, being not very willing to marry,
Told a friend she was old, so could ne'er think to bed her,
And therefore desired some time longer to tarry.
At this, being nettled, she flew in a rage,
And pouted, as she was ne'er courted before;
Pooh! said I, I mistook, she is quite *under* age,
Oh! would she were now but a hundred or more!

41

(B. x. ep. 10.)

No dinners, presents!—he is no man's bail!
He cannot lend, because his riches fail!
Yet crowds attend his future power and grace:
For fools of all sorts London is the place.

Hay.

42

(B xi. ep. 44.)

Childless, and rich, and old, and hope to find
A real friend? Disordered is thy mind.
That heaven-born light, which never long endures
In youth, in poverty, perchance, was yours;
But all your present friends, whate'er they say,
Love but your death, and curse its slow delay.

Hodgson.

43

(B. xi. ep. 64.)

We know not why you for the fair
So many billet-doux prepare ;
But this we know, a billet-doux
No fair one ever penned for you.

Anon.

44

(B. xi. ep. 67.)

Maro, you 'll give me nothing while you live,
But after death, you cry, then, then, you 'll give :
If thou art not indeed turned arrant ass,
Thou know'st what I desire to come to pass.

Fletcher.

Or thus :

You told me, Maro, whilst you live,
You 'd not a single penny give,
But that whene'er you chance to die,
You 'd leave a handsome legacy :
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess.

45

(B. xi. ep. 92.)

He called thee vicious, did he? lying elf!
Thou art not vicious, thou art Vice itself.

Fletcher.

46

(B. xi. ep. 103.)

Thou art so tame and simple, on my life,
I wonder how thou e'er couldst court a wife.

Anon.

47

(B. xii. ep. 10.)

He fawns for more, though he his thousands touch :
Fortune gives none enough, but some too much.

Hay.

48

(B. xii. ep. 12.)

In midnight cups you grant all we propose :
Next morn neglect. Pray take a morning dose.

Hay.

Imitation.

Thraso picks quarrels when he's drunk at night ;
When sober in the morning dares not fight :
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

Walsh.

49

(B. xii. ep. 23.)

Your hair and teeth you're not ashamed to buy !
What will you do, shouldst lose the other eye ?

Hay.

50

(B. xii. ep. 47.)

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
There is no living with thee, or without thee.

Addison.

Garrick's character, as portrayed in Goldsmith's epigrammatic poem called 'Retaliation,' may, probably, have been suggested by this epigram. It is, at all events, an illustration of it :

Our Garrick 's a salad ; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.

51

(B. xii, ep. 54.)

Thy beard and head are of a different dye ;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye :
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Shouldst thou be honest, thou 'rt a devilish cheat.

Addison.

52

(From Book on the Public Shows.)

On an Unequal Combat.

To bow to nobler foés is almost fame ;
The basely-yielded palm alone is shame.

TRANSLATIONS FROM CLAUDIAN.

I.

(Ep. 29.)

On a Versifier crippled in his Feet.

About your feet, one way or other,
Lord ! what is all this mighty pother ?
You, who your verse so boldly scann'd,
Cry, in a passion, 'It won't stand !'

This line to run, forsooth, is ill able,
And feebly limps that sorry syllable.
Thus as you hobble, once so stout,
Your verse from you has caught the gout.

Anon.

2

(Ep. 39.)

The Poor Man in Love.

Pangs of hunger, pangs of love, both are sharp and keen ;
But the pangs of love are keenest far, I ween.

P. Onslow.

3

(Ep. 40.)

On the same.

I 'm poor, I love, one curse would fate remove—
Oh, leave my poverty, and take my love !

P. O.

4

(Ep. 6.)

On a Crystal.

Still the keen iceflakes their old nature own,
In part alive, in part congealed to stone :
See winter's craft, mightier in broken might ;
Thus living jewels deck his crown with light.

P. O.

5

(Ep. 49.)

On the Miracles of Christ.

She touched, the life-blood filled each bloodless vein ;
Since faith is life, faith brought her life again.

P. O.

6

Bearing prophetic gifts, their way the kingly Easterns trod,
Myrrh, gold, and frankincense, adored the man, the king, the God.

P. O.

7

The reddening waters sparkled into wine,
So did the manhood into Godhead shine.

P. O.

8

Five loaves, two fishes, and five thousand feed;
God's gifts will still surpass His creatures' need.

P. O.

9

Blind from the womb, lo! one receives his sight,
And stares bewildered by the unwonted light.

10

To Mary Gabriel spake the Lord's decree,
So God took flesh of her Virginity.

11

Peter's step falters on the raging main,
Christ's hand his feet, Christ's word his faith sustain.

P. O.

12

Borne on his bed for years the palsied lay,
Christ speaks, and lo! he bears his bed away.

P. O.

13

See at Christ's call the buried Lazarus rise:
With failing strength 't is death itself that dies.

P. O.

FROM AUSONIUS.

I

(Ep. 107.)

On a Beautiful Boy.

Nature doubting made her plan,
Doubting whether girl or man;
Doubting still her work I scan,
Almost girl, and almost man.

P. Onslow.

2

(Ep. xxx. p. 1080.)

On Dido, Queen of Carthage.

Poor Queen! twice doomed disastrous love to try!
You fly the dying: for the flying die.

Or thus:

Alas! poor Dido! in what shocking plight
Your husbands' fates have left you:
Since one by dying caused your flight,
And t'other's flight of life bereft you.

On the same.

Virgil, whose magic verse enthralls,
(And where is poet greater?)
Sometimes his wandering hero calls
Now *Pius* and now *Pater.*

But when, prepared the worst to brave,
(An action that must pain us)
He leads fair Dido to the cave,
He calls him '*Dux Trojanus.*'

Why did the poet change the word?
The reason plain is, sure;
'*Pius Æneas*' were absurd,
And '*Pater*' premature.

3

Balnea, vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra:
Quid faciunt vitam? balnea, vina, Venus.

Wine, women, warmth against our lives combine,
But what is life without warmth, women, wine?

From 'Notes and Queries.'

4

(Ep. 134.)

The Rich and the Poor Man.

Not free from want the rich man, nor alone
In want the poor; wants rich and poor must own.
The rich wants gems—the poor a frugal feast.
Both are in want—the poor man's wants are least.

P. O

5

(Ep. 143.)

On Fortune's Fickleness.

Fortune shifteth, never stayeth,
As a vane with light winds playeth—
As alternate weights prevail,
When the hand of him who weigheth
Casteth into either scale.

P. O.

6

(Ep. 50.)

A Pedant, when a wedding guest,
The Bride and Bridegroom thus address'd :
'O may your union favoured be
With children of the genders three!'

Anon.

7

(Ep. 81.)

Only begin ; the half is done ;
Begin again: all will be won.

Anon.

8

(Ep. 83.)

Give quickly that your gift may please ;
A tardy gift will rather tease.

A maxim too of the poet *Publius Syrus* : 'Bis dat, qui cito dat.' Who has also another similar proverb: 'Bis est gratum, quod opus est, ultro si offeras.'

From 'Notes and Queries.'

9

(Ep. 87.)

The Nonal Drink.

I 'm Nine ; for I bread, water, honey, wine,
With broth, salt, pepper, herbs, and oil combine.

K, from 'Notes and Queries.

SECTION II.

EPIGRAMS BY ENGLISHMEN (KNOWN AND UNKNOWN) OF THE 16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH CENTURIES.

SECTION II.

EPIGRAMS BY ENGLISHMEN.

BY J. HEYWOOD, OF BROADGATE HALL, NOW PEMBROKE COLL. (CIRCA 1550).

1

'I drink to thee, Tom.' 'Nay, thou drinkest *from* me, John;
For when thou drinkest *to* me, drink thou leavest none.'

2

On Fardingales. (12)

Alas! poor fardingales must lie i' the street,
To house them no door i' the city is meet;
Since at our narrow doors they in cannot win,
Send them to Oxford, at Broadgate to get in.

3

Corporation Politeness on the Destruction of the Spanish Armada. (13)

As a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess,

'The Spaniard,' quoth he, 'with inveterate spleen,
Has presumed to attack you, a poor virgin queen;
But your Majesty's courage has made it appear
That the Don had ta'en the wrong sow by the ear.'

4

On Cardinal Wolsey.—Alliteration.

Begot by butcher, but by bishop bred:
How high his highness holds his haughty head!

Circumstances alter Cases.

When Priscus, raised from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in pompous jollity,
Caius, his poor familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus: 'Sir, now you know not me.'
''T is likely, friend,' quoth Priscus, 'to be so;
For at this time myself I do not know.'

Sir J. Davies (1600).

BY HEATH.

1

Health is a jewel, true; which when we buy,
Physicians value it accordingly.

2

To a kinsman of his own name he writes:

Brotherhood lies low buried under ground,
And nought but cozenage now's to be found.

BY SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, CREATED LORD HARRINGTON BY JAMES I.

1

Of Treason.

Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none doth call it Treason.

2

On Enclosing a Common.

A lord that purposed for his more avail,
To compass in a common with a rail,
Was reckoning with his friends about the cost
And charge of every rail, and every post:
But he that wished his greedy humour crost,
Said: 'Sir, provide you posts, and without failing,
Your neighbours round about will find you railing.'

3

On a Drunken Smith.

I heard that Smug the smith, for ale and spice
Sold all his tools, and yet he kept his vice.

4

Henry the Eighth pull'd down monks and their cells;
Henry the Ninth (14) shall pull down bishops and their bells.

5

On Cursing Cuckolds.

A lord that talked late in way of scorn,
Of some that wore invisibly the horn,
Said he could wish, and did (as for his part)
All cuckolds in the Thames, with all his heart.
But straight a pleasant knight replied to him,
'I hope your lordship learned hath to swim.'

6

Plain Dealing.

My verses oft displease you :—what's the matter?
You love not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.

7

Against Writers who carp at other Men's Books.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest :
Yet what care I, for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not my cooks.

8

On the Execution of the Earl of Essex.•

When noble Essex, Blount, and Danvers died,
One saw them suffer that had heard them tried ;
And, sighing, said: 'When such brave soldiers die,
Is't not great pity, think you?' 'No,' said I ;
'There is no man of sense in all the city
Will say 't is great, but rather little pity.'

9

On Fortune.

Fortune, they say, doth give too much to many ;
But yet she never gave enough to any.[15]

Ben Jonson, the companion and admirer of Shakspeare, and perhaps second only to him as a dramatist, has left us upwards of a hundred epigrams ; many of which are imbued with Greek taste and scholarship, whilst others are so scurrilous they are hardly presentable. But his faults as an Epigrammatist are amply atoned for by the beautiful Epitaphs he has left us, in which kind of writing he has been surpassed by none. He, with the lyric poet Herrick, his follower, recognised the epigrammatic force of a good nickname, as will be seen by the epigrams selected from each.

FROM B. JONSON.

I

The Blind Goddess.

The good live poor, and thou dost waste
On rogues, Dame Fortune, all thou hast :
Well did the poets feign thee blind ;
But was it in the eyes or mind?

2

On Sir Cod the Perfumed.

That Cod can get no widow, yet a Knight,
I scent the cause : he woos with an ill sprite.
The expense in odours is a most vain sin,
Except thou couldst, Sir Cod, wear them within.

3

To Doctor Empirick.

When men a dangerous disease did scape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape :
Let me give two ; that doubly am got free
From my disease's danger and from thee.

4

Fool or Knave.

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike;
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

5

On the Union of England and Scotland.[16]

When was there contract better drawn by fate,
Or celebrated with more truth of state?
The world the temple was, the priest a king,
The spoused pair two realms, the sea the ring.

6

On a Ventriloquist.

The stomach is a thrifty thing :
So Juvenal of old did sing :
I deemed his saying was not sooth ;
But now experience proves its truth :
For here is one whose stomach's feats
Procure the food his stomach eats.

7

To the Parliament.

There's reason good that you good laws should make:
Men's manners ne'er were viler, for your sake.

8

Spies.

Spies, you are lights in State, but base of stuff;
Who, when you 've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

9

On Death.

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just,
Shows of the resurrection little trust.

On B. Jonson.

Thou hadst the wreath before, now take the tree;
Thence henceforth none be laurel-crown'd but thee.

Herrick.

To the same.

My epigrams come after yours in time;
So do they in conceit, in force, in rhyme.
My wit's in fault—the fault is none of mine;
For if my *will* could have conferred my *wit*,
There never had been better verses writ;
As good as *yours* could I have rulèd it.

Hayman

To Lady Mary Nevill, Daughter to the Earl of Dorset, his worthy Patroness.

Thy glass presents thee fair ; Fame chaste thee styles :
Neither thy glass nor Fame do lie the whiles.
Loud wide-mouthed Fame, swifter than eagle's wing,
Dares not repeat against thee any thing.

Hayman.

Envy's Genealogy. To Sir J. Harrington.

Fair Virtue foul-mouthed Envy breeds and feeds ;
From Virtue only this foul vice proceeds :
Wonder not I this to you indite ;
'Gainst your rare virtues Envy bends her spite.

Hayman.

FROM HERRICK (1648).

1

Upon Parson Beanes.

Old Parson Beanes hunts six days of the week,
And on the seventh he has his notes to seek :
Six days he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seventh he can nor preach nor pray.

2

Upon Rook.

Rook, he sells feathers, yet he still doth cry,
Fie on this pride, this female vanity !
Thus, though the Rook does rail against the sin,
He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

3

The Gout in the Hand.

Urles had the gout, so that he could not stand;
Then from his feet it shifted to his hand :
When it was in his feet, his charity was small,
Now it is in his hand, he gives no alms at all.

4

On Poet Prat.

Prat, he writes satires, but herein 's the fault,
In no one satire there 's a mite of salt.

5

Shame is a bad attendant to a State ;
He rents his crown who fears his people's hate.

6

Preposterous is that government and rude
When Kings obey the wilder multitude.

7

Ambition.

In man, Ambition is the conmon'st thing ;
Each one by nature loves to be a king.

8

The Just Man.

A just man 's like a rock that turns the wroth
Of all the raging waves into a froth.

9

On a Stingy Fellow.

Last night thou didst invite me home to eat,
And show'dst me there much plate, but little meat.
Prithee, when next thou dost invite, bar state,
And give me meat,—or give me else thy plate.

10

Why walks Nick Flimsy like a mal-content?
Is it because his money all is spent?
No:—but because the ding-thrift now is poor,
And knows not where i' th' world to borrow more.

11

Comely acts well; and, when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of art:
But when he sings a psalm, there's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune than he.

12

Money thou ow'st me: Prithee fix a day
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay:
Let it be dooms-day; nay, take longer scope;
Pay when thou 'rt honest, let me have some hope.

Written on the Walls of St. James's Palace after James I. had reigned some years.

Under great *King* Eliza the English were seen
As great as now mean under Jemmy their *Queen.*

On Milton.

Græcia Mæonidem jactet sibi, Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utroque parem.

Salvaggi.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Dryden.

Various parodies have appeared on this world-wide famous epigram: one by Dr. J. Drake on Sir R. Steele, Sir B. Blackmore, and Sir R. Cox; another by Daniel O'Connell on Colonels Verner, Perceval, and Sibthorpe; a third on the Bishops of Lichfield (Butler), Durham (Maltby), and Peterborough (Marsh); a fourth on the two Lockes, one the celebrated author of an 'Essay on Human Understanding,' and the other an enormous eater. Dr. S. Johnson, too, has left us a Latin version of Dryden's well-known lines.

On Dryden.

Here let me bend, great Dryden! at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine!
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
Still when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too:

With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The powers of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine.

Charles Churchill.

EPIGRAMS BY DR. DONNE.[17]

1

I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand, or move: if he says true, he lies.

2

Thy father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still.

3

If in his study he has so much care
To hang all strange old things, let his wife beware.

4

To the Tobacco-seller.

Niggards till dead are Niggards; so, vile weed,
Thy bounty from thy ashes doth proceed.

BY PYNE (circa 1616).

Half of your book is to an Index grown;
You give your book contents, your readers none.

On Milton's Wife.

When Milton was blind, as all the world knows,
He married a wife, whom his friend call'd a rose;
'I am no judge of flowers, but indeed,' cried the poet,
'If she be a *rose*, by the *thorns* I may know it.'

On Charles II.

Of a tall stature and a sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew:
Ten years of need he suffer'd in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while.

Andrew Marvell, M.P.[18]

On Jacob Tonson, the Bookseller.

With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
With frousy pores that taint the ambient air.

Dryden.[19]

To Nisus.[20]

How shall we please this Age? If in a Song
We put above six lines, they count it long:
If we contract it to an Epigram,
As deep the dwarfish poetry they damn;
If we write Plays, few see above an act,
And those lewd masks, or noisy fops distract:
Let us write Satire then, and at our ease
Vex th' ill-natured fools we cannot please.

Sir C. Sedley.

EPIGRAMS BY EARL OF ROCHESTER (circa 1670).

1

On a Psalm-singing Clerk.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad :
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove, 't would have drove him mad.

2

On the Coquetry of Women.

Womankind more joy discovers
Making fools than keeping lovers.

3

A Mock Epitaph written upon the Door of Charles II.'s Bedroom.

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
Who never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

4

Grace at a Miser's Feast.

Thanks for this miracle ! It is no less
Than manna dropping in the wilderness.
Chimnies have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more.

On Bishop Atterbury's (21) *burying the Duke of Buckingham* (22) (1688).

'I have no hopes,' the Duke he says and dies;
'In sure and certain hope,' the prelate cries:
Of these two noted peers, I prithee, say man,
Which is the lying knave—the priest or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confess'd;
'He's our dear brother,' quoth the holy priest.
The Duke the knave, still 'brother dear,' he cries,
And who can say the reverend prelate lies?

A Court Audience.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The Doctor stopp'd; began to call,
'Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale;
My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud;—you'll wake the king.'

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Sir Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller:—'I'll certainly stop up that door,
If ever I find it unlock'd any more.'
'Your threats,' replies Radcliffe, 'disturb not my ease,
And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please.'
'You're smart,' rejoins Kneller, 'but say what you will,
I'll *take* anything *from you*—but potion or pill.'

On Inclosures.

'T is bad enough, in man or woman,
To steal a goose from off a common ;
But surely he 's without excuse
Who steals the common from the goose.

BY SUCKLING.

I

The Metamorphosis.

The little boy, to show his might and pow'r,
Turn'd Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flow'r ;
Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable ;—but by th' mass
He 's metamorphosed me—into an ass.

2

If man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know :
But if he undergo it,
Though he know it,
What boots him know it ?
He must undergo it.

3

A Witty Reply.

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,
Some smooth soft flattery read, by Waller writ;

Waller, who erst to sing was not ashamed,
That Heav'n in storms great Cromwell's soul had claimed,
Turned to the Bard, and, with a smile, said he,
'Your strains for Noll excel your strains for me.'[23]
The bard, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,
Thus to the King return'd, and bow'd his head;
'Poets, so Heaven and all the Nine decreed,
In fiction better than in truth succeed.'

FROM PETRARCH'S PROSE.

You say your teeth are dropping out;
A serious cause of sorrow:
Not likely to be cured, I doubt,
To-day or yet to-morrow.

But good may come of this distress,
While under it you labour,
If, losing teeth, you guzzle less,—
And don't backbite your neighbour.

A Greek Idea expanded.

Of Graces four, of Muses ten,
Of Venuses now two are seen:
Doris shines forth to dazzle men,
A Grace, a Muse, and Beauty's Queen.
But let me whisper one thing more:—
The Furies now are likewise four.

FROM T. BROWN'S EPIGRAMS.

1

To Dryden on his Conversion.

Traitor to God, and Rebel to thy pen,
Priest-ridden poet, perjured Son of Ben,
If ever thou prove honest, then the Nation
May modestly believe Transubstantiation.(24)

2

His Opinion of the Ladies.

Their care and pains the Fair ones do bestow,
Not to please God above, but men below:
Who think them Saints, are damnably mistook,
They 're only Saints and Angels in their look.

3

The ladies here, their lovers' hearts
By their devotion win;
Though all is rock and stone without,
Yet all is soft within.

4

On the first Duchess of St. Albans.(25)

The line of *Vere*, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans' charms;
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete;
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

5

The Stage of Life.

Our life 's a journey in a winter's day;
Some only *break* their *fast*, and so away;
Others stay *dinner*, and depart full-fed,
The longest age but *sups* and goes to bed:
He 's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

6

On a Noisy Fellow.

Will both his time and tongue employs
In emptiness and riot;
'T is thus—the shallow make a noise,
The deep alone are quiet.

7

What is Honour?

Not to be captious, not unjustly fight;
'T is to confess what 's wrong, and do what 's right.

EPIGRAMS BY POPE.

I

Friend! for your epitaphs I 'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.(26)

2

To Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate.

In merry old England it once was a rule
For the king to employ both a poet and fool ;
But now, we're so *frugal*, I 'd have you to know it,
That a Laureate will serve both for *fool* and for *poet.*

3

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come :
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.

4

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool ;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

5

Now Europe 's balanc'd, neither side prevails ;
For nothing 's left in either of the scales.

6

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog.

I am His Highness's dog at Kew :
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you ?

7

On one Beautiful but Proud and Avaricious.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along ;
But such is thy avarice and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved and the poet have died.

8

My lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings ;
' But he 's my neighbour,' cries the peer polite,
' And if he 'll visit me, I 'll waive my right.'
What ! on compulsion ? and against my will
A lord's acquaintance ? let him file his bill.

9

On Bentley's Edition of Milton.

Did Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.
On Milton's verse did Bentley comment ? know,
A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
While he but sought his author's fame to further,
The murderous critic has avenged thy murther.

10

On the Toasts of the Kit-cat Club (27) (1716).

Whence deathless ' Kit-cat ' took its name,
Few critics can unriddle :
Some say from ' pastry cook ' it came,
And some from ' cat ' and ' fiddle.'

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Gray statesman or green wits ;
But from this pellmell pack of toasts
Of old ' cats' and young kits.

11

Written on glass by Pope, who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's diamond pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

12

On Sir I. Newton.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

13

On Drawings of the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules, made for Pope by Sir G. Kneller.

What god, what genius, did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'T was Friendship, warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

14

During Pope's last illness a dispute occurred between his physicians, the one charging the other with hastening the poet's death by the violent medicine he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Pope at length silenced them, saying; 'Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a very dangerous state; therefore, all I have now to ask is that the following epigram may be added after my death to the next edition of the "Dunciad," (28) by way of postscript:—

'Dunces, rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last.'

On erecting a Monument to Shakspeare, under the direction of Pope and Lord Burlington.

To mark her Shakspeare's worth, and Britain's love,
Let Pope design and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! when distant times shall view
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be new.

On Broome the Poet, who assisted Pope in his Translation of Homer. (29)

Pope came off clean with Homer; but, they say,
Broome went before and kindly swept the way.

Henly.

On receiving an Orange from Grace Lockhart, who married John third Earl of Aboyne, and died 1738.

Now, Priam's son, thou must be mute,
For I can proudly boast with thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

Allan Ramsay.

On Anne Countess of Sunderland, second Daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, who was very beautiful.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

Earl of Halifax.

The Way to be Happy.

'Bear and forbear:' thus preach the Stoic sages,
And in two words include the sense of pages:
'With patience *bear* life's certain ills; and oh!
Forbear those pleasures that must end in woe.'

EPIGRAMS BY DEAN SWIFT.

1

Written on a Window at Chester.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near akin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

2

On his own Deafness.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown,
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell.

At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart;
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

3

Advice Disregarded.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street and fled for his life ;
Tom's three nearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice :
But Tom is a person of honour so nice ;
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent all the trio a challenge next morning :
Three duels he fought, and thrice ventured his life,
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

4.

On seeing a worthy Prelate (30) *go out of Church in the time of Divine Service to wait on the Duke of Dorset on his coming to Town.*

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down :
When told that the Duke was just come to town—
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

From Wilde's Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life (1749).

5

On Handel and Bononcini.(31)

Some say that Signor *Bononcini*,
Compared to *Handel*, 's a mere ninny ;

Others aver, that to him *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange ! that such high disputes should be
'Twixt *Tweedle-dum* and *Tweedle-dee.*

6

Said Celia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That they have none in heaven ?

'They have,' says he, 'no women there.'
She quick returns the jest :
'Women there are, but I 'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.'

7

On Mr. Carthy's knocking out some of his Bookseller's Teeth because he said his Poems did not sell and he could not live by the Profits.

I must confess that I was somewhat warm,
I broke his teeth, but where 's the mighty harm ?
My book, he said, could ne'er afford him meat,
And teeth are useless where there 's nought to eat.

8

When two-score throats together squall,
It may be call'd a mad-rig-al.

9

Thanks to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free!
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

10

Flattery Exposed.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower.
But, once you fix him in the tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
His panegyrics then are ceased,
He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast,
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell.

11

The Old Gentry.

That all from Adam first began,
Sure none but Whiston doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Here lies the only diff'rence now
Some shot off late, some soon ;
Your sires i' th' morning left off plough,
And ours i' th' afternoon.

12

' Carthy,' you say, ' writes well, his genius true ' ;
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world become each other's bail.

13

Mankind.(32)

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak and vain!
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

14

On Burning a dull Poem.

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain ;
I mean the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupefying draughts ;
I found my head begin to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.

In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;
When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

15

On the Vowels.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet:
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within:
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

16

The last thing the witty Dean wrote was an epigram on the building of a magazine for arms and stores at Dublin, which was pointed out to him as he was taking exercise during his mental disease: circa 1740.

Behold a proof of Irish sense:
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing 's left that 's worth defence
They build a magazine.

On Swift.

Swift for the Ancients has reason'd so well,
'Tis apparent from hence that the Moderns excel.(33)

On several Petty Pieces published against Dean Swift when deaf and infirm.

Thy mortal part, ingenious Swift, must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the Tuneful Nine!
The noble *lion* thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by *asses*.

An Inscription, intended for a Compartment in Dr. Swift's Monument, designed by Cunningham, on College Green, Dublin.

Say, to the Drapier's (34) vast unbounded fame
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

On Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels.'

Here learn from moral truth and wit refin'd,
How vice and folly have debased mankind:
Strong sense and humour arm in Virtue's cause;
Thus her great votary vindicates her laws:
While bold and free the glowing colours strike,
Blame not the picture, if the picture 's like.

Bowyer.

EPIGRAMS BY PRIOR.

1

To John I owed great obligation:
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the Nation.
Sure John and I are more than quit.[35]

2

Marriage Griefs.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual sighs,
They both express their care.

'A different cause,' says Parson Sly,
'The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.'

3

The Remedy worse than the Disease.

I sent for Radcliffe: was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over;
He felt my pulse, prescribed a pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

4

Ovid is the surest guide
You can name to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,—
Who resolves to go astray.

5

Written in a Lady's Milton.

With virtue such as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blushed, the serpent charm'd ;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

6

Mock Epitaph on Himself. (36)

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior ;
The son of Adam and of Eve.
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?

7

Phillis's Age.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages ?
To answer is no easy task,
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on,
All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
That evening has the day belied,
And Phillis is some forty-three.

8

'Forma bonum fragile.'

'What a frail thing is beauty!' says Baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confused, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage proved the maxim too true:
She dropp'd the eye and broke it.

The Countess of Manchester (37) *at Paris.*

While haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they showed,
And with unborrowed blushes glowed.

Addison.

The Game of Life.

Who has the better game still fears the end;
Who has the worst still hopes his game will mend.

Mock Epitaph on Gay, by himself.

Life is a jest, and all things show it :
I thought so once, but now I know it.

On the magnificent Bridge built by John first Duke of Marlborough over a small Rivulet in Blenheim Park.

The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows. (38)

Dr. Evans.

On the 'Spectator.' (39)

'Aliusque et idem
Nasceris.' *Horace.*

When first the *Tatler* to a mute was turned,
Great Britain for her Censor's silence mourned:
Robbed of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the *Spectator* rose, and blazed as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting viewed,
And sighed, till circling day his joys renewed;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor or the same.
So we : but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'T is the same sun, and does himself succeed.

N. Tate, Poet Laureate.

On a Woman who spoke very well without a Tongue: a fact attested by Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, in a Letter to the Royal Society, 3rd September, 1707.

That without a tongue, a woman could
Chat and prattle, talk aloud ;
As a fact I must receive it.
But that a woman, with a tongue,
Could hold her peace, and hold it long—
Pshaw! I can't believe it.

On hearing a Gentleman boast of the Antiquity of his Family.

That your family 's ancient, I would not dispute,
Even though you should claim your descent from a *Brute.*

To an Astronomer.

An astrologer once, old authorities tell,
While he gazed at the stars, tumbled into a well :
For the sages, whose optics to distances roam,
Very often o'erlook what may happen at home.
So you, by your skill (be it whispered between us)
Can foresee the conjunctions of Mars and of Venus ;
But all your astronomy doesn't discover
The proceedings, downstairs, of your wife and her lover.

The Division of Labour.

A parson, of too free a life,
Was yet renown'd for noble preaching,
And many grieved to see such strife
Between his living and his teaching.

His flock at last rebellious grew:
'My friends,' he said, 'the simple fact is,
Nor you nor I can *both* things do;—
But I can preach—and you can practise.'

The Liar.

See yonder goes old Mendax telling lies
To that good easy man with whom he 's walking.
'How know I that?' you ask, with some surprise:
Why, don't you see, my friend, the fellow 's talking?

On bad Dancing to good Music.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes.

E. Budgell.[40]

On Lord Cadogan.[41]

By fear unmoved, by shame unawed,
Offspring of hangman and of bawd;
Ungrateful to the ungrateful man he grew by,
A bold, bad, boisterous, blust'ring, bloody booby.

Bishop Atterbury.

Rich Gripe does all his thought and cunning bend
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend:
Poor shifter, does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get?
Kind Fate and Fortune! blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man.

Walsh.

Five Reasons for Drinking. (1700.)

If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink:
Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

Dean Aldrich.(42)

On an ignorant Lady who boasted of having Pretty Feet.

'No wonder Mary's *feet* are small,'
Jack one day smiling said;
'If Nature stole a part from thence
To form a *thicker* head.'

'In point of stealing, sure,' cries Dick,
'That Nature had no hand in,
And if she made her head so thick,
'T was not with *understanding*.'

Screw lives by shifts, yet swears, with no small oaths,
With all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

On the Grub-Street Writers.

Of old, when the wags attacked Colley Cibber,
As Player, as Bard, and Odaic-wine-bibber,
To a friend that advised him to answer their malice,
And check, by reply, their extravagant sallies:
'No, no,' quoth the laureate, with a smile of much glee,
'They write for a dinner, which they shan't get from me.'

BY AARON HILL.

I

Modesty.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright.
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

2

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures:
Use them kindly they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues will use you well.

3

Whig and Tory.

Whig and Tory scratch and bite,
Just as hungry dogs, we see:
Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight,
Throw a couple they agree.

To Madame de Damas learning English.

Though British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb 'I love'?

Horace Walpole.

None, without hope, e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

Lord Lyttelton.

Brutus unmoved heard how his Portia fell;
Should Jack's wife die—he would behave as well.

Anon.

Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
'Like Samson I my thousands slay.'
'I vow,' quoth Roger, 'so you do,
And with the selfsame weapon too.'

Anon.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
What made you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love;
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

Anon.

On a Bad Orator.

You move the people when you speak,
For, one by one, away they sneak.

On seeing the Words 'Domus Ultima' inscribed on the Vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond in Chichester Cathedral.

Did he, who thus inscribed the wall,
Not read, or not believe Saint Paul;
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands?
Or, may we gather from these words,
That house is not a House of Lords?

Clarke.

On the River Hans-sur-Lesse, in Belgium.

Old Euclid may go to the wall,
For we've solved what he never could guess,
How the fish in the river are *small*,
But the river they live in is Lesse.

The Worm-Doctor.

Vagus, advanced on high, proclaims his skill,
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to kill:

A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

Relph.

On a Full-length Portrait of Beau Nash being placed in Wiltshire's Ball-room at Bath between the Busts of Newton and Pope.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you 'll find,
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture, placed the busts between,
Gives satire its full strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

Earl of Chesterfield.

'I find this Epigram for the first time in print in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of February 1741, and find what appears to be the original of it in a volume of Poems by Jane Brereton published in 1744.'—See *Cunningham's Edition of Goldsmith's Works*, vol. iv. p. 68.

POLITICAL EPIGRAMS—17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES.

1

On the Standards and other Spoils taken from James II. at the battle of the Boyne, which were by his daughter Mary II. ordered to be carried in triumphant procession, and finally hung up in St. James's Chapel, as stimulants to her devotion.

Walking the park, I, to my horror, there
Saw what from hardest hearts might force a tear,
The trophies of a monarch openly
Display'd in scorn before each vulgar eye,—
A crime which Absalom did never do.
Did ever he to every cobbler show
The relics of his father's overthrow?

2

On William III. returning to England from the Wars in 1692.

The author, sure, must take great pains
Who fairly writes the story,
In which of these two last campaigns
Was gain'd the greatest glory.

For while he marched on to the fight,
Like hero nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing.

Sir C. Sedley.

3

The Nine Kings.

Will's wafted to Holland on some state intrigue,
Desirous to visit his Hogans at Hague;
But lest in his absence his subjects repine,
He 's canton'd his Kingdoms, and left them to Nine:—
Eight ignorant peers, and a blockish divine.(43)

4

Old Jacob, in his wondrous mood
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas's shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there 's something lacking;
One took his father pick-a-back,
The other sent his packing.(44)

Dryden.

5

On Queen Anna's placing the Great Seal in the hands of Sir W. Cowper: an Appointment that greatly dissatisfied the People, who raised the woful Wail of the 'Church in danger.'

When Anna was the Church's daughter,
She did whate'er that mother taught her;
But now she 's mother to the Church,
She leaves her daughter in the lurch.

6

The Royal Sapling.

Whilst Sarah(45) from the royal ground
Roots up the royal oak,
The sapling, groaning from the wound,
Thus to the Syren spoke:

Ah! may the omen kindly fail,
For poor Britannia's good:
Or else not only me you fell,
But her who owns the wood.

7

The Seasonable Caution.

To Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

Be cautious, Madam, how you thus provoke
This sturdy plant, the second royal oak;
For should you fell it, or remove it hence,
When dead it may revenge the vile offence,
And build a scaffold in another place,
That may ere long prove fatal to your Grace!
Nay, furnish out a useless gallows too,
Sufficient for your friends, though not for you.
Then let it stand a monument of fame,
To that forgiving prince who set the same;
For should it fall by you, the world may say,
The fate may be your own another day.

8

The Murmurs of the Oak.

Why dost thou root me up, ungrateful hand?
My father saved the King who saved the land,
That King to whom thy mother owed her fame.(46)

* * * * * * *

But since the malice of her spawn, your Grace,
Presumes to rend me from my resting-place
Where by the royal hand I first was set,
And from an acorn thrived to be thus great,
May I be hewed, now rooted up by thee,
Into some lofty famous *triple* tree,
Where none may swing but such as have betray'd
Those generous powers by which themselves were made!
Then may I hope to gain as much renown,
By hanging up my foes that cut me down,
As my tall parent, when he bravely stood
The monarch's safeguard in the trembling wood.
I know not which would prove the next good thing,
To hang up traitors, or preserve a king.

9

Dear Sid! then why wert thou so mad,
To break thy rod, like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in distress,
And then return'd it to your mistress.(47)

Swift.

10

A Jacobite Epigram.

William and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children never had man;
They turn'd their father ([48]) out of door,
And call'd their brother([49]) the son of a whore.

11

Another.

God bless the King! God bless the Faith's Defender!
The devil take the Pope and the Pretender!
Who the Pretender is, and who the King—
God bless us all! is quite another thing.

Dr. Byrom.

A FEW SPRINKLINGS FROM EPIGRAMS IN DISTICH, PUBLISHED IN 1740, ON PERSONS WHOSE NAMES ARE NOW UNKNOWN.

Strange! he's forgot his brother, and what's more,
He knows his Grace, he never saw before!

Your dressing, dancing, gadding, where's the good in?
Sweet lady, tell me, can you make a pudding?

Saving Knowledge.

Gripe to his son bequeaths this part of learning,
'Blow out one candle when you see two burning.'

A Public Nuisance.

Gripe thousands starves, to starve himself at last.
Can't he do that without a general fast?

Laughter Mistaken.

Neddy laugh'd loud at every word he spoke;
And we laugh'd too—but not at Neddy's joke.

On a Connoisseur.

He long has been a man of taste complete;
Would that he now had something left to eat.

On St. Paul's, London.

This is God's House; but 't is to be deplor'd
More come to see the House than serve its Lord.

Poverty.

He who in his pocket has no money
Should, in his mouth, be never without honey.

On a Parson.

By purchase a man's property is known:
Scarf's sermons and his livings are his own

To Fortune.

Who ever can forgive you such a trick
As raising Humdrum to a bishoprick?

The Parasite.

My Lord feeds Gnatho; he extols my Lord:
Gnatho eats well; but dearly pays his board.

Lord Foppington's Proposal to Parliament.

He thinks it might advance the nation's trade,
Were a law made, no tailor should be paid.

The Lady's Journal.

I dress'd, din'd, play'd at cards, to playhouse went,
To Court, and masquerade :—a day well spent.

On an Insolent Bully.

Jack never stirs his hat; swears by his Maker :
Strange mongrel cur! like and unlike a Quaker.

A Discreet Action.

To be a widow is a mournful state :
Delia was wise to make one moon its date.

The Hypocrite.

His son he cheats; he leaves his bail i' th' lurch :
Where is the rascal gone?—he 's gone to church.

A Positive Fellow.

He 's always in the right : I 'll hold my tongue :
If I dispute, I must be in the wrong.

The Rich Miser and the Ruined Spendthrift.

Gold in Gripe's pocket is, and on Strut's coat :
'T is strange that neither should be worth a groat.

The Jealous Husband.

To Bedlam with him! Is he sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find?

The Suit Ended.

Ten pence recover'd! ten pounds spent in cost!
You say I 've gain'd my suit; I say, I 've lost.

The Gentleman degraded.

Act well: or what avail your coat and crest?
Shall we respect a Hog in armour drest?

On Sectaries.

If every man is a religion-mender,
The Lord have mercy on the Faith's Defender!

The Censorious.

'What a sad world we live in!' Scandal cries:
I own it will be better when he dies.

Good Economy.

Ten guineas Tom would borrow: I give five:
'T is a good bargain, as I 'm here alive.

The Scholar.

Master of Arts! spent seven years at College
In his own room! he must have wondrous knowledge!

Of Luxury.

We give to ridicule but too much handle,
When they burn wax who can't buy tallow-candle.

Wit with Indiscretion.

Tom has got wit: but 't is a sad disaster;
Tom's wit, like a wild horse, may fling his master.

On Growing Old.

Birth-days repeat too quick a dismal story;
Yield us no joy, but a memento mori.

A Box and Dice.

These seem a trifle, yet their magic strokes
Sap Damon's lands, and fell his lofty oaks.

On the Country.

Fresh air, gay scenes, health, ease, and sweet repose!
What hath the giddy Town to balance those?

Health.

Fields may extend; our bags or titles swell:
No man is happy, who can't say, I 'm well.

The Weather-Glass.

Emblem of Man! whose spirits sink or rise
As Fortune shines, or as she clouds the skies.

A Great Fortune's Difficulty.

Puzzled she is to know, which amorous speeches
Belong to her, and which unto her riches.

To a Tradesman.

What! are you mad to dun his lordship yet?
Pray save your time: 't is better than your debt.

A Lawyer's Reputation.

How comes it that Quibus should pass for a wit?
He sold what he spoke, and he bought what he writ.

Grumus ne'er saw, he says, a bearded ass;
What, then, did Grumus ne'er consult his glass?

On a Lady who was Painted.

It sounds like paradox—and yet 't is true,
You 're like your picture, though it 's not like you.

On Westminster Abbey.

Kings, statesmen, scholars, soldiers, here are dust!
Vain man! be humble: to be great, be just.

Our God requireth the *whole* heart, or none;
And yet He will accept a broken one.

Advice to the Great.

Are you ambitious? Kingdoms you may find:
The noblest empire is to rule the mind.

The passion for play, circa 1740, was long the ruling passion at Bath among the sick as well as the sound. The following Epigram was written when subscription-books were opened for providing for the expenses of Church-service and for opening a new cardroom :

The books were open'd t'other day
At all the shops, for Church and Play;
The Church got *six*, Hoyle *sixty-seven.*
How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!

During this century the following might be read over the gates of Bandon in Munster :

Turk, Jew, and Atheist
May enter here, but not a Papist.

To which a witty Catholic is said to have added :

Whoever wrote this, wrote it well,
The same is written on the gates of Hell.

To a Courtier.

Why do you thus your friend deceive?
You always promise, never *give.*
If thus you 're *steadfast* to your *lie,*
Prithee, good Sir, for once *deny.*

On a Religious but Censorious Lady.

The Law and the Gospels you always have by you,
But for truth and good nature they seldom come nigh you :
In short, my good creature, the matter of fact is,
You daily are learning what never you practise.

Bard v. Dunce.

Though 't is a fate that 's pretty sure,
If born a poet to be poor;
I 'd rather be a bard by birth,
Than live the richest dunce on earth.

On an Apothecary turned Brewer.

With titles how are some men blest!
Ev'n thou canst boast of twain;
A *fool before* in drugs confest,
And *now* a knave in *grain*!

Mors Janua Vitæ.

'Death is the gate of life,' they say;
The way to bliss, all sects agree;
Then, surely, none can grudge to pay
So small a toll, the *doctor's* fee.

Medicus

In Socios Seniores Collegii Oxoniensis.

Quàm bene potando seniores dæmona fallunt.
Scilicet in siccis ambulat ille locis.

Thus translated:

Drink, says old Sophist, and then fear no evil,
'T is thus alone that we can cheat the devil;
He walketh through dry places: this we know,
And so keep wetting wheresoe'er we go.

Oxon.

Reply to the above.

Hold, ye carbuncled Sophs! ye 're quite mistaken;
This lucky thought will never save your bacon.

In places moist the devil does delight:
From the same sacred book I 'll prove I 'm right.
Answer this question, pray, nor trust in wine—
Where ran the devil when he drove the swine?

Cantab.

Second Thoughts are best.

'Bett, wilt have me?' quoth John. Quoth Bett, 'Don't take it ill,
I will not. But—you may have me, if you will.'

What is best in Love.

Silence in love shows greater woe
Than words though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
Deserves the greater pity.

The Laughing Fool.

'I laugh,' a would-be sapient cried,
'At every one that laughs at me.'
'Good lack!' a merry friend replied,
'How very merry you must be!'

A Nice Point. On hearing that a Gentleman died whilst his Physician was writing a Prescription for him.

How couldst thou thus so hasty be, O Death?
And why be so precipitate with me?
Why not some moments longer spare my breath,
And let *thy friend*, the doctor, get his fee?

Honest Independence.

Sir Charles, embroider'd, mocks my threadbare vest.
Sir Charles! 'tis paid for. Now where lies the jest?

The Scribbler Confuted.

Pamphlet last week, in his fantastic fits,
Was ask'd, How he liv'd? He said, By 's wits:
Pamphlet, I see, will tell lies by the clock;
How can he live upon so poor a stock?

Affectation.

Delia 's twenty-two, and yet so weak,
Poor thing! she 's learning still to walk and speak.

On his Three Marriages, by Thomas Bastard, Esq., of New College, Oxford.

Though marriage by some folks be reckoned a curse,
Three wives did I marry, for better or worse;
The first for her person, the next for her purse,
And the third for a warming-pan, doctor, and nurse.(50)

Medical.

One day the surveyor, with a sigh and a groan,
Said: 'Doctor, I 'm dying of gravel and stone.'
The Doctor replied: 'This is true, then, though odd,
What kills a surveyor 's a cure for a road.'

The Last Debt.

His last great debt is paid. Poor Tom 's no more:
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

Candour.

As Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely advised him his manners to mend ;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many:
'They lie,' replied Tom,—'for I never had any.'

The Antiquary.

The Antiquarian's skill how bright!
Who out of darkness formeth light ;
And makes this contradiction true,
That something old is something new.

To a bungling Epitaph-maker.

There's many a serious blundering epitaph,
Design'd to make one cry, but makes one laugh,
But thine's so odd, so stupid, and so dry,
They make the reader neither laugh nor cry.

On one who expended his whole Fortune in Horse-racing.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last :
He ran in debt ; and then to pay,
He distanced all—and ran away.

A Lady's Toilet.

View Delia's toilet, see the borrowed plumes,
Here paints and patches rang'd, there rich perfumes ;
This box an eye, the next her teeth contains :
Delia, in short, wants nothing there but brains.

Not Old Enough.

Paula, thou fain wouldst marry me,
Now thou art old and tough:
I cannot; yet I'd venture thee
Wert thou but old enough.

Time causes Changes.

In ancient times 't was all the rage
For each rich man to keep a *sage*;
In middle ages 't was the rule
For men of wealth to keep a *fool*;
But what with daughters, sons, and cousins,
Men now-a-days *keep fools by dozens.*

On an Attempt to raise the Markets.

Two millers thin,
Named *Bone* and *Skin*,
Would starve the town, or near it;
But be it known
To *Skin* and *Bone*,
That *Flesh* and *Blood* won't bear it.

Dr. Byrom, F.R.S.[21]

A Trifling Correction.

Says Tom, who held great contracts of the nation,
'I 've made ten thousand pounds by speculation.'
Cries Charles, 'By speculation! you deceive me;
Strike out the *s* indeed, and I 'll believe thee.'

To an Unfortunate Poet.

Unthrifty wretch! why still confine
Thy soul and homage to the *Nine*?
'T is time to bid the *Nine* begone,
And now take care of number *one*.

On the frequent Defeats of the French Army (1760).[52]

The toast of each *Briton* in war's dread alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is 'Success to our *arms*.'
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from each trench,
'Success to our *legs*' is the toast of the *French*.

On the Death of a Friar.

A Friar died the other day,
And straight to hell he posts away;
He knockt for entrance at the gate,
And wonder'd that they made him wait:
He thought himself of such condition,
That they could ne'er refuse admission.
At length a page from Satan came,
And thus address'd him in his name:
'Monk, you must quickly quit these borders;
We know the tenets of your orders;
Maxims that shock our whole abode:
They say on earth you eat your God!
And since above you're so uncivil,
Below, no doubt, you'd eat the devil.

A Welshman's Cunning and Roguery.

A Welshman, coming late into an inn,
Asked the maid what meat there was within;
'Cow-heels,' she answer'd, 'and a breast of mutton:'
'But,' quoth the Welshman, 'since I am no glutton,
Either of both shall serve; to-night the breast,
The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is best.'
At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
I' th' morning took his heels, and ran away.

The Aristocrat.

Patricius said, 'While you've existence,
Keep, son, plebeians at a distance.'
This speech a tailor overheard,
And quick replied, 'I wish, my Lord,
You'd thus advised before your son
So deeply in my debt had run.'

Occasioned by a Religious Dispute at Bath.

On Reason, Faith, and mystery high,
Two wits harangue the table:
Bentley (53) believes he knows not why,
Nash (54) swears 't is all a fable.

Peace, coxcombs, peace, and both agree!
Nash, kiss thy empty brother;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
And dreads a friend like t' other.

On Bishop Burnet.(55)

If heaven is pleased when sinners cease to sin,
If hell is pleased when sinners enter in,
If men are pleased at parting with a knave,
Then all are pleased—for Burnet 's in his grave.

Unexpected Kindness.

'Oh ! spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair,'
A bashful young lover took courage and sighed.
''T were a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,
So take my whole wig,' the sweet creature replied.

On the First Duke of Dorset and his Son.

Folly and sense, in Dorset's race,
Alternately do run :
As Carey one day told his Grace,
Praising his eldest son.

But Carey must allow for once
Exception to the rule,
For Middlesex is but a dunce,
Though Dorset be a fool.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

Peter Pindar parodied this when told that Lady Mount Edgecombe wept on hearing of the death of a favourite pig :

O dry that tear so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind :
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are still behind.

On the Invitation to the Epigrammatists made by Edward Cave, Bookseller, who commenced the Gentleman's Magazine, *in* 1734. (*He had offered a Prize for the best.*)

The Psalmist to a *cave* for refuge fled,
And vagrants followed him for want of bread;
Ye happy bards! would you with Plenty dwell,
Fly to that best of *Caves* in Clerkenwell.[56]

Literary Quarrels.

Quoth David to Daniel, 'Why is it these scholars
Abuse one another whenever they speak?'
Quoth Daniel to David, 'It nat'rally follows
Folks come to hard words if they meddle with Greek!'

Matrimonial Jars.

You're a false cruel wretch, not a year after marriage
To try to degrade me, and put down the *carriage*.'
'A lady, my dear,' was the answering reproach,
'Is known by her *carriage*, but not by her *coach*.'

The Keeper of Secrets.

Charles keeps a secret well, or I'm deceived:
For nothing Charles can say will be believed.

Pollio's Library.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books, like beavers, only for their skin.

65090

Tax on Asses.

'Why tax not asses?' Bob does say:
'Why, if they did, you'd have to pay.'

The Fop.

No wonder he is vain of coat or ring;
Vain of himself, he may of any thing.

On the Statue of George I. being placed on the Top of Bloomsbury Church.

The King of Great Britain was reckon'd before
The *head of the Church* by all Protestant people;
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still more,
For with them he's now made the *head of the steeple.*

On a Man who thought he had invented a Method of Flying to the Moon.

And will Volatio quit this world so soon,
And fly to his own native seat, the moon?
'T will serve, however, in some little stead,
That he sets out with such an empty head.

Doddridge.

Dum vivimus vivamus.

'Live while you live,' the Epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasure of the present day.'
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies!'
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee.

Doddridge.

Elegant Wit.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Dr. Young.

A Ready Answer.

Says Jack Wilkes to a lady, 'Pray name, if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.'
The lady replied, 'If you 'd have me speak true,
He 's the handsomest man that 's the most unlike you.'
(57)

The Quarrel.

Says Richard to Joe, 'Thou 'rt a very sad dog,
For thou canst write verses no more than a log.'
Says Joseph to Dick, 'Prithee, ring rhyme, get hence,
Sure my verse, at least, is as good as thy sense.'
Was e'er such a contest recorded in song?
The one 's in the right, and the other 's not wrong.

'Money makes the mare to go.'

Why liv'd Calliope so long a maid?
Because she had no dowry to be paid.

On George II. and Colley Cibber.(58)

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For Nature form'd the poet for the king.

Dr. S. Johnson.

II

On the setting up Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give; (30)
See him when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

S. Wesley.

Complaint of the Ghost of Butler, Author of Hudibras, *against his pretended Monument in Westminster Abbey.*

Again my garret poverty is shown
By the mean cov'ring of this Portland stone;
I lose my fame as martyrs lose their breath,
For, like St. Stephen, I am stoned to death.

The Universities.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound
In learning and science so greatly abound;
Since some carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

To an ugly talkative Old Maid.

If you'd be married, first grow young;
Wear a mask; and hold your tongue.

Archbishop Secker, born and educated among Dissenters, and in early life accustomed to speak freely on religious subjects, was supposed to be much influenced by worldly motives. When he was made Primate (1758) this epigram appeared :

The bishops often pose us to know who they are,
With their Ebor and Vigorn and Roffen and Car ;
But his Grace of the day lets us know all we want,
For he gives his true name when he writes Thomas Cant.

George I. having sent a regiment of horse to Oxford, and at the same time a collection of books to Cambridge, Doctor Trapp wrote the following Epigram :

Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
The wants of his two Universities :
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty :
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

An epigram which Doctor Johnson, to show his contempt of the Whiggish notions which prevailed at Cambridge, was fond of quoting ; but having done it in the presence of Sir William Browne, the physician, was answered by him thus :

The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force :
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Johnson did Sir William the justice to say, 'it was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with;' though he once comically confessed that 'he hated to repeat the wit of a Whig urged in support of Whiggism.' It is well known that Tory principles were popular at Oxford for some time after the Hanoverian family's advent to power. Bishop Moore's library, sent by the king to Cambridge, consisted of 30,000 volumes of printed books and manuscripts.

On the Funeral of a Rich Miser.

What num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
Who, in his lifetime, saved a candle's end!

A Good Hearing.

'I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead:'
'I'm very glad to hear it too,' cries Ned.

The Alarms of Conscience.

When thunder rumbles in the skies,
Down to the cellar Vallius flies;
There, to be sure, he's safe: why so?
He thinks there is no God below.

The Retort.

'My head, Tom, 's confused with your nonsense and bother,
It goes in at one ear and out at the other.'
'Of that, my friend Dick, I was ever aware,
For nonsense your head is a pure thoroughfare.'

Youth.

The pliant soul of erring youth
  Is like soft wax, or moisten'd clay;
Apt to receive all heavenly truth,
  Or yield to tyrant ill the sway.

Shun evil in your early years,
  And manhood may to virtue rise;
But he who in his youth appears
  A fool, in age will ne'er be wise.

A Mock Epigram on Epigrams.

If the man who turnips *cries*,
Cry not when his father dies,
'T is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Dr. Johnson.

On Oliver Goldsmith.

See Goldsmith lie neglected and distress'd,
By poverty, disease, and debts oppress'd;
In want's cold hour his flatt'ring patrons fail,
And death alone protects him from a jail.

On the Fading of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Colours.(60)

The art of painting was at first design'd
To bring the dead, our ancestors, to mind;
But this same painter has reversed the plan,
And made the picture die before the man.

On Loutherbourg.

Artist, I own thy genius—but the touch
May be too restless, and the glare too much;
And sure none ever saw a landscape shine
Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
But felt a fervid dew upon his phiz,
And panting cried, 'Oh! Lord, how hot it is!

Lisle Bowles

Woman's Influence.

Man flattering man not always can prevail;
But woman flattering man can never fail.

Marriott.

EPIGRAMS BY GARRICK.

I

Quin was celebrated for his acting the character of Richard III. Hearing that Goodman's-fields Theatre was crowded every night to see Garrick in that character, he jealously exclaimed that 'Garrick was a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time, but that they would all come to church again.' Mr. Garrick, who had a quick and happy talent in turning an epigram, gave this smart reply to Quin's *bon mot*:

Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town;
That Whitfield-Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage.

Schism, he cries, has turned the nation's brain,
But eyes will open, and to church again!
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more:
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation.

2

On Quin the Actor.

Says epicure Quin, 'should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bate with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.'

3

Colloquial Epigram.(61)

Wilmot. You should call at his house, or should send him a card;
Can Garrick alone be so cold?
Garrick. Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall Folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him? dear Wilmot declare;
Promotion no honours can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labour and care:
Wish joy to your country and King.

4

On Doctor Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat—but *the devil sends cooks.*

5

Garrick's Mock Epitaph for Goldsmith.[62]

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an Angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.

6

On Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

Talk of war with a Briton, he 'll boldly advance
That one English soldier will beat ten of France.
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
The odds are still greater, still greater our men.
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compared to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with ours.
First Milton and Shakspeare, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight.
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope.
And Johnson, well armed, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, [63] and will beat forty more.

7

On Pitt, first Earl of Chatham.[64]

Shall Chatham die, and be forgot? Oh, no!
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow;
His matchless ardour fired each fear-struck mind,
His genius soar'd when Britons droop'd and pined.

Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Hill, a fashionable physician of the 18th century, was ambitious, like his prototype Sir R. Blackmore, to combine poetry with physic; but having by his folly, conceit, and doggrel poetry disgusted the wits of the Literary Club, of which Garrick, Johnson, Burke, &c. were members, he became the hero of some of the best of the medical squibs of the day. Having described his Farce of *The Route* as 'by a Person of honour,' Garrick wrote this Epigram on him:

For Physic and Farces his equal there scarce is;
His Farces are Physic, his Physic a farce is.

Other epigrams upon him appeared, of which the following may be quoted:

Thou essence of dock, and valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of your age;
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy sad crimes,
Is to take thine own physic and read thine own rhymes.

To which is replied, by a sort of semi-chorus of the members:

The wish should be in form reversed,
To suit the Doctor's crimes;
For if he takes his physic *first*
He'll never read his rhymes.

Hill having attacked Garrick's pronunciation and accused him of pronouncing the *i* in mirth and birth as if it were an *u*, the great actor wrote the following:

If 't is true, as you say, that I 've injured a letter,
I 'll change my note soon, and, I hope, for the better.
May the just rights of Letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

D. G.

Hill's answer to the Junto shows he was not to be attacked with impunity, and that he was a match for the best of them:

Ye desperate Junto! ye great! and ye small!
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and them all:
Whether gentlemen scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent wishes shall certainly fail.
I 'll take neither essence, nor balsam of honey—
Do you take the physic, and I 'll take the money.

On Garrick's Pamphlet, 'Directions to the Clergy how to read Prayers with proper Emphasis.'

Dumb dogs that know not how to bark,
The Priests were termed in Israel's days:
But now they catch Devotion's spark,
When *Players* teach them *how to pray*.

Shakspeare and Garrick.

When Shakspeare died, he left behind
No mortal of an equal mind.
When Garrick play'd, he lived again,
Unrivall'd 'mongst the sons of men.
But Garrick dies! and, mark the sequel,
The world will never see their equal.

On Garrick and Barry in the Character of King Lear.

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

A King? 'Ay, every inch a King!'
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear.

On Garrick's Funeral.

Through weeping London's crowded streets,
As Garrick's funeral pass'd,
Contending wits and poets strove
Which should desert him last.

Not so this world behaved to Him
Who came this world to save;
By solitary Joseph borne
Unheeded to the grave.

Bishop Horne.

Johnson's Definitions incorrect.

In the dictionary of words, as our Johnson affirms,
Purse and Budget are nearly synonymous terms;
But perhaps upon earth there's no contrast so great
As Budget and Purse in the dictionary of state;—
The minister's language all language reverses,
For filling his Budget is empt'ing our Purses.

A Worldly Choice.

When Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
'I chose her,' said he, 'like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.'

Mock Epitaph on John Comb, of Stratford-on-Avon, notorious for his wealth and usury.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved:
'T is a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
If any man ask who lies in this tomb?
'Oh! oh!' quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Comb.'

Shakspeare.

EPIGRAMS ON THE DOCTORS.

Doctor Wynter to Doctor Cheyney, on his Books in favour of a Vegetable Diet.

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou did'st thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou had'st it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor! our new prescription try
(A friend's advice forgive):
Eat grass, reduce thyself and die;
Thy patients then may live.

Doctor Cheyney's Reply to Wynter.

My system, Doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;—
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'T is nat'ral you should bid me die
That you yourself may live.

Death and the Doctor:
Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend.

As Doctor Wynter musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With 'Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?'

The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

'Away with fear,' the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:
'Take my advice and mend your trade:
We both are losers if you fail.

'Go write, your wit in satire show,
No matter, whether smart or true;
Call —— names, the greatest foe
To dullness, folly, pride, and you.

'Then copies spread,—there lies the trick,—
Among your friends be sure you send 'em;
For all who read will soon grow sick;
And, when you 've call'd upon, attend 'em.

'Thus trade increasing by degrees,
Doctor, we both shall have our ends;
For you are sure to have your fees,
And I am sure to have your friends.'

On Doctor Lettsom.

If anybody comes to I,
I physic, bleeds, and sweats 'em,
If, after that, they like to die,
Why, what care I? *I Letts'm.*

Written by the late Doctor Walcott (Peter Pindar), on being advised by Doctor Geach to drink ass's milk, the latter declaring that it had been of great service to himself:

And, Doctor, do you really think
That ass's milk I ought to drink?
'T would quite remove my cough, you say,
And drive all old complaints away.
It cured yourself—I grant that's true;
But then 't was *mother's milk* to you.

To Doctor Abel, in his Sickness.

Abel! prescribe thyself; trust not another:
Some envious leech, like Cain, may slay his brother.

The Consultation.

Three Doctors met in consultation,
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate, all agreed!
But what of that? they must be fee'd.

The Valiant Doctor.

From no man yet you 've run away!
Doctor, that may be true;
You 've *kill'd so many* in your day,
Men mostly fly from you.

Two worse than One.

A single doctor like a sculler plies,
And all his art, and all his physic tries;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Conduct you soonest to the Stygian shores.

The Captain and the Doctor.

A Robber on a Captain popt,
The valiant hero fled!
He afterwards a Doctor stopt,
The Doctor shot him dead.

Answer.

There's nothing new in this affair,
'T is practised every day—
Physicians still with courage kill,
While soldiers run away.

The Doctor and Undertaker.

At Highgate, by salubrious air,
Had thriven butchers, bakers;
But since a doctor settled there,
None thrive but undertakers.

George the Third's Physicians.

The King employ'd three doctors daily,
Willis, Heberden, and Baillie ;
All exceeding clever men,
Baillie, Willis, Heberden ;
But doubtful which most sure to kill is,
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis.

The Lawyer and the Doctor.

The doctor lives by sporting with our lives ;
And, by our follies fed, the lawyer thrives.

The Doctor and the Patient.

'Slept you well ?' 'Very well.' 'My draught did good ?'
'It did no harm ; for yonder it hath stood.'

The Doctor's Three Faces.

Three faces wear the doctor ; when first sought
An angel's ; and a god's the cure half wrought ;
But when, that cure complete, he seeks his fee,
The devil looks less terrible than he.

Mock Epitaph on a Woman who had an Issue in her Leg.

Here lieth Margaret, otherwise Meg,
Who died without issue, save one in her leg:
Strange woman was she, and exceedingly cunning,
For whilst one leg stood still, the other kept running.

On a Mirror.

A mirror has been well defined
An emblem of a thoughtful mind ;
For look upon it when you will,
You find it is reflecting still.

Keen Sight.

Jack his own merit sees : this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

The Fate of Poets.

With eyes of wonder the gay shelves behold,
Poets, all rags alive, now clad in gold ;
In life and death one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

The Poet's Reply.

As Bayes, whose cup with poverty was dash'd,
Lay long in bed, while his one shirt was wash'd,
The dame appear'd, and, holding it to view,
Said : ' If 't is wash'd again 't will wash in two.'
' Indeed,' cries Bayes ; ' then wash it, pray, good cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen.'

On the Malvern Waters.

Those waters, so famed by the great Dr. Wall,(65)
Consist in containing just nothing at all.

On a Fat Gentleman of Oxford.

When Tadloe treads the streets, the paviers cry,
'God bless you, Sir!' and lay their rammers by.

On a Lusty Gentleman of Cambridge remarkable for his Constant Attendance at Chapel.

That the stones of our chapel are all black and white,
Is a fact most undoubtedly true;
But since T——r walks over them morning and night,
'T is a wonder they 're not black and blue.

Right Hon. G. Canning.

Mock Epitaph on the Death of Foote the Actor. (66)

Foote, from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death took *him* off, who took off all the world.

A Philosophical Epigram.

Says the Earth to the Moon, 'You 're a pilfering jade;
What you steal from the sun is beyond all belief!'
Fair Cynthia replies; 'Madam Earth, hold your prate
The receiver is always as bad as the thief.'

On Death.

On Death, though wit is oft display'd,
No epigram could e'er be made;
Poets stop short, and lose their breath,
When coming to the *point* of Death.

On a Lady's Grey Hair.

Though age has changed thee, late so fair,
I love thee ne'er the worse;
For when he took thy golden hair,
He fill'd with gold thy purse.

Mock Epitaph on Archbishop Potter.

Alack, and well-a-day,
Potter himself is turn'd to clay.

Comparative Bliss.

Some for the sake of titles grand,
Oft stoop to kiss a sovereign's hand;
Others, at Rome, will stoop so low,
They 'll kiss the Holy Father's toe;
But I exceed them all in bliss
When Flora's ruby lips I kiss.

Tom Paine.

On a Man becoming suddenly Bald.

All the hairs of Tom's head have quite left it of late:
Yes! they wisely withdraw from so foolish a pate.

On the two beautiful Miss Gunnings.[67]

Sly Cupid, perceiving our modern beaux' hearts
Were proof to the sharpest and best of his darts,
His power to maintain, the young urchin, grown cunning,
Has laid down his bow, and now conquers by Gunning.

Human Greatness.

We gaze on a billow with wonder and awe,
  Swelling high as it threatens the shore ;
Till, broken and lost, we forget what we saw,
  And think of that billow no more.

So the pomp of the great, so the fame of the brave,
  So the treasures of glory and pride, [wave,
Though they mount on the flood, like the high-swelling
  Like that, too, must ebb with the tide.

On an Ignorant Sot.

Five letters his life and his death will express :
He scarce knew A. B. C, and he died of X. S.

Mock Epitaph on Gay the Poet.

Well then ! poor Gay lies underground,
  So there's an end of honest Jack :
So little justice here he found,
  'T is ten to one he 'll ne'er come back.

Pope.

To a Friend in Distress.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse my friend,
For when at worst, they say, things always mend,

Cowper.

On a Gentleman named Heddy.

In reading his name it may truly be said,
You will make that man *dy* if you cut off his *Hed.*

Reason for Thick Ankles.

'Harry, I cannot think,' says Dick,
'What makes my ankles grow so thick.'
'You do not recollect,' says Harry,
'*How great a calf* they have to carry.'

Joe hates a hypocrite : which shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

On Friendship.

I love a friend that 's frank and just,
To whom a tale I can entrust ;
But when a man 's to slander given,
From such a friend, protect me, Heaven !

On a Wine Merchant.

The vilest of compounds while Balderdash vends,
And brews his dear poison for all his good friends ;
No wonder they never can get him to dine—
He's afraid they 'd oblige him to drink his own wine.

Mock Epitaph on a Member of the Kildare Family.

Who *killed Kildare?* who *dared Kildare to kill?*
Death *killed Kildare,* who *dare kill* whom he will.

Dean Swift.

All Flora's friends have died, it seems, before her:
I wish my wife had been a friend of Flora.

Anon.

Roman Catholic Confession.

A father ask'd the priest his boy to bless,
Who forthwith told him he must first confess.
'Well,' quoth the boy, 'suppose I 'm willing,
What is your charge?' 'To you it is a shilling.'
'Must all men pay? And all men make confession?'
'Yes! every one of Catholic profession.'
'And whom do you confess to?' 'Why, the dean.'
'And does he charge you?' 'Yes! a whole thirteen.'
'And do the deans confess?' 'Yes, boy, they do,
Confess to bishops, and pay smartly too.'
'Do bishops, Sir, confess? If so, to whom?'
'Why, they confess, and pay the Pope of Rome.'
'Well,' quoth the boy, 'all this is mighty odd.
And does the Pope confess?' 'Oh! yes, to God.'
'And does God charge the Pope?' 'No,' quoth the priest,
'God charges nothing.' 'Oh! then, God is best.
He is both able to forgive and willing—
To Him I shall confess, and save my shilling.'

The Promise Kept.

Thus, with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend;
'Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend;
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But, be assured, I 'll ne'er see Dick in want.'
Dick's soon confined—his friend, no doubt, would free him:
His word he kept—in want he ne'er would *see* him.

To Voltaire
Ridiculing Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death.

Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee, *Satan*, *Death*, and *Sin*.

Dr. Young.

An elderly gentleman named Page having picked up the glove of a lady whom he greatly admired, and wishing to make her an offer, sent it to her with these lines :

If that from Glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee.

To which the lady sent the following reply :

If that from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me.

On Lord Chesterfield (fourth Earl) and his Son.

Vile Stanhope! demons blush to tell,
In twice two hundred places,
Has shown his son the road to hell,
Escorted by the Graces.

But little did th' ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them ;
For, base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneak'd to hell without them.

Mock Epitaph on a Coroner who hanged himself.

He lived and died
By suicide.

The Prisoners.

'We all are innocent,' the prisoners cry;
'Believe us, none *here* willingly would *lie*.'

On the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton (afterwards Duchess of Argyll) viewing the Transit of Venus in 1769, *at Glasgow University.*

They tell me Venus is in the sun,
But I say that 's a story.
Venus is not in the sun,
She 's in the observatory.

Verses that won the Prize at Vienna on the Empress's (Maria Theresa) Birthday.

O regina, orbis prima et pulcherrima ridens
Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.
Sir C. H. Williams.

Thus translated:

Hail, peerless princess! Juno's self in mien,
Pallas in wit, in smiles the Cyprian queen!

Worthless Benevolence.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
'Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.'

'I own,' says Joe, 'that to the poor
You prove it ev'ry minute;
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.'

'Mary Aston,' said Doctor Johnson, 'was a beauty, and a scholar, and a wit, and a Whig; and she talked all in praise of liberty; and so I made this epigram upon her. She was the loveliest creature I ever saw:'

Liber ne esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria,
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale!

Thus translated by Boswell:

Adieu, Maria! since you'd have me free:
For, who beholds thy charms a slave must be.

A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* suggests that Johnson had in his mind an epigram on a young lady who appeared at a masquerade in Paris, habited as a Jesuit, during the height of the contention between the Jansenists and Molinists concerning free will.

On s'étonne ici que Calviniste
Eût pris l'habit de Moliniste,
Puisque que cette jeune beauté
Ôte à chacun sa liberté,
N'est ce pas une Jansénist[e?(68)]

Mock Epitaph on a Fellow of Trinity College.

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,
Who was a Fellow too of Trinity;
He knew as much about Divinity
As other fellows do of Trinity.

Porson.

On Self-Conceit.

Hail! charming power of self-opinion!
For none are slaves in thy dominion:
Secure in thee, the mind 's at ease;
The vain have only *one* to please.

On a Picture of a Martyrdom.

'T is an exquisite martyrdom, Daub, that you paint:
You murder the hangman as well as the saint!

Mock Epitaph on a Miser.

Here crumbling lies, beneath this mould,
A man, whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand fill'd his chest;
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—*the want of more.*

The April Fool.

'This,' Richard says, 'is April-day,
And though so mighty wise you be,
A bet, whate'er you like, I 'll lay,
Ere night I make a fool of thee.'

'A fool I may be, it is true,
But, Dick,' cries Tom, 'ne'er be afraid,
No man can make a fool of you,
For you 're a fool already made.'

The Merry Mourner.

Cries Ned to his neighbours, as onward they prest,
Conveying his wife to the place of long rest,
'Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure;
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?'

Conjugal Jars.

Know we not all, the Scripture saith,
That man and wife are *one* till death?
But Peter and his scolding wife
Wage such an endless war of strife,
You 'd swear, on passing Peter's door,
That man and wife at least were *four.*

The Fourth Commandment Broken.

At church I heard the parson say,
'No man must work on Sabbath day.'
But, oh! good heaven, how he did work,
When he got home, with knife and fork!

The Punsters.

At a tavern one night
Messrs. *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange:
Says More, 'Of us three,
The whole town will agree
There is only one knave, and that 's *Strange.*'

'Yes,' says Strange (rather sore)
'I'm sure there 's one *More*,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother.'
'O yes,' replied More, 'that is *Wright*.'

Proper Retort.

A haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets :
'*Base men* to take the *wall* I ne'er permit ;'
The scholar said, 'I do,' and gave him it.

To a Bad Fiddler.

Old Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddlestick.

A Woman's Mind.

What is lighter than a feather ?
Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
What 's lighter than the dust, I pray ?
The wind that wafts it far away.
What is lighter than the wind ?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last ?
Nay ! now, my friend you have me fast.

A Comparison.

We men have many faults—but women have but two :
There 's nothing good they say, and nothing good they do.

King Bladud and his Hogs.

When Bladud once espied some hogs
Lie wallowing in the steaming bogs,
Where issue forth those sulphurous springs
Since honour 'd by more potent kings,
Vext at the brutes alone possessing
What ought t' have been a common blessing,
He drove them thence in mighty wrath,
And built the stately town of Bath :
The hogs, thus banish 'd by their prince,
Have lived in Bristol ever since.

Rev. Mr. Groves of Claverton.

On Woman's Will.

That man 's a fool who tries by art and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will ;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there 's an end on 't.

On Man's Will.

That woman 's wrong who tries by force or skill,
To stop the torrent of a man 's self-will ;
For if he says he won't, he will, you may depend on 't,
And if he says he will, he won't, and there 's an end on 't.

Trifles not to be trifled with.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear,
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year.

The Royal Marriage Act, passed 1772, gave rise to many jeux-d'esprits, one of which is the following :

Quoth Dick to Tom :- 'This Act appears
Absurd, as I 'm alive :
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

'The mystery how shall we explain ?
For sure, as well 't was said,
Thus early if they 're fit to *reign*,
They must be fit to *wed*.'

Quoth Tom to Dick : 'Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life ;
Alas ! 't is easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.'

Matrimony.

Cries Sue to Will, 'midst matrimonial strife,
'Cursed be the hour I first became your wife !'
'By all the powers,' said Will, 'but that 's too bad !
You 've cursed the only happy hour we 've had.'

Anti-Matrimonial.

He that 's married once may be
Pardoned his infirmity.
He that marries twice is mad :
But, if you can find a fool
Marrying thrice, don't spare the lad,
Flog him, flog him, back to school.

The Irish Place-hunter.

A place under *government*
Was all that Paddy wanted :
He married soon a scolding wife,
And thus his wish was granted.

Mock Epitaph on Quick, the Actor, famous in his day for Travestie of Plays he performed.(69)

The great debt of Nature he paid, as all must,
And came, like a gentleman, down with his dust.

'Brevis esse laboro.'

Celia her sex's foible shuns ;
Her tongue no length of larum runs ;
Two phrases answer every part :
One *gain'd*, one *breaks*, her husband's heart :
I *will*, she said, when made a bride ;
I *won't*—through all her life beside.

Matrimony.

Ah, Matrimony! thou art like to Jeremiah's figs,
The good were very good, the bad too sour to feed the pigs.

Peter Pindar.

On Miss Vassal (Wife of third Lord Holland) at a Masquerade, February 27, 1786.

Imperial nymph! ill-suited is thy name
To speak the wonders of that radiant frame;
Where'er thy sovereign form on earth is seen,
All eyes are vassals—thou alone a queen.

Character.

See thou thy credit keep; 't is quickly gone;
'T is gain'd by many actions, but 't is lost by one.

Recipe for a Good Match.

Take a scold and a blockhead. The match must be good—
To make a good match you have brimstone and wood.

The Kings of Europe.

Why, pray, of late do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They 're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face,
All mankind do, behind their backs,
Supply the honest jester's place.

On Mr. Pitt's being pelted by the Mob, on Lord Mayor's Day 1787.

The City-feast inverted here we find,
For Pitt had his dessert before he dined.

On Oxford. By Cowper, on being refused a Subscription to his Translation of Homer.

Could Homer come himself, distress'd and poor,
And tune his harp at Rhedycina's (70) door,
The rich old vixen would exclaim, I fear,
'Begone! no tramper gets a farthing here.'

On the Bibacity of Pitt and the Gambling of Fox.

On folly every fool his talent tries;
It needs some toil to imitate the wise;
Though few like Fox can speak—like Pitt can think,
Yet all like Fox can game—like Pitt can drink.

Good Advice.

That thou may'st injure no man, dovelike be,
And serpentlike, that none may injure thee.

Cowper.

Travellers Defended.

'T is stated by a captious tribe,
Travellers each other but transcribe ;
This charge to truth has no pretension,
For half they write 's their own invention.

On Two Contractors for Rum and Grain.

To rob the public two contractors come :
One cheats in *Corn*, the other cheats in *Rum.*
Which is the greater rogue, ye wits, explain—
A rogue in *spirit*, or a rogue in *grain* ?

The Gambler.

' To fortune I but little owe,'
A losing gamester cried ;
' Be thankful, then, for all must know
You owe enough beside.'

EPIGRAMS BY BURNS.

I

A False Face True.

That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny ;
They say their master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

2

On Elphinstone's Translation of Martial's Epigrams.

O thou whom Poetry abhors,
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors!
Heard'st thou that groan? proceed no further,
'T was laurell'd Martial roaring murder.

3

Written at Inverary, on an Imaginary Slight at the Inn.

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There 's nothing here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'T was surely in His anger.

4

A Description of the Ancient Scottish Nobility.

That bootless host of high-born beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors.

5

The Book-worms.

Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings :
But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

The Gay Widow.

Her mourning is all make-believe ;
'T is plain there's nothing in it;
With weepers she has tipp'd her sleeve,
The while she 's laughing in it.

On One who Married his Mistress.

' God's noblest work 's an *honest man*,'
Says Pope's instructive line :
To make an *honest woman*, then,
Most surely is divine.

Irish Wit.

A Pat, an old joker, and Yankee, more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by :
Said the Yankee to Pat, ' If I don't make too free,
Give the gallows its due, and pray where would you be?'
' Why, honey,' says Pat, ' faith, that 's easily known ;
I' d be riding to town by myself all alone.'

The Will.

Jerry dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defam'd:
'What!' cries she, 'must I suffer because the old knave,
Without leaving a will is laid snug in the grave?'
'That's no wonder,' says one, 'for 't is very well known,
Since he married, poor man, *he'd no will of his own.*'

Advice to a Dramatist.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the *half* you *pilfer'd* best;
But sure the drama you might mend—
Take courage, man, and *steal the rest*!

On the late Duchess of Devonshire(71) *Canvassing for C. J. Fox, at the Westminster Election* (1784).

Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part;
But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware;
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart.

A Hint to Gamesters.

Accept this advice, you who sit down to play,
The best *throw* of the dice is to throw them away.

An Endless Task.

Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend;
He may begin his work to-day,
But God knows when he 'll end.

Drunkenness.

Bold thief, indeed! that steals, before his face,
The man away, and leaves a beast in 's place.

Lord Lyttelton to Lady Brown.

When I was young and debonnair,
The brownest nymph to mé was fair;
Now I am old and wiser grown,
The fairest nymph to me is *Brown.*

The Kiss.

What a rout do you make for a single poor kiss;
I seiz'd it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it;
May he never enjoy one who thinks it amiss,
But for me, I thank dear Cytherea who sent it.

You may pout and look prettily cross, but I pray,
What bus'ness so near to my lips had your cheek?
If you will put temptation thus pat in my way,
Saints, resist if you can, for me I 'm too weak.

But come, my sweet Fanny, our quarrel let 's end,
Nor will I by force what you gave not retain ;
By allowing the kiss I 'm for ever your friend,
If you say that I stole it, why *take it again.*

Horace Walpole.

On the City of London presenting their Freedom to Admiral Keppel in a Box of Heart of Oak, and Admiral Rodney in a Gold Box.

Each Admiral's defective part,
Satiric cits, you 've told ;
The cautious Keppel wanted heart ;
The gallant Rodney, gold.

A Compliment.

Dr. Belguy having preached from the text 'All wisdom is sorrow,' Dr. Wharton, after the Sermon, handed him this impromptu :

'If what you advance, my dear Doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you !'

Wit.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from Golconda's mine ;
Which boasts two various powers in one—
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds ;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

Magnanimity.

How great thy might let none by mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness show :
A pow'r to hurt is no such noble thing ;
The toad can poison, and the serpent sting.

Sleep.

Somne levis ! quanquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori ;
Alma Quies ! optata veni ; nam sic, sine vitâ,
Vivere jucundum est, sic, sine morte mori.

T. Warton.

Light balmy Sleep ! of death the exactest type,
Still bless mine eyes, my couch still hover nigh ;
'T is sweet, without the cares of life, to live,
And sweet, without the pains of death, to die.

G. Herbert's beautiful lines too on Sleep are worthy of insertion :

Sleep steals on us, even like his brother Death ;
We know not when it comes—we know it must come.
We may affect to scorn and to contemn it :
For 't is the highest pride of human misery
To say it knows not of an opiate ;
Yet the reft parent, the despairing lover,
Even the poor wretch who waits for execution,
Feels this oblivion, against which he thought
His woes had armed his senses, steal upon him,
And through the fenceless city—the body,
Surprise that haughty garrison—the mind.

On Flaxman's Penelope, Sept. 1793.

The Suitors sinn'd, but with a fair excuse,
Whom all this elegance might well seduce.
Nor can our censure on the husband fall,
Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

On Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough.

In spite of quirk, quibble, writ of error, or flaw,
Since *Law* is made Justice, seek justice from *law*.

Certainty v. *Uncertainty.*

I am the son of Philip—at least so says my good mother.
Who, in the name of heaven, ever knew his Father?

A Dialogue.

Lothario. Ah! dearest Anna, of your love I 'm dying,
And at your feet I lie.
Anna. I see you are lying.

Picture of Old Age.

These shrivelled sinews and this bending frame
The workmanship of Time's strong hand proclaim;
Skilled to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked which they fashion straight.
Hard choice for man to die—or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see:
Age then we all prefer— for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last lingering day:
Then sinking slowly down, from worse to worse,
Find Heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.,

R. Cumberland.

SECTION III.

EPIGRAMS FROM MODERN LATIN, FRENCH, GERMAN, AND SPANISH AUTHORS.

SECTION III.

From Modern Latin, French, Italian, German, and Spanish Authors.

In the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, when the Latin language was the 'vehicle of poetic sentiment among European poets,' many men of the highest rank—Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Belgians, Englishmen, not to mention others of less mark in life—distinguished themselves by their contributions to the Latin muse. Many volumes have, at various times, appeared, whose editors have added considerably to the productions of their predecessors. Conspicuous amongst these stand Owen, the Welshman; Buchanan, Paterson, and Alabaster, of Scotland; and last, though not of least repute, our own Sir Thos. More, once Lord High Chancellor of England. But a garland of Modern Latin Poesy was in 1637 woven out of materials in the Bodleian Library by A. Wright, B.A., Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, the beauties of which had previously been highly appreciated and utilized by Pope, Prior, and others of our own eminent authors. The speciality of the Continental writers of Latin Epigrams is an agreeable, elegant terseness, devoid of offensive bitterness;

and, with few exceptions, exhibiting the good taste and sweetness of the Greek school, commingled with the point and sharpness of the Latin. In the 18th century appeared Vincent Bourne, Usher of Westminster School, a classic whose volume of Latin Poetry shows that his humour was entirely original; 'who is always entertaining and always harmless; and who, though always elegant and refined, to a degree not always found in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas than by the neatness and purity of his verse.' 'I think him a better Latin poet,' said Cowper, 'than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him.' It is from such a variety of sources that occasional specimens are here subjoined.

FROM SANNAZARO.

I

On Cæsar Borgia's adopting for his Motto, 'Aut Cæsar aut nihil.'

Borgia Cæsar erat, factis et nomine Cæsar;
Aut nihil, aut Cæsar, dixit: utrumque fuit.

Or,

Borgia was Cæsar both in deeds and name:
'Cæsar or nought,' he said: he both became.

2

On Venice.

De mirabili Urbe Venetiis.

Viderat Hadriacus Venetam Neptunus in undis
  Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari;
Nunc mihi Tarpejas quantumvis, Jupiter, arces
  Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis, ait:
Sic pelago Tibrim prefers, urbem aspice utramque;
  Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.(72)

Built amidst waves whilst Neptune pleas'd surveys
Fair Venice, sovereign of the Adrian Seas;
No more, said he, let Jove or Mars presume
To boast the dome and tow'rs of rival Rome.
Though Tibur more than stormy Adria please,
View both these cities with impartial eyes;
With wonder struck, this difference you 'll assign,
This built by mortal, that by hands divine.

3

On Aufidius.

Dum caput Aufidio tractat chirurgus, et ipsum
  Altius exquirit, quo videat cerebrum,
Ingemit Aufidius, 'Quid me, chirurge, fatigas?
  Cum subii rixam, non habui cerebrum.'

A humorous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate:
The surgeon, with his implements and skill,
Searches the skull deeper and deeper still,

To feel the brains, and try if they were sound;
And as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, 'Good surgeon, spare your pains;
When I began this brawl I had no brains.'

4

On Pope Alexander VI.

Nomen Alexandri ne te fortasse moretur,
Hospes, abi! Jacet hic et scelus et vitium.

Lest Alexander's name your eye detain,
Stranger, pass on! Here 's nought but sin and stain.

Q. R.

5

On Leo X.'s Sale of Indulgences.

Sacra sub extremâ si forte requiritis horâ
Cur Leo non poterat sumere, vendiderat.

Thus freely rendered:—

Leo lack'd the last sacrament. Why, need we tell?
He had chosen the chalice and paten to sell.([73])

6

On Homer.

Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,
Cedite! jam cœlum patria Mœonidæ est.

Ye wealthy towns which strive for Homer dead,
Give o'er. He 's to the Heavenly mansions fled.

John Booth.

So, too, is a distich reflecting with sarcastic bitterness on the treatment the great poet met with in life :—

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

FROM H. STEPHENS.

Upon a Wilful Helpmate.

Dum quædam cerebrosa diu reprehenditur uxor,
Nec satis officii dicitur esse memor,
'Quid de me queritur conjux? Quod vult volo,' dicit;
'Imperium is sibi vult : id volo et ipsa mihi.'

A headstrong wife, who oft came in for blame
When charged with scant obedience, would reply,
'Why snarls my spouse? our wishes are the same :
He would the ruler be : and so would I.'

Q. R.

FROM HIERO AMATHEUS.

I

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro;
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus. (74)

Of right eye Acon is bereft,
And Leonilla lacks her left,

Yet each, I ween, might match the gods in beauty's pride.
Fair boy, to thy sweet twin resign
The single orb that now is thine.
Blind Cupid thus wert thou; she, Venus, laughing-eyed!

Q. R.

Malone, in his Life of Dryden, has given us also a version of this epigram, which Wharton calls the most celebrated of modern Epigrams :—

But one bright eye young Acon's face adorns,
For one bright eye fair Leonilla mourns.
Kind youth! to her thy single orb resign,
To make her perfect, and thyself divine;
For then, should Heaven the happy change allow,
She would fair Venus be, blind Cupid thou.

George Russell.

Goldsmith seems to have thought of this, or imitated it, in that 'On a Beautiful Youth, struck blind by lightning:'—

Sure 't was by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

See Cunningham's edition of Goldsmith's Works, vol. i. p. 94.

2

To Hiella.

In me oculos quoties vertit meus ignis, Hiella,
Suspirat toties ignis, Hiella meus.
Hinc flammæ, quas illa suis jaculatur ocellis,
Me redigunt, auctæ flatibus in cinerem.

Oft as my flame, Hiella, turns her eyes
On me, so oft my flame, Hiella, sighs,
And hence the fires which from those orbs she flashes,
Fanned by her breath, reduce poor me to ashes.

Q. R.

FROM MACENTIUS.

'Candidior cur barba,' Lycus, 'sit crine,' rogatus,
'Sæpe fatigor,' ait, 'gutture, non cerebro!'

Lycus was ask'd the reason, it is said,
His beard was so much whiter than his head.
'The reason,' he replied, 'my friend, is plain—
I work my throat much harder than my brain!'

Q. R.

FROM BELLAY.

Paule, tuum inscribis Nugarum nomine librum:
In toto libro nil melius titulo.

The title 'Trifles' on Paul's book is writ.
I 've read it through, and found no happier hit.

Q. R.

FROM E. CORDUS.

I

Si nisi defunctos laudas, Philomuse, poetas,
Me tibi perpetuo displicuisse velim.

If only when they 're dead, you poets praise,
I own I 'd rather have your blame always.

Q. R.

This reminds one of Martial's Epigram (8 b. 69 e.):—

'Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos,' &c.

2

Medicum frequentes feminæ monachum petunt,
Nil suspicare! Ægros domi viros habent.

To Æsculapian monks the good wives roam.
What marvel! They have husbands sick at home.
Q. R.

FROM G. ANSELM.

De lanio medicus fit Sosilus: haud nova res est:
Fecit enim lanius quod facit et medicus.

Sosil, the butcher, has become a leech. 'T is nothing new;
For what he did when butchering, as doctor he will do.
Q. R.

This is plainly founded upon an epigram of Martial (i. 47).

FROM S. PASCHASIUS.

I

Against one who dabbled in the Healing Art.

Gratuitas operas mihi qui promittis ægro,
Parcite: non tanti est æger ut esse velim.

Say not, be sick, and *gratis* I 'll prescribe:
Sickness prepense requires a stronger bribe!
Q. R.

2

Another of a similar scope.

Ægrotum visis, sanum me visere cessas.
O utinam nunquam, Candide, te videam!

You call when I am sick, but leave me quite
When well. I wish you 'd always cut me, White!

Q. R.

3

Baculus. The Staff.

Cui natura oculos, aures, animamque negavit,
Hic tamen est cæco duxque reduxque viæ.

Nature to me hath eyes, ears, soul denied;
Yet can I to and fro the blind man guide.

4

Harpalus dying leaves the poor his all,
That from his heirs unfeigned tears may fall.

R. Simpson.

5

Kind Asper will do anything you choose,
But lend his ass—and that you must excuse:
His time and toil he freely will expend
On your behalf—his ass he 'll never lend.
He 'd fetch and carry at your call or beck,
But would not lend his ass to save your neck:
None in self-knowledge Asper can surpass,
Who justly rates himself below an ass.

R. S.

6

Between Two Stools.

Tom, weak and wavering, ever in a fright
Lest he do something wrong, does nothing right.

R. S.

FROM J. ROEGRIUS.

In Divitem indoctum.

Ut videt indoctum Cynicus, cui purpura vestis,
'Aurato video vellere,' dixit, 'ovem.'

A Cynic chanced a simpleton in purple robes to see,
'A sheep that owns a golden fleece mine eyes behold,' said he.

Q. R.

FROM J. BELLAY.

In Poetam meriti anonymum.

Dum canit Euridicus, silvæque et saxa sequuntur,
Et tenet immanes Thracius ipse feras.
At tu dum horrisonis silvas concentibus imples,
Attonitæ fugiunt in sua lustra feræ.

As Orpheus sings his lost one, woods and rocks attend the sound,
And by the spell of Thracian strains e'en savage beasts are bound.

But as for you, when in the woods your strains discordant rise,
Each beast affrighted to his lair upon the instant flies.

Q. R.

FROM PAULUS THOMAS.

Carmina Cæcilius jactat sua digna cupresso,
Attice, nunquid eum dicere falsa putas?
Verius hoc vero est! opus illis arbore quippe
Ferali est, queis mors et prope funus adest.

Cæcilius brags that to his verse is due
A cypress wreath! and who shall say he lies?
Funereal branch is fitting, 't is most true,
Where hard at hand are death and obsequies.

Q. R.

FROM BALTHAZAR BONIFACIUS.

I

Lætitiâ quoniam nimiâ plerosque perisse
Novimus; ut moriar me mea Phillis amat.

Many, we know, have died of joy's excess;
Phillis loves me for the same end, I guess.

Q. R.

2

On a beautiful Lady when dying.

Sidereos oculos, qui solem lumine vincunt,
Claudere non posset mors, nisi cæca foret.
Emoriar, nisi mors ipsa emoriatur amore,
Istos si videat sidereos oculos.

Yon eye, that into shade the sunlight throws,
Death, had he sight, would have no heart to close.
My life upon 't, e'en Death himself would die
Of love, at sight of yonder starry eye.

The same writer has a pretty conceit addressed 'To a Widow visiting her Husband's Tomb:'—

Conjugis ad tumulum veniens, nec, Philli, corollas
Fers, nec odoriferâ grandine spargis humum:
Sed tantum effundis lacrimas, et respicis urnam
Quâ mors delicias condidit atra tuas.
Protinus erumpunt flores tellure: vigorem
Roris habent lacrimæ, solis habent oculi.

Wreaths to your lost one's tomb you neither bring,
Nor round it, Phillis, showers of perfume fling.
Tears are your sole rich tribute, pour'd anew
O'er the dark urn that hides your love from view.
Hence from the turf upspringing, many a flower
Finds thy tear dew, thy glance the day-god's power.

Q. R.

FROM LUDOVICUS BIGUS.

Ad Album.

Quo plures ætas tua præcipitatur ad annos,
Hoc tibi majores accumulantur opes.
Ridiculum nimis est majora viatica cum quîs
Præparat, Albe, magis deficiente viâ

Albus, the more your days and years decline,
The larger gold-heaps in your coffers shine.
'T is past a joke that folks should lay more stress
On forethought for the road, as it grows less.

Q. R.

FROM ALBERTUS MELEMANNUS.

Alphonsi Regis Dictum.

Non mille pondo tristium ægritudinum
Solvent vel unum debiti teruncium.

Not e'en a thousand pounds of care and fret
Will liquidate a farthing's worth of debt.

Q. R.

FROM A. BOCHIUS.

Imago justi Judicis.

Olim Pellæus juveni, cum forte sederet
Judex, et actori alteram
Interea digito prudens occluderet aurem,
Interrogatus a suis,
Cur nam sic facerat? 'Satis est actori,' ait 'una,
Servo alteram integram reo.'

Alexander in judgment was sitting one day,
And was seen with his right ear attention to pay
To the plaintiff, but purposely block up the way,
To the left, with his finger. Said he
To his retinue, asking him why this was done,
'My other ear, sure, if the plaintiff gets one,
The defendant's a right to have free.'

Q. R.

FROM SAINTE MARTHE.

Why wrap your thoughts in phrases learn'd and long?
If you would hide your meaning—hold your tongue.

FROM VAVASSOR.

Grimes justly built this Alms-house for the poor,
Whom he had made so by his frauds before.

FROM BERNARD BAUHUSIUS' WORKS (1 vol. A.D. 1620).

I

Omne *solum* forti patria est, fortem excipe *nautam*:
Pontivagis nautis omne *salum* patria est.

Giving up the pun, this may thus be rendered:—

Says the saw, 'Every soil is a home to the brave:'
Nay, nay; the brave sailor finds home on each wave.

Q. R.

2.

Vitrum et Vinum.

Vitrum proditor, atque vinum est:
Hoc animi speculum, illud oris.
Quod formæ solet esse vitrum
Hoc animo solet esse vinum.

Glass doth bewray, and even so doth wine.
This shows the mind, and that the form's outline.
As crystal represents the body's grace,
So the mind's features in men's cups we trace.

On Lexicography.

Si quem dura manet Sententia Judicis, olim
Damnatum ærumnis suppliciisque caput;
Hunc neque fabrili lassent ergastula massa,
Nec rigidas vexent fossa metalla manus:
Lexica contexat: nam cætera quid moror? omnes
Pœnarum facies hic labor unus habet.

Jos. Scaliger.

Is there a wretch whose crimes a sentence crave
Of toil and torture, till he reach the grave?
Let not the *mill* his wasted body wear,
Let not the *mine* immerse him in despair.
'Make Dictionaries' be the doom assigned;
All other punishments are there combined.

Lord Neaves.

A large portion of Sir T. More's Book of Epigrams consists of translations from the Greek, none of them very polished or very metrical, and of epigrams on some set 'thesis' or other. A few specimens of those he has left us are here given, translated :—

1

On a Runaway Soldier who wore a Ring.

Why doth a golden ring thy finger grace?
Soldier, thy foot had been its fitter place.
For that, thou know'st, be-sted thee better far
Than both thy hands but lately, in the war.

Q. R.

Another, to a seemingly somewhat dissimilar character, runs thus:—

2

If thy foot were as light as thy mind, I declare,
In a course we should see thee outstripping the hare.

Q. R.

3

A student wedded to his book,
When wealth he might have won ;
He left his book, a wife he took—
From wealth to woe he run.

Now, who a neater die e'er cast,
Since juggling first begun ?
In tying of himself so fast,
Himself he has undone.

Sir T. More.

4

On a Bad Preacher who wrote well.

So ill you preach, a Bishop you might be,
But that you write too well to hold a See.
'T is not enough to fear success in one:
To be a Bishop, both must be ill done.

R. Simpson.

5

On a Bishop.[75]

'T is fit that thou our sins should loose and bind,
Loosest of liars, and most hide-bound mind!
Chance no more Bishops makes, I joy to see,
For chance had ne'er a hand in choosing thee.
To make a mere bad choice is oft the part
Of hazard, but to choose the worst is art—
Consummate art, to choose 'mongst millions free,
Could choose no scurvier knave, no greater fool than thee.

R. Simpson.

6

Fear.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

This couplet is an equivalent for the last two lines of the following Latin epigram:—

Cur patimur stulti? Namque hæc vecordia nostra,
Urat ut indomitus pectora nostra metus.
Seu mala non venient, jam nos metus urit inanis;
Sin venient, aliud fit metus ipse malum.

7

De utrâque Rosâ in unum coalitâ.[70]

The Red and White Rose blended.

While Red and White Rose dwelt as neighbours, long
Their rivalry for foremost place was strong ;
But now both roses in one blossom blend,
In happiest mode the quarrel finds its end.
A single rose springs up, and blooms, 't is true ;
Yet hath it all th' endowments of the two ;
Since in itself of either rose the grace,
Form, beauty, colour, health and strength find place.
Let then who 's loved either rose alone
Find the old charm still in the blended one.
But woe to him who union hates and scorns,
For this same rose hath yet for foes its thorns.

Q. R.

Nec Pluribus impar—On a badly written Book.
From the Latin of Melancthon.

A thousand blots would never cure this stuff :
One might, I own, if it were large enough.

John Owen, of Welsh birth, is well entitled to the name of epigrammatist. 'His Latin epigrams were received with great approbation both in this country and on the Continent. An epigram was to him everything. All the arts, all the sciences, all ranks, all professions in life, all things in heaven or on earth, human and divine, were epigrammatised by him.'

One of his epigrams, alluded to by all his biographers, is in these words:—

An Petrus fuerit Romæ sub judice lis est:
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.

Thus in English:—

If Peter ever was at Rome
By many has been mooted:
That Simon there was quite at home,
Has never been disputed.

This playful allusion to the double relation of the name *Simon* had a twofold effect on Owen's fate. It gained him a place in the Pope's *Index Expurgatorius*, and lost him one in the will of a rich Catholic uncle.

The same idea has been elsewhere embodied in these lines:

The Pope claims back to Apostolic sources;
But when I think of Papal crimes and courses,
It strikes me the resemblance is completer
To Simon Magus than to Simon Peter.

A few translations from him are underneath:

I

Solomon, had he been wise, would for wealth have preferred his petition;
Needless it were to have wished what he already had got;
Wisely, he asked not for wealth, but for wisdom to mend his condition:
Was it because he was wise? No, but because he was not.

2

Physic brings wealth, and Law promotion,
To followers able, apt, and pliant;
But very seldom, I 've a notion,
Either to Patient or to Client.

3

From Adam's fall behold what sad disasters!
Both us and ours it sells to various masters:
Our souls to Priests, our body to the Doctors,
Our lands and goods to Pleaders and to Proctors.

4

'To the sea with your cuckolds,' mad Pontius cries;
'Learn first to swim, my dear,' meek Pontia replies.

J. C. Napleton.

5

To a Friend in Distress.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend:
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

Cowper.

6

The Client.

Clients returning, before thieves may sing,
For *back* from *London* they can't money bring.

7

On Bardella, the celebrated Mantuan Thief.

A monk, Bardella to be hanged, cheered up:
And said, 'To-night in heaven thou shalt sup.'
Bardel replied: 'This I keep fasting-day—
If you please to accept my place, you may.'

8

Why durst you offer, Marcus, to aver
Nature abhorr'd a *vacuum*?—confer
But with your empty skull, then you'll agree,
Nature will suffer a vacuity.

9

In heaven they love, but do not marry:
On earth we wed; our dreams of love miscarry.

10

Would you be good? then *will* to be; you'll be so from that hour;
For He that gave you first the Will, will give you then the Power.

11

We grease the axle that it may not creak;
We grease the lawyer's palm to make him speak.

Lord Neaves.

FROM CRASHAW.

Aquæ in Vinum versæ.

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura, lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite numen:—
Lympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.(77)

Thus rendered:

With kingly purple lowly water glows;
In roseate hues the limpid colour flows:
Behold, O friends, the change, and wondering see
The presence of the present Deity—
The modest water, awed by power divine,
Beholds its God, and blushes into wine.

P. Onslow.

To Crashaw.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven.

In Buchanan's three books of Latin epigrams, he here and there approximates to Martial, and is never more happy than when satirising the female sex. We give a few samples, translated, of his powers:

I

To Philantus.

Narcissus loved himself, we know,
And you perhaps have cause to show
  Why you should do the same;
But he was wrong; and, if I may,
Philantus, I will say,
  I think you more to blame.
He loved what others loved; while you
Admire what other folks eschew.

2

There 's a lie on thy cheek in its roses,
  A lie echoed back by thy glass,
Thy necklace on greenhorns imposes,
  And the ring on thy finger is brass.
Yet thy tongue, I affirm, without giving an inch back,
Outdoes the sham jewels, rouge, mirror, and pinchback.

J. O. W. H., from 'N. and Q.'

3

A beautiful nymph wished Narcissus to pet her,
But he saw in the fountain one *he* loved much better.
Thou hast looked in his mirror and loved; but they tell us,
No rival will tease *thee*, so never be jealous.

4

Doletus writes verses, and wonders—ahem!
When there's nothing in *him*, that there's nothing in *them*.

5

On Pope Julius II.

Thy father *Genoese*, thy mother *Greek*,
Born on the seas: who truth in thee would seek?
False Greece, Liguria's false, and false the sea;
False all: and all their falsehoods are in thee.[78]

6

Thou speak'st always ill of me.
I speak always well of thee.
But spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t' other.

FROM A LATIN EPIGRAM OF DR. ALABASTER.

Lis et Victoria mutua.

Upon opposite sides of the Popery question
(The story 's a fact, though it 's hard of digestion),
Two Reynoldses argued, the one with the other,
Till each by his reasons converted his brother.
With a contest like this did you e'er before meet,
Where the vanquished were victors, the winners were beat.(79)

Description of the Seine at Paris by Santeuil, engraved on the Bridge of Notre Dame.

Super Pontem Nostre-Dame Parisiis subtercurrente Sequanâ.

Sequana, qùum primum Reginæ allabitur urbi,
Tardat præcipites ambitiosus aquas.
Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur anceps
Quo fluat, et dulces nectit in urbe moras.
Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, canales,
Fonsfieri gaudet, qui modo flumen erat.

Thus rendered:

When to the Queen of Cities Seine draws near,
Ambitious he retards his swift career;
Enamour'd of the place, forgets his way,
And round it lingers with a fond delay;
Through countless conduits loves his streams to pour,
A fountain now, that was a flood before.(80)

On the English Language.

FROM THE LATIN OF HENRY HARDER,

A DANISH WRITER, SECRETARY OF LEGATION AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

Apelles, striving to paint Venus' face,
Before him ranged the Virgins of the place.
Whate'er of good or fair in each was seen,
He thence transferred to make the Paphian Queen ;
His work, a paragon we well might call,
Derived from many, but surpassing all.
Such as that Venus, in whose form were found
The gathered graces of the Virgins round,
Thy language, England, shows the magic force
Of blended beauties cull'd from every source.

N. Paterson wrote a volume of epigrams in Latin, and also translated the Psalms into Latin elegiacs. He exhibits in his jeux d'esprits little real humour. One of his best hits is at a 'Sailor riding:'—

The sailor curses land's uneven tides,
While he, no rider, a wild horse bestrides.

Another, on a bald-headed man, is above his usual level:—

If by your hairs your sins should number'd be,
Angels in heaven were not more pure than thee.

The practice of writing Latin epigrams died out, in a great measure, at the same time with the discontinuance of the Latin language amongst European poets. Westminster school, indeed, has served to maintain a link between the past and present; while Mr. Browne's Prizes for Greek and Latin epigrams at Cambridge (of which no collection has ever been published) have kept the knack of epigrammatism from dying out—as far, at least, as English youth is concerned.

FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

I

Private v. *Public Education.*

Poteris tutior esse domi.

Dum mater metuit virgæ ne verbera lædant,
Ipsa domi puerum servat, et ipsa docet.
Ipsa doce puerum, mater tam blandula, possit
Tutus ut esse domi, stultus et esse foris.

Mamma will keep her boy at home, and guide herself and teach him,
In anxious dread lest bitter pains of birchen twigs should reach him:
Kind mother, so by thee alone let the dear boy be guided,
He 'll be so safe within his home, and such a fool outside it.

W. H. Draper.

2

Perveniri ad summum nisi ex principiis non potest.

Newtonum ingentem, lumen non unius ævi,
A B quæ docuit prima, magistra fuit.
Doctior ille statim vetula, cito sensit inani
Quiddam his literulis majus inesse sono.
Protinus egregios elementis repperit usus ;
Usus, quos nunquam conjiciebat anus.
Notosque ignotis numeros conferre peritus,
Inde potestates format utrisque datas.
Laudo tamen vetulæ præcepta ea primula, quæque
Newtoni haud dubitem dicere Principia.

Thus rendered :

Newton, the light of each succeeding age,
First learned his letters from a female sage ;
But thus far taught—the alphabet once learn'd,
To loftier use those elements he turn'd.
Forced the unconscious signs, by process rare,
Known quantities with unknown to compare ;
And by their aid, profound deductions drew,
From depths of truth his teacher never knew :
Yet the true authoress of all was she ;
Newton's Principia were his *a, b, c.*

Charles Lamb.

As specimens of recent productions of the alumni of this justly celebrated school (Westminster), a few sprinklings are here appended.

1

Fronti nulla fides.

Nulla fides fronti. Ergo aversâ fronte sacerdos
Præcinit ante aram stans Pusyita fidem.

2

Non tentanda via est.

Cauta nimis mater puero : Noli, nisi postquam
Nôris nare, tuum credere corpus aquæ.

3

Crescit res.

Ante reformatum radicali arte senatum
Ad rem cernendam nox erat una satis.
Nunc conscriptorum gravior sapientia patrum
Evolvit sese quinto operosa die.

4

Sane (Sawney) nollem hinc exitum.

Sawney so fat in prison grows,
On wheaten bread and water,
That, dreading oatmeal, he avows
His guilt in a manslaughter.

5

Ex fumo dare lucem.

(*On seeing some of my Scraps burned.*)

Though dull my wit, my verses heavy stuff,
That you make *light* of them is clear enough.

6

Homœopathy.

Laud we the globules of the healing art!
Spun are the terrors of disease and pain;
Done drachms and scruples. Now all ills depart
Before the million-billionth of a grain!

7

Antiqua non probamus.

Cur sit cura mihi linguam dedicisse Latinam?
Romanis nostram discere nulla fuit.

No Roman ever learnt English at Rome,
Why bother us then with Latin at home?

8

Right glad is Benedick to see
That he is soon to be a father;
Twins are announced, and check'd his glee,
He votes the tidings too good rather.

9

'Home, sweet Home.'

No one longs half so much as a Scot or a Swiss
For his home when abroad ; and the reason is this :
Of all those who live absent from home there is not
One from home half so long as a Swiss or a Scot.

10

Crescit res.

Words will break no man's bones, howe'er you slang
him ;
But give a dog an ill name, and you hang him.

11

Ægrescendo medetur.

To heal disease all tortures are endured :
A pig is kill'd that bacon may be cured.

12

Ægrescit medendo.

'One glass of wine ! dear Doctor,' Philip cried,
'I'll make a pint of it!' He did, and died.

13

Causam probat.

Rex numquam moritur. Meritò ; nam vivere semper
Debet, delicti qui reus esse nequit.

14

Crescit res.

Noli mentiri. Mendacia namque sequuntur
Unum bina, tria, et quatuor, atque decem.

The above are extracted from a manuscript volume of 'Translations and Scraps by Hugh Hodgson, Westmonast : collected A.D. 1840,' kindly lent me by the Rev. James Hamilton, author of 'Life in Earnest' and other excellent books.

15

'Conventum cur clerus agit? quid habere negotî
Inter se possunt rusticus ille rogat.
'Conveniunt,' ait hic, 'ut permutatio fiat
Sermonum ; noster dat recipitque tuus.'
'Hem! miser est noster, non pulchrior evenit unquam,'
Ille refert illi, 'sunt vice quaque mali.'

Thus in English :

'The Parsons meet on Visitation day.
What can they do?' a clod was heard to say.
'Exchange their sermons, if I don't mistake,'
His friend replies ; ''tis with them give and take.'
'Our's luck then,' says the first, 'is very sad,
The lot which falls to him is always bad.'

16

'Mitte metum, mihi confisum,' vas inquit ænum:
'Heu! vicinia,' vas fictile, 'lædit,' ait. (1864.)

By the waves a clay jar, in small danger, was toss'd,
When its path by a well-meaning kettle was cross'd:
You may guess what a smash came to pass;
Thus in modern times also, how many a blow
Has been dealt to Japan, and to China, we know,
From contact with Englishmen's brass.

J. R. Dasent.

17

Says the wife of Cantab: 'Pray tell me how is it
I'm your dear, and your love, when I go on a visit;
But when I return I'm the plague of your life,
And we pass all our time in reproaches and strife?'
Says the Cantab: 'I'll tell you: when you are afar,
I do what I like, without hindrance or jar;
Though my rule you despise, you must bow to the laws
That regulate matter, and this is the cause:
Your *attractions* increase with diminished *resistance*,
And the *force* of my love as the *square of the distance*.'

E. Jermyn.

18

On the Census (1861).

Quid nomen, quam artem exercet, quos computat annos;
Talia proponens enumerator adest:
Convocat ergo pater, si illi lege jubetur,
Quos istâ tenuit sub lare nocte suo.

Responsum facile est reliquis ; hæretur in uno,
Ætatem ignorat fœmina quæque suam.

The latter part thus paraphrased :

How can we hope to fill these pages
When women never know their ages?

W. H. D.

FROM FRENCH AUTHORS.

In the modern world the French genius and language are the most epigrammatic. At times their epigrams have had a most important significance ; and a well-timed couplet of stinging satire has been known to check the schemes of a tyrant, or the subserviency of his slaves, by reminding them of the existence of a people who were quietly noting down all the foul practices of the court. The French government was once wittily defined as 'a despotism tempered by epigrams ;' for 'what ballads and nicknames and party cries will do in popular governments, that epigrams will effect in courts, in which railing often succeeds where complaining fails.' The late success of the *Propos de Labienus* proves that the above definition is not yet superannuated ; and that the refined intellect of France still regards its government with the same witty malice as in former periods. The difference is that the modern

political epigram is not confined to the court as the old one was, but is current among the people; and consequently rather affects the slashing style of Juvenal than the more courtly point of Horace or Martial, who were the masters of French satire and epigram from the rise of their literature till the Revolution of 1789. In France the epigram has always been an offensive weapon, though the war may have varied in extent or intensity. Sometimes the object was only to sting; sometimes to pierce and kill; but even then the rapier and dagger were more congenial to French tastes than the tomahawk or the bludgeon. The Greek epigram, which only sparkles but hits no one, never had much attraction for the Frenchman. He does not ask for harmony but for point. The Italians and Spaniards, on the contrary, lean towards the Greek epigram: not but that the Italians possess immense stores of epigrammatic literature which outdoes *Rabelais* himself; but the greater respectability of succeeding centuries has taught the Italian to gloss over a multitude of names of which Pietro Aretino may be considered the representative, and to put forward Alamanni as the father of the pointed epigram. The great store of Italian epigrams is, however, after the Greek mode; and by their application of an epigrammatic form to lyrical matter, the Italians have created the sonnet, which seems to be the legitimate development of the stanzas of the Greek Anthology. The Spanish taste, though delighting in the epigrammatic style of Gongora and Cervantes, had little relish for epigrams as such; and the stock of them contained in their literature was so little inviting that one of their critics

asks: 'Who is so stupid as not to be able to make one epigram, and who is such a fool as to make a second?'

In the German and Flemish epigrams we see the same phenomena as the English. A hardy national taste, flooded with the classical revival, and gradually emerging with a strong tinge of classicality in modern time. In Logeau, one of whose epigrams will be found in a future page, we see both these tendencies: the stale conceits and impertinencies of the Renaissance, and an unmistakeable Teutonic strength, which every now and then comes out with astonishing vividness. Lessing, a critic as well as a poet, and a much more scholarlike writer than Logeau, in his book on the Epigram, not only gave rules for composing and criticising it, but also examples of what he considered it ought to be. 'But Lessing's rules are too pedantic and refined to be of practical use to epigrammatists; while historically, as Herder shows, they are untrue and inapplicable to many of the best epigrams.' But since their day Göthe and Schiller have lived and the Romantic School has arisen, and Lessing is no longer the legislator of German taste.

The few selections which follow may serve to give some idea of these different national schools of epigrams. Wherever possible, those which are considered to be models by the national critics have been chosen. But in such poems, where the value depends chiefly on the refinement of expression, nearly the whole of the characteristic excellence must evaporate in translation.

On Alençon,[81] *afterwards Duke of Anjou, one of the many Suitors of Elizabeth, Queen of England: elected Prince of the Low Countries by the Flemings, who had revolted from Philip II.*

Flamands, ne soyez estonnez
Si à Francois voyez deux nez.
Car par droit, raison, et usage,
Faut deux nez à double visage.

Thus rendered:

Nay, marvel not, ye Flemings brave,
If your choice duke two noses have:
'Tis meet and right such double grace
Should decorate a double face.

A French gentleman dining with some company on a fast day, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a sin; whereupon he wrote the following lines:

Peut-on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colère,
Ou, que manger un hareng,
C'est un secret pour lui plaire?
En sa gloire enveloppé,
Songe-t-il bien de nos soupés?

Who can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence;

Or, how a herring has a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
Wrapped up in majesty divine,
Does He regard on what we dine ?

Dean Swift.

The Sponging Slanderer.

You never dine at home at all, but sponge upon your friends,
And when you speak the poisoned stream of slander never ends.
So we may say that day by day, on this or that pretence,
Your mouth you never open but at other men's expense.

Lord Neaves.

Honest v. *Deceptive Appearances.*

Some showy fellows think themselves my betters,
Who gallant steeds and gilded chariots use ;
But for their equipages they are debtors,
While I don't owe a shilling for my shoes.

Lord Neaves.

Mock Epitaph on Duc de Morny.

Here Morny lies—but that is nothing new :
He lies, but hush ! and give the devil his due :
Of swords of state, the forger he and temperer—
Nap swayed the sceptre—Morny swayed the emperor.

FROM BOILEAU.[82]

1

You say, without reward or fee,
Your uncle cured me of a dangerous ill;
I say, he never did prescribe for me;
The proof is plain, I 'm living still.

2

The Consequences of Law.

Once, says an author, where I need not say,
Two travellers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explained the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
'There take,' says Justice, 'take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'T was a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu.'[83]

Pope.

In the reign of Louis XIV. lived Colbert, the celebrated comptroller-general of the finances of France. On account of the taxes he was obliged to impose for the wars and pleasures of that monster of monarchical

ambition he was execrated by the French people, and many were the bitter stinging epigrams that were written upon him, of which we here present two.

Ci gît le père des impôts,
Dont la mort a l'âme ravie ;
Que Dieu lui donne le repos
Qu'il nous ôta toute la vie.

Thus rendered :

Here lies the father of all taxes past,
Grim Death in turn has claimed his dues at last ;
Heaven grant him rest, of rest he knows the worth,
He never let us rest while yet on earth.

P. Onslow.

Charon, voyant Colbert sur non rivage,
Le prend et le noie aussitôt,
Craignant qu'il ne vînt mettre impôt
Sur son pauvre passage.

When Colbert reached the Styx, with grin
Of fear, old Charon pitched him in,
Crying, as off he shoved the wherry,
The scoundrel 's come to tax my ferry.[84]

P. O.

FROM LA MONNOYE.

I

The world of fools has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass
Must bide at home and bolt his door,
And break his looking-glass.

2

On a bad Translation of Horace made by Pellegrin which accompanied the original Text.

Two Horaces, from yonder shelf,
I 'll offer now with solemn vows :
The original to Venus' self,
And the Translation to her spouse.

FROM FABIAN PILLET.

His long speeches, his writings, in prose and in rhyme,
Dr. Julep declares are but meant to kill time ;
What a man is the doctor ! for, do what he will,
He something or somebody wishes to kill.

FROM GUICHARD.

1

As Spintext one day, in the mansion of prayer,
Was declaiming a sermon he 'd stolen from Blair,
A large mastiff dog began barking aloud;
' Turn him out,' cried the doctor enraged to the crowd.
' And why ? ' answered one, ' in my humble belief
He 's an excellent dog, for he barks at a thief.'

2

Damis, an author cold and weak,
Thinks as a critic he's divine.
Likely enough ; we often make
Good vinegar of sorry wine.

FROM FURETIÈRE.

On a Statue of Justice removed into the Market-place.

Q. Tell me why Justice meets our eye,
Raised in the market-place on high ?
A. The reason, friend, may soon be told,
'T is meant to show she 's to be sold.

There is one on a like matter (Justice) of Guillaume des Autels :

Blindfold is Justice drawn, for this
To show she 's random, hit or miss ;
A sword she bears—bugbear for those
Sans wit or wealth to ward its blows :
The pair of scales she 's made to hold
Makes sure that all she gets is sterling gold.

R. Simpson.

FROM LA GIRAUDIÈRE.

You 're thirty you tell us : the fact we must credit,
For both you and your friends for these ten years have said it.

FROM GOMBAULD.

That you cannot get rid of Thersandes, you say,
Though you 've tried to accomplish it fifty times o'er:
I 'll put you at once, my good friend, in the way—
Do but lend him ten pounds, and you 'll ne'er see him more.

On a French Lady who was rarely seen except at Midnight Operas and Balls.

'Quelle age a cette Phyllis, dont on fait tant de bruit?'
Me demandoit Cliton naguères.
'Il faut,' dis-je, 'vous satisfaire;
Elle a vingt ans le jour, et cinquante ans la nuit.'

Thus translated:

Young Cliton has set me a difficult task,
For Phillis's age he 's thought proper to ask:
Of whose doings town talk is not thrifty;
She 's twenty at most, if you reckon her *days*;
If her *nights*, then, as far as I know of her ways,
She 's not far from the wrong side of fifty.

P. O.

'The idea of a person's lifetime being measured otherwise than by the number of his years has been adopted, if not borrowed, by many writers, as Bacon, Suckling, Young, Drummond.' Ben Jonson, in part of an Epitaph on one of Shakspeare's *little Eyases* or

children of the chapel, who acted plays in imitation of Martial (lib. 10. ep. 53) gives us the following lines:

Years he number'd scarce thirteen
When Fates turn'd cruel.
Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had been
The stage's jewel.

And did act (what now we mourn)
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd so truly.

The boy's name was Salathiel Pavy. He acted, says Gifford, in *Cynthia's Revels*, and in the *Poetaster* (1600 and 1601), in which latter year he probably died. 'The poet speaks of him with interest and affection, and it cannot be doubted that he was a lad of extraordinary talents.'

Mock Epitaph on Robespierre.[85]

Here lies Robespierre—let no tear be shed:
Reader, if he had lived, thou hadst been dead.

FROM BREBEUF.

Jack, by the constables entrapp'd,
Was destin'd to the law a prey:
But while his easy keepers napp'd,
He stole—guess what—himself away.

R. Simpson.

FROM LE BRUN.

1

To a contemptible Author who wrote the Epitaph of a good Poet.

On Stephen's tomb, thou writ'st the mournful line :
Why lived he not, alas ! to write on thine ?

2

On one always afraid of Dying.

Thrice happy Damon! Fate has stopp'd his breath !
He's now deliver'd from the fear of death.

So also our own poet, Cowper :

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they
Who look for death and fear it every day.

FROM BIGNICOURT.

Frigid in verse, nor more inspir'd by Love,
In vain you rhyme Florella's heart to move ;
The nymph disdains you, and her smile refuses,
As if she were in league with all the Muses.

FROM SENECÉ.

Envy.

What makes the envious Phorbas walk
Alone, and sad, in the parterre ;
And raise his eyes, and inly talk,
And stamp his foot, and rend his hair?

Say, has he met with some distress?
Far from it:—all his agitation
Only proceeds from the success
Of some acquaintance or relation.

FROM DE CAILLY.

'How blest, my dear brother,' said Sylvia, one day,
'Should I be would you quit this bad habit of play ;
Do you mean to extinguish it never?'
'When you cease to coquet, I 'll quit play,' he replied.
'Ah! plainly I see, my dear brother,' she cried,
'You're determined to gamble for ever.'

The Sex of the Mind not always the same as that of the Body.

When Dacier jointly with his learned wife
Has children of the flesh that spring to life,
I 'm quite disposed, as much as any other,
To hold that Madame Dacier is the mother.

But when good Dacier and his wife combin'd
Produce their books, those children of the mind,
I own I feel an inclination rather
To hold that Madame Dacier is the father.

On Friendship and Love.

Friendship and Love by different laws ordain
How we should treat the kindness we obtain.
Your favours, Priscus, promptly I reveal,
But *yours*, my Celia, sacredly conceal.
Honour and gratitude alike forbid
To hide what should be told, or tell what should be hid.

On the great Lawyer Tiraqueau and his Wife.(86)

1

Tiraquellus and his wife,
Vying in a genial strife,
Every year, as sure as may be,
Give the world a book, and baby.
She, of course, has his assistance
When she gives her babes existence;
But has he, from her instructions,
Any help in *his* productions?

2

On the Same.

Tiraqueau, while drinking water,
Has an annual son or daughter;

Wine or beer he ne'er partook,
Yet he writes an annual book.
Large already is the score,
And we look for many more.
But if he, on water merely,
Can achieve these wonders yearly,
What if wine with gen'rous fire
Should a larger aim inspire?
Such increase his works might gain,
As the world could scarce contain,
And 't would be a task bewildering
Where to put his books and children.

FROM BARATON.

Terminer sans Oyer.

'Call silence!' the Judge to the officer cries;
'This hubbub and talk, will it never be done?
Those people this morning have made such a noise,
We 've decided ten causes without hearing one.'

The following, translated from La Harpe, 'is a very good imitation of Martial well adapted to satirise a faulty style of tedious and pedantic pleading that prevailed in France, and which is admirably ridiculed in Racine's *Plaideurs*.'—*North British Review.*

About three sheep, that late I lost,
I had a lawsuit with my neighbour;

And Glibtongue, of our bar the boast,
Pleaded my case with zeal and labour.
He took two minutes first to state
The question that was in debate;
Then show'd by learn'd and long quotations,
The law of Nature and of Nations;
What Tully said, and what Justinian,
And what was Puffendorf's opinion.
'Glibtongue! let those old authors sleep,
And come back to our missing sheep.'

FROM MARSHAL SAXE.

On the Seven Sacraments.

Whatever Rome may strive to fix,
The sacraments are only *six*.
This truth will palpably appear,
When o'er the catalogue you run:
For surely of the seven 't is clear—
Marriage and Penance are but *one*.

This couplet on a little figure of Cupid is well known:

Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître,
Qui l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.

Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
That is or was, or is to be.

FROM LEMIERRE.

Nature and Sickness fight; a man the prize;
If Nature wins, he lives; if Sickness, dies.
Blind men (called doctors) come, the fray to part,
With random strokes of weapons forged by art.
If chance they hit the foe the day's their own;
If Nature gets the hurt, the patient's gone.

One much the same was written by Piron on Medicine.

Mock Epitaph by Piron on himself, in revenge for his Exclusion from the Academy.[87]

Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Academicien.

Thus translated:

Here lies Piron, a man of no position,
Who was not even—an Academician.

FROM VOLTAIRE.

I

On Frederic the Great, King of Prussia.

King, author, philosopher, poet, musician,
Free mason, economist, bard, politician,
How had Europe rejoiced if a *Christian* he'd been!
If a man, how he then had enraptured his queen!

2

Sloth the Cause of Ennui.

Of those, who time so ill support,
The calculation 's wrong ;
Else, why is life accounted short,
While days appear so long ?

By action 't is we life enjoy ;
In idleness we 're dead ;
The soul 's a fire will self destroy,
If not with fuel fed.

FROM JEAN BAPTISTE ROUSSEAU.[88]

A lord of senatorial fame
Was by his portrait known outright,
For so the painter play'd his game,
It made one even yawn at sight.

' 'T is he—the same—there 's no defect
But want of speech,' exclaimed a flat :
To whom the limner :—' Pray reflect,
'T is surely not the worse for that.'

Bland.

FROM FRENCH AUTHORS UNKNOWN.

1

The Debtor.

My debtor Paul looks pale and harass'd;
Thinks he on means to pay his bill?
Oh, no! he only is embarrass'd
For means to be my debtor still.

2

Whilst Adam slept, Eve from his side arose:
Strange! his first sleep should be his last repose.

3

'I never give a kiss,' says Prue,
'To naughty man, for I abhor it.'
She will not give a kiss, 't is true;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

4

Addressed to Monsieur M—— on his Nomination to the Legion of Honour.

In ancient times—'t was no great loss—
They hung the thief upon the cross:
But now, alas! I say 't with grief,
They hang the cross upon the thief.

5

On Prince Talleyrand.

Seven cities boasted Homer's birth, 't is true,
But twenty boast of not producing you.

6

Mock Epitaph on Talleyrand.[89]

The French Grand Chamberlain hath cut his stick,
And been appointed premier to Old Nick.

FROM BOURSAULT.

Le Prélat Orgueilleux.

Un prélat, de bonne maison—
Ou bien il n'en est point en France—
De la grandeur de sa naissance
Se souvint une fois un peu hors de saison.
Dans une maladie extrême,
Exténué, languissant, blême,
Mais toujours de son sang soutenant la splendeur,
' Par votre puissance suprême,
Seigneur,' s'écrioit-il en parlant à Dieu même,
' Ayez pitié de ma grandeur.'

A prelate, in whose motley-coloured mind
Humility and pride were found combined;
Prostrate in sickness, while his spirit sank,
Could not, in that last hour, forget his rank;
But breathed to Heaven this prayer of penitence,
'O Lord! have mercy on my Eminence!'

Lord Neaves.

FROM PIRON.

I

Sur M—— reçu à l'Académie.

Lorsque l'on reçoit Oronte,
Pourquoi tant crier *paro?*
Dans le nombre de quarante
Ne faut-il pas un zéro?

2

Contre La Chaussée, poëte comique larmoyant.

Connoissez-vous sur l'Hélicon
L'une et l'autre Thalie?
L'une est chaussée, et l'autre non,
Mais c'est la plus jolie;

L'une a le rire de Vénus,
L'autre est froide et pincée.
Honneur à la belle aux pieds nus,
Exilons la Chaussée.

3

Contre le Poëte Roi.

Connoissez-vous certain rimeur obscur,
Sec et guindé, souvent froid, toujours dur,
Qui ne peut plaire, et peut encore moins nuire,
Ayant l'usage et non l'art de médire;
Pour ses méfaits dans la géole encagé
A Saint-Lazare, après ce fustigé,

Honni, moqué bafoué pour ses rimes,
Chassé, battu, poursuivi pour ses crimes,
Court content, parlant toujours de soi?
Chacun répond :—C'est le Poëte Roi.

4

Piron was disgusted by Voltaire's rewriting two tragedies of Crébillon, and wrote :

N'en doutez pas ; oui, si le premier homme
Eût eu le tic de ce faiseur de vers,
Il eût fait pis que de mordre à la pomme,
Et c'eût été bien un autre travers!
Du grand Auteur de la nature humaine
Il eût voulu défaire l'univers,
Et le refaire en moins d'une semaine.

No doubt of it: if Adam our first father
Had felt this forward rhymester's foolish rage,
Leaving the apple, he 'd have ventured rather
In some more widespread mischief to engage.
Dissatisfied with this fair frame of Nature,
Whose charms to other ears so clearly speak,
He 'd have pulled down the work of his Creator,
And built it up again within the week.

Lord Neaves.

5

Some one wrote a tragedy, *Cleopatra*, which was damned. The best thing in the play was a snake of pasteboard, which hissed in the most natural way.

The artist who produced the latter fared better than the poet at the hands of Piron :

Deux artistes rivaux. Vaucanson
Font l'honneur du siècle où nous sommes ;
Mais l'un ne fait siffler qu'un serpent de carton,
Quand l'autre fait siffler les hommes.

What rivalry in magic power is this !
No fear of these their due laudation missing :
One artist makes a pasteboard serpent hiss ;
A greater still sets crowds of men a-hissing.

Lord Neaves.

6

Un tendre aveu semble vous offenser,
Je me tairai, puisqu'il faut y souscrire ;
Et ce qu'on dit souvent sans y penser,
Je le penserai sans le dire.

It pains you that my passion I reveal :
I must by silence show that I obey :
What men say often when they do not feel,—
Howe'er I feel it, I shall never say.

Lord Neaves.

7

Damis convient, dans son écrit,
Qu'il n'est pas né pour l'éloquence ;
Je ne sais point ce qu'il en pense,
Mais je pense ce qu'il en dit.

Damis says modestly, he must forego
For wit or eloquence all claim to praise :
What Damis thinks I own I do not know,
But I agree with him in what he says.

Lord Neaves.

The point here is from Owen, on the Nugæ of Bourbon the Poet :

Quas tu dixisti nugas, &c.

FROM M. BORDE.

Voici, ma sœur, le saint temps de carême,
Disoit Chloé ; nos péchés sont bien grands !
Il faut fléchir la Justice Suprême—
Que ferons-nous ? Faisons jeûner nos gens !

Marquis de St. Just.

Certain ministre avoit la pierre,
On résolut de le tailler ;
Chacun se permet de parler,
Et l'on égaya la matière.
Mais comment, se demandoit-on,
A-t-il pareille maladie ?
C'est que son cœur, dit Florimond,
Sera tombé dans sa vessie.

A certain statesman, found to have the stone,
Was doomed to undergo an operation :
Amongst his friends, the fact, becoming known,
Occasioned much remark and conversation.
How came he by this ailment, some one cried :
I scarce know anything that could be sadder ?
'The explanation 's clear,' a wit replied,
'His heart has just slipped down into his bladder.'

Lord Neaves.

Épitaphe d'un Procureur.

Ci gît un procureur de science profonde,
Qui pendant soixante ans pilla le bien d'autrui ;
Il pleure maintenant, s'il voit de l'autre monde—
Que tu lis sans payer ces vers qu'on fit pour lui.

M. de Boulogne.

Quel est ce monstre que voilà,
Parmi ces jolis enfans-là ?
Hélas ! madame, c'est ma fille.—
Ah ! vraiment ! elle est bien gentille !

'Who can that ugly creature be,
Among those girls so nice and neat?'
'I'm sorry 'tis my daughter, ma'am, you see ;'
'Well,—eally she looks very sweet.'

Lord Neaves.

L'Abbé de Regrac.

Un chanoine, anté-Quéneliste,
En grand secret un soir vint dire à son doyen,
Monsieur, tout est perdu !—Quoi, parlez!—L'organiste—
Eh bien !—Le malheureux! il devient Janséniste !
Ciel ! Janséniste ? Allez, je le punirai bien ;—
Dès demain, qu'on lui donne un souffleur Moliniste.

A canon, a great anti-Quenelist,
Came to his dean one night in sore dismay ;
'All's over, Sir'—'How, where?' 'Our organist,
Unhappy man!' 'What of him? speak away'—

'Has just become'—'Well, what?' 'A Jansenist.'
'A Jansenist! good heavens, what's this you say?
But I know how to trounce such dangerous fellows;
Give him a *Molinist* to blow his bellows.'

Lord Neaves

FROM MALHERBE.

The Maid of Orleans.

Fair Amazon! the cruel foe
Who to the flames consign'd
Thy form, his scorn of laws display'd,
And base perfidious mind!

But just was Fate, by such a death
Who raised thee to the sky;
For she who like Alcides liv'd,
Should like Alcides die.

From *Le Ramelet Mounde.* By Godelin, a poet who wrote in the dialect of Toulouse, in the 17th century.

The gay who would be counted wise,
Think all delight in pastime lies;
Nor heed they what the wise condemn:
Whilst they pass time—Time passes them.

A short time before Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, died, he was blind a few days, which occasioned this epigram :

Ah ! s'il est vrai que Buffon perd les yeux,
Que le jour se refuse au foyer des lumières :
La Nature à la fin punit les curieux,
Qui pénétroient tous ses mystères.

Thus translated :

Buffon's bright eyes at length grown dim,
Dame Nature now no more will yield,
Or longer lend her light to him
Who all her mysteries revealed.

Mrs. Piozzi.

FROM ITALIAN POETS.

On a stupid and miserly Physician.

Crowds of patients every hour
Sordid Galen's aid demand ;
And still golden guineas shower
Into his still extended hand :

Yet, those he *takes*, he dares not spend,
But to his *useless* heap still heaps them :
Say, who 's the greater fool, my friend,
You who *give*, or *he* who keeps them ?

On a Son who was not allowed to marry until he had arrived at Years of Discretion.

Poor Stephen is young, and lacks wisdom, 't is said,
And therefore still longer must tarry:
If he waits though, methinks, till he 's *sense* in his head,
I'll be sworn that he *never will marry*.

First and Last.

One single truth before he died
Poor Dick could only boast;
'Alas, I die!' he faintly cried,
And then gave up the ghost.

The Niggard.

Stretch'd on his bed of death old Thomas lying,
And pretty certain he was dying,
Instead of summing his offences,
Began to reckon his expenses.
For mixtures, bolus, draughts, and pill,
A long apothecary's bill;
And guineas gone in paying doctors,
With fees to attornies and to proctors;
The sexton's and the parson's due,
The undertaker's reckoning too.
'Alas!' quoth Tom, with his last sigh,
''T is a most fearful thing to die!'

True Riches.

Irus, though wanting gold and lands,
Lives cheerful, easy, and content;
Corvus unbless'd, with twenty hands
Employed to count his yearly rent.

Sages of Lombard! tell me which
Of these you think possesses more?
One, with his poverty is rich;
And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

From Pananti.

Is beauty to thine outward form denied?
Let virtue's graceful veil its absence hide;
As Cæsar wreath'd the laurel round his brow,
And hid the baldness of his head below.

FROM ALAMANNI (1530).

I

Tornata a Menelao l'ingiusta Elena
Dicea, di pianto e di vergogna piena:
'Ben fu rapita esta terrena salma,
Ma sempre, il cielo il sa, restò tua l'alma.'
Ed egli: 'Io il credo ben: ma a non celarti
Mi lasciasti di te la peggior parte.'

Spake Helen to her spouse one day :
'See, love, my tears, my weeping see,
My body, sweet, was borne away,
My heart, heaven knows, remained with thee.'
Then he : 'Ah yes ! I well divine
That ever thy worst part was mine.'

P. Onslow.

2

Riprendea Clitennestra la sorella,
Che no fu sì pudica come bella.
Rispose Elena a lei : 'S' io gli ho fallito,
Almen sicuro e vivo è 'l mio marito.'

Clitemnestra, strife beginning,
'Helen, thou art fair, but sinning.'
'Yes,' said Helen, answer giving,
'I 've a spouse deceived—and living.'

P. O.

3

The Oak. Imitated from Metastasio.

The tall oak towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies ;
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelmed at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main ;
The selfsame foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

James Montgomery.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

1

A long way off—Lucinda strikes the men:
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

2

Grudge leaves the poor his whole possessions nearly:
He means his next of kin shall weep sincerely.

3

On a Volume of Epigrams.

Point in his foremost epigram is found:
Bee-like, he lost his sting at the first wound.

4

The Matrimonial Balance.

How strange, a deaf wife to prefer!
True, but she's also dumb, good Sir.

5

'He's gone at last—old Niger's dead!'
Last night 't was said throughout the city;
Each quidnunc gravely shook his head,
And *half* the town cried, 'What a pity!'

The news proved false—'t was all a cheat,
The morning came the fact denying ;
And *all* the town to-day repeat,
What half the town last night was crying.

6

A nut that is hard with a tooth that is rotten ;
A wife that is young with a man that is old ;—
Such matches, where fitness has quite been forgotten,
Are hostile to nature and never can hold.

Lord Neaves.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the Invention of Gunpowder.(90)

King. Friend Kunz, I 've heard grave people mention
Gunpowder as the devil's invention.
Kunz. Whoe'er informed you so was drunk ;
'T was first invented by a monk.
King. Well, well, no matter for the name ;
A monk, or devil—'t is much the same.

Anathema on the Swedes and their Ravages during the 'Thirty Years' War.'(91)

Alles Unschlitt von dem Vieh, das ihr raubtet durch das Land
Asche von gesammtem Ort, den ihr setztet in den Brand,

Gäb' an Seife nicht genug; auch die Oder reichte nicht
Abzuwaschen innern Fleck, drüber das Gewissen richt!
Fühlt es selbsten, was es ist, ich verschweig es itzt mit Fleiss:
Weil Gott, was ihr ihm und uns mitgespielet, selber weiss.

Lograu.

Not the fat of all the cattle thou hast stolen through the land;
Not the ashes of the homesteads thou hast kindled with thy brand;
Not mighty Oder foaming as he rushes through the plain,
Could mingle such a cleansing as would free thy hand from stain.
God return thee all the shame thou hast heaped on Him and me;
For the curse that thou hast wrought, rest the nameless curse on thee.

P. Onslow.

If one has served thee, tell the deed to many;
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.

'Better to roam the fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.'
This maxim long I happily pursued,
And fell disease my health then ne'er subdued,
But to be more than well at length I tried,
The doctor came at last—and then I died.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Rebolledo.

Fair Phillis has fifty times registered vows,
That of Christian or Turk she would ne'er be the spouse,
For wedlock so much she disdained:
And neither of these she has married, 't is true,
For now she 's the wife of a wealthy old *Jew*.
And thus she her vow has maintained.

The days of our happiness gliding away,
A year seems a moment, and ages a day;
But, Fortune converting our smiles into tears.
What an age a diminutive moment appears

Oh, Fortune! possess'd of so fickle a name—
Why only in this art thou ever the same?
Oh, change! and bid moments of pleasure move slow,
And give eagle-plumes to the pinions of woe.

FROM REBOLLEDO.

Pues el rosario tomaes,
No dudo que le receis
Por mi que muerto me habeis,
O por vos, que me matais.

Fair lady, when your beads you take,
I never doubt you pray ;
Perhaps for my poor murdered sake,
Perhaps for yours that slay.

R. Simpson.

SECTION IV.

EPIGRAMS BY ENGLISH AUTHORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

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EPIGRAMS BY ENGLISH AUTHORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

On the Supposition of a Tax taking place on Burials (1782). *To George III.*

Tax'd to the bone thy loving subjects see!
But still suppos'd, when dead, from taxes free.
Now, to complete, great George, thy glorious reign,
Excis'd to death, we 're then excis'd again.

Charles James Fox's Reply to Mrs. Montague, who had said to him, 'she did not care three skips of a louse for him or his politics.'

Says Montague to me, and in her own house,
'I do not care for you three skips of a louse.'
I forgive it; for women, however well bred,
Will still talk of that which runs most in their head.

April-Fool Day. To Mr. —— on receiving a blank Letter from him on the first of April.

I pardon, sir, the trick you've play'd me,
When an *April fool* you made me ;
Since *one day* only I appear,
What you, alas ! do *all the year.*

On Paine's Age of Reason.(92)

In systems as much out of sense as of season,
Tom Paine names this age as the true age of reason :
But if right I can judge, or if right I can see,
It is Treason he means, and he 's right to a T.

On Nelson's Victory over the French Fleet (1798).

Our ships at the Nile (93) have created such terror,
' Ex Nilo fit nil' proves a logical error.

On a Doctor's consulting what to take for his Armorial Bearings (1802).

A group of deaths in every quarter paint,
Like angels hovering o'er a popish saint ;
The miracle 's the same, should either save
A soul from hell or body from the grave.

The Priest and the Ostler.

Once at some holy time, perhaps 't was Lent,
An honest ostler to confession went ;
And there of sins a long extended score,
Of various shape and size, he mumbled o'er ;

Till, having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
For any moderate conscience quite enough,
He ceased. 'What more?' the reverend father cried.
'No more,' th' unburthen'd penitent replied.
'But,' said the artful priest, 'yet unreveal'd,
There lurks one darling vice within your thoughts conceal'd.
Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
Ne'er grease the horses' teeth to spoil their eating?'
'Never,' cried Crop. So then, to close each strain,
He was absolved, and sent to sin again.
Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feeling,
Crop at confessional again was kneeling;
When, lo! at every step his conscience easing,
Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth, and greasing;
'Sancta Maria!' cried the astonish'd priest,
'How much your sins have with your days increas'd!
When last I saw you, you denied all this.'
'True,' said the ostler, 'very true it is,
And also true, that, till that blessed time,
I never, father, heard of such a crime.'

On One ignorant and arrogant.

Thou may'st of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st not that thou nothing know'st.

Cowper.

Says Chloe, 'Though tears it may cost,
It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
For your character's totally lost,
And I 've not got sufficient for two.'

The Devil's Influence.

When Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the man,
This Moses asserts; and from thence we infer,
That woman rules man, and the Devil rules her.

Thus answered:

Said a man, once conversing, how high in the scale
Stood man above woman, so feeble and frail!
When the trial of virtue in Eden began,
Satan dared not present his temptation to man.
Nay, answer'd the woman, say not what *he* dared,
The old serpent knew that some pains might be spared:
For, said he, if I first get the man to my chain,
The most difficult part of my task will remain;
But can I succeed the fair Eve to allure,
Adam follows of course, and then both are secure:
So cease your proud boast of man's firmness, and own,
If superior either, that woman 's the one:
Since woman could overcome Adam, poor elf!
But to overcome woman took Satan himself.

Mock Epitaph on Sir John Guise.

Here lies
Sir John Guise:
No one laughs,
No one cries:
Where he is gone,
And how he fares,
No one knows
And no one cares.

Truth told at Last.

'A union on principle,' cries Fox, 'I require.'
'A union on principle,' says Pitt, 'I admire.'
Still this union's delay'd, and on very good ground;
For where, pray, is principle now to be found?
Our principal statesmen are unprincipled jugglers;
Our principal merchants unprincipled smugglers;
Our principal rich are unprincipled knaves,
And our principal poor their unprincipled slaves.
Through court, city, and country, we vainly pursue
A phantom much talk'd of, but never in view.

Addressed to Electors.

'Give me your vote,' Sir Canvass cries,
'And I'll take care your son shall rise.'
The promise made, he quits the door,
Nor thinks of boy or promise more.
Meanwhile the youth, to learning bred
Gets lofty notions in his head:
But when his patron he assails,
And finds each golden prospect fails,
To beg ashamed, to work untaught,
He takes a purse, is fairly caught,
And soon rewarded with a halter;
Thus proves the knight his kind exalter.

The Plagiarist.

'A man of letters—Smith!' we all agree;
A man of letters—yes, a man of three (*fur*).

A happy Suggestion.

Lend Spunge a guinea! Ned, you 'd best refuse,
And *give* him half—sure half 's enough to lose!

A Milk-and-Water Epigram.

'Are good folk very clean up town?'
Enquir'd a rustic o'er his porter:
'Clean!' cried a cockney, just come down,
'They even wash their milk with water.'

The Incurious.

Three years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the *lions* nor the *tombs* had seen:
I cannot tell the cause without a smile;—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

On a Part of St. Mary's Church at Oxford being converted into a Law School.

Yes, yes, you may rail at the Pope as you please,
But, trust me, that miracles never will cease.
See here—an event that no mortal suspected!
See Law and Divinity closely *connected!*
Which proves the old proverb, long reckon'd so odd,
That the nearer the church the farther from God.

On a Student of All Souls' College being unjustly fined.

'Knowledge is power,' so saith the learned Bacon ;
And sure in that the sage was not mistaken :
But happy would it be for All Souls' College,
If, on the contrary, power gave knowledge.

On a Bald Head.

My hair and I are quits, d' ye see ;
I first cut *him*, now he cuts *me*.

To a Fool going to travel.

You say you 'll spend a thousand pound
The world and men to know,
And take a tour all *Europe* round,
Improving as you go.

Dear Jack, in search of others' sense
Discover not your own ;
But wisely double the expense
That you may pass unknown.

Wit and Novelty (1795).

Andrews, 't is said, a comedy has writ
Replete with novelty, replete with wit ;
If wit it has, to both I will agree,
For wit from Andrews must be novelty.(91)

'I will close my letter of simple inquiry with an epigram on Sir J. Mackintosh, the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*-man, who has got a place at last—one of the last I did for the Albion.'—From C. Lamb's *Letter to Manning* (1801).

Though thou 'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack;
When he had gotten his ill-purchas'd pelf,
He went away, and wisely hang'd himself:
This thou mayst do at last; yet much I doubt,
If thou hast any *bowels to gush out!*

Law Maxim.

He that holdeth his lands in fee
Need neither to quake nor to quiver,
I humbly conceive; for look, do you see,
They are his and his heirs' for ever.
From Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.

On E. Burke, for his Hostility to Warren Hastings (1795).

Oft have we wonder'd that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile has e'er yet been found;
Reveal'd the secret stands of Nature's work,
She saved her venom to create a *Burke.*(95)
Attributed to W. Hastings himself.

On Bonaparte's late Disasters.

Surrounded, confounded, east, west, north, and south,
He 's *Lip-sic*, chop-fallen, and down in the mouth

On the Union (1801). *By a Barrister of Dublin.*

Why should we explain that the times are so bad,
Pursuing a querulous strain?
When Erin gives up all the rights that she had,
What *right has she left to complain?*

During Pitt's long administration, many were the epigrams written against him, some few of which are subjoined.

New Taxes.

Says Billy, quite vex'd, 'what can we tax next?
I wish some good fellow would show.'
'Why, hark,' replied one, 't will bring in a round sum;
Tax each curse that is vented on you.'

On Ministers saying the Suspension of the 'Habeas Corpus' (96) Act had raised the Stocks.

'See,' cry our ministerial blocks,
'See how our measures raise the stocks!'
Aye, stocks and stones they might have said;
For deeds like these would raise the dead.

On the Assertion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, 'That Mr. Pitt found England of wood, and left it of marble.'

'From wood to marble,' Hawkins cried,
'Great Pitt transformed us, ere he died!'
'Indeed!' exclaimed a country gaper,
'Sure he must mean to marble paper.'

Another.

Browne says, 'That Pitt, so wise and good,
Could marble make from worthless wood;
And who can doubt that saying bold,
Since he to paper changed our gold?'[97]

FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE (1793).

In vino veritas, they say;
Yet lying is so much the custom
Of certain folks, the safest way
Is, drunk or sober, not to trust them.

The faltering tongue which t'other day
Proved Billy's dire disaster,
Was so accustomed to betray,
That it betrayed its master.

The new Echo.

Pitt:
For England's glory, Sir, I firm will stick up:
To which the stranger echo answered, Hiccup.

Reason for the Apostasy of Ministers.

The Whigs, because they rat and change
To Toryism, all must spurn;
Yet in the fact there 's nothing strange,
That wigs should twist, or curl, or turn.

On the oiled and perfumed Ringlets of a certain Lord.

Of miracles this is *sans doute* the most rare
I ever perceived, heard reported, or read;
A man with abundance of *scents* in his *hair*,
Without the least atom of *sense* in his *head*.

On a little Member's Versatility.

Why little Neddy yearns
To *rat*, there is a reason strong;
He needs be *everything by turns*,
Who is by nature *nothing long*.

On a Student being put out of Commons for missing Chapel.

To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught:
Oh, could I do but either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty such—
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

On the prosy Harangue of a certain Bishop.

When he holds forth, his reverence doth appear
So lengthily his subject to pursue,
That listeners, out of patience, often fear.
He has indeed *eternity in view*.

On a Parson complaining he had lost his Portmanteau.

I 've lost my portmanteau ;
' I pity your grief.'
All my sermons are in it ;
' I pity the thief.'

On Mr. Husband's Marriage.

This case is the strangest we 've known in our life.
The husband 's a husband, and so is the wife.

Written on a Looking-glass.

I change, and so do women too ;
But I reflect, which women never do.

Answer, by a Lady.

If women reflected, oh scribbler, declare,
What man, faithless man, would be bless'd by the fair ?

MOCK EPITAPHS.

On a hen-pecked Country Squire.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that 's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The Devil ruled the woman.

R. Burns.

On a noisy Polemick.

Below these stones lie Jamie's bones.
Oh Death! it 's my opinion
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion.

R. Burns.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know
That death has murdered Johnny;
An' here his body lies fa' low,
For soul he ne'er had any.

R. B.

On Pride.

Fitsmall, who drinks with knights and lords,
To steal a share of notoriety,
Will tell you, in important words,
He *mixes* in the best society.

The Vicar and Curate.

A Vicar, long ill, who had treasured up wealth,
Told his Curate each Sunday to pray for his health
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the Curate ought rather to wish he were *dead.*
'By my troth,' said the Curate, 'let credit be given,
I ne'er pray'd for his death, but I have for his *living.*'

Why are Women beardless?

How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's *chin* to grow;
For how could she be shaved (whate'er the skill)
Whose *tongue* would never let her *chin* be still?

Wife Epigram.

Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
Says, 'Wives are tin canisters tied to our tail;'
While fair Lady Ann, as the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
Yet wherefore degrading? consider'd aright,
A canister's useful, when polished and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That 's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

R. B. Sheridan, or Lewis the Dramatist.

EPIGRAMS BY ERSKINE (LORD CHANCELLOR, 1806).

I

Erskine's Rejoinder.

When smitten with love from the eyes of the fair,
If marriage should not be your lot,
A ball from a pistol will end your despair—
It 's safer than canister-shot.

2

On Moore's Translation of Anacreon.

Oh ! mourn not for Anacreon dead;
Oh ! weep not for Anacreon fled ;
The lyre still breathes he touch'd before,
For we have one Anacreon Moore.

3

French Taste.

The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without ;
For Nature, that to them gave *goût*,
To us gave only gout.

4

On Scott's Poem of Waterloo.

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
Full many a gallant man lies slain ;
But none, by bullet or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

5

To Lady Payne, on his complaining of feeling unwell at her house.

'T is true I am ill, but I need not complain ;
For he never knew pleasure that never knew *Payne.*

'For Better, for Worse.'

'Nay, prithee, dear Thomas, ne'er rave thus and curse;
Remember, you took me "for better, for worse."'
'I know it,' quoth Thomas, 'but then, madam, look you—
You prove, upon trial, much worse than I took you.'

On hearing of the Marriage of a Fellow of All Souls' College.

Silvio, so strangely love his mind controls,
Has, for *one single body*, left *All Souls.*

Consolation.

Tom to a shrew lives link'd in wedlock's fetter,
Yet let not Tom his stars too sorely curse:
As there 's no hope his wife will e'er be better,
So there 's no fear she ever can be worse.

On the Banks and Paper Credit of Scotland.

To tell us why banks thus in Scotland obtain,
Requires not the head of a Newton or Napier;
Without calculation, the matter 's quite plain—
Where there 's plenty of rags, you 'll have plenty of paper.

On the Paris 'Loan upon England.' (98)

The Paris cits, a patriotic band,
Advance their cash on British freehold land;
But let the speculating rogues beware;
They 've bought the *skin*—but who 's to kill the *bear*?

B. Frere.

The Affirmative.

When Celia was ask'd if to church she would go,
The fair one replied to me, 'No, Richard, no.'
At her meaning I ventured a pretty good guess,
For from grammar I learn'd, 'No and no stood for yes.'

The most fashionable Diner.

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is, in our street, esteem'd the greatest;
But, surely, greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

J. B.

Agreement in Opinion.

'You're a fool,' mutters Harry; says Thomas, 'That's true;
So must every one be that expects sense from you.'

Par Nobile Fratrum.

Two *Congreves*, at two different periods born,
In different ways their country did adorn.
One[99] peacefully display'd each comic flight,
The other[100] higher soars 'midst war and fight;
The squibs of one could but assail men's pockets,
But blood and death attend the other's rockets.

Lines written by a Lady on a Window.

The power of Love shall never wound my heart,
Though he assail me with his fiercest dart.

The Answer.

The Lady has her resolution spoken ;
Yet writes on glass, in hopes it may be broken.

The Parson confuted.

You tell us, Doctor, 't is a sin to *steal !*
We to your practice from your text appeal.
You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap ; and pray,
From dull companions don't you *steal* away ?

On an Ugly Lady that patched much.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes :
I own that patching 's requisite for you,
For more we 're pleas'd, the less your face we view :
Yet I advise, if my advice you 'd ask,
Wear but one patch, but be that patch a *mask.*

On Dr. Evans, Bursar of St. John's College, Oxford, cutting down a Row of Trees.

Indulgent Nature on each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes :
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox ;
Lambs fly from wolves ; and sailors steer from rocks.
Evans the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

Untainted Honour.

A late regulation requires that no stain
Taint the blood of the gentleman pensioners' train :
This honour I doubt, then, will fall to the ground ;
For who, sprung from Adam, untainted is found ?

Applicable to Many.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Sent me ten guineas. 'Come,' said I,
'Give me a pen, it is but fair
You take my note.' Quoth he, 'Hold there,
Jack ! to the cash I 've bid adieu ;
No need to waste my paper too.'

Gratitude.

If Ben to Charles a legacy has given,
The grateful Charles now wishes him in heaven.

The Swiss and the Frenchman.

To a Swiss, a gay Frenchman in company said,
'Your soldiers are forced, Sir, to fight for their bread,
Whilst for honour alone the French rush to the field :—
So your motives to ours, Sir, must certainly yield.'
'By no means,' cried the other ; 'pray why should you boast ?
Each fights for the thing he's in need of the most.'

J. B.

Moral Arithmetic.

Flam, to my face, is oft too kind,
He over-rates both worth and talents :
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart, to strike the balance.

On a Dutch Vessel refusing to take up Major Money.

Beneath the sun nothing, there 's nothing that 's new ;
Though Solomon said it, the maxim 's not true.
A Dutchman, for instance, was heretofore known
On *lucre* intent, and on *lucre* alone.
Mynheer is grown honest, retreats from his prey,
Won't pick up e'en *Money*, though dropped in his way.

The Riddle read.

What means old Hesiod—' Half exceeds the whole ? '
Read me the riddle, there 's a clever soul.
Phyllis, the answer in yourself appears ;
For twenty-five you'd give your fifty years.

The Parson versus the Doctor.

How D.D. swaggers—M.D. rolls !
I dub them both a brace of noddies :
Old D.D. takes the care of souls,
And M.D. takes the care of bodies.

Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure !
One takes the cure without the care,
T' other the care without the cure.

On Addington's Inefficient Cabinet (1801).

If blocks can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French ;
The first is the mouth of the river,
The second the Treasury Bench.

On a Subscription being proposed for raising a Naval Column to the Memory of Lord Admiral Nelson, and the remainder to go to the Widows and Orphans, &c. (1805).

Whilst a Briton survives, our Nelson's great name
Can ne'er want a column to blazon his fame ;
Nor shall those brave fellows who fought by his side
Be forgot by their country, though *nameless* they died.
Lo ! the widows and orphans lamenting their dead,
Whose husbands and fathers with Nelson have bled ;
Till *these* are reliev'd, let your *column* alone ;
When they ask you for *bread*, would you give them a *stone ?*

To Lord Nelson : by Peter Pindar, with his Lordship's Night-cap, that caught fire on the Poet's head as he was reading in bed.

Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute ;
What belongs to a Nelson, where'er there is fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it.

'Nil desperandum est' (1806).

Sure England, 'single-handed,' still may hope
With all the hosts of boasting France to cope,
Since *single-handed* Nelson,[101] on the main,
Could crush the fleets *combin'd* of France and Spain.

On Bonaparte, 1804. [102]

Says Old Nick to his crony, old Emperor Nero,
As together they sat in a sulphury bow'r,
'I 'm resolv'd now to *finish* my Corsican hero,
By crowning his wishes with absolute pow'r.'

Says Nero, 'Great King of Hell's gloomy dominion,
Ponder well what your majesty 's going to do—
His ambition 's so boundless, that 't is my opinion,
It never will rest till he overturns *you*.'

Midas and his Opposites.

Midas, they say, possess'd the art, of old,
Of turning whatsoe'er he touch'd to gold.
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease;
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

Roses against Down (1806).

'Charles,' says my Lord [103], 'your ministry reposes—
We made it for you—on a bed of roses.'
'Thorns are our bed,' Fox [104] answers with a frown,
'And yours, my Lord, is not a bed of down.'

The stamp-duties on receipts were first introduced during the short administration of 'All the Talents' (1806). Charles Fox, as usual, was in pecuniary difficulties; and the following was penned on the occasion by Sheridan, to whom, by the way, the lines are equally applicable:

'I would,' says Fox, 'a tax devise,
That shall not fall on me;'
'Then tax receipts,' Lord North replies,
'For those you *never* see.'

On the fashionable Rage for 'Waltzing' (1811).

How arts improve in this aspiring age!
Peers mount the box, and horses tread the stage;
While waltzing females, with unblushing face,
Disdain to dance but in a man's embrace!
How arts improve! when modesty is dead,
And sense and taste are, like our bullion, fled.

R. B. Sheridan.

On the Donkeys of Brighton.

Though Balaam's ass got many a thwack,
Yet was his fortune rare,
He bore a prophet on his back,
And saw an *angel* fair.

Is not your fortune far more bright,
Ye Brighton donkeys, say,
Who carry *spirits* (105) every night,
And angels every day?

On Brighton.

Tell me why on Brighton church you see
A golden shark (100) display'd,
Unless 't were aptly meant to be
An emblem of its trade?

Nor can the truth so well be told
In any other way;
Brighton 's the shark that lives on gold,
The company its prey.

The Abbey Church at Bath.

These walls, so full of monuments and bust,
Show how Bath-waters serve to lay the dust.

Dr. Harrington.

On the Earls of Spencer and Sandwich.

Two noble earls whom, if I quote,
Some folks might call me sinner,
The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner.

The plan was good, as some will say,
And fitted to console one,
Because in this poor starving day,
Few can afford a whole one.

On the Same.

When Tom Macaulay's Indian sits,
Where London's ruins stretch afar,
Little he 'll think of England's fame,
Of Waterloo and Trafalgar.

Yet England's earls e'en then shall live,
Remember'd by our tawny censor,
Whilst yet he boasts his '*Sandwich*' box,
And wraps him in his '*Spencer*.'[107]

By an old Gentleman, whose Daughter Arabella importuned him for Money.

Dear Bell, to gain money, sure, silence is best,
For dumb bells are fittest to open the chest.

On a Patch on a Lady's Face.

That artful speck upon her face
Had been a foil in one less fair;
In her it hides a killing grace,
And she in mercy placed it there.

Love and Friendship.

The love that's cold, or friendship that's not warm,
Does no one good, but may do many harm.

Modern Economy.

Tom taken by Tim his new mansion to view,
He observed, 'twas a big one, with windows too few.'
'As for that,' replied Tim, 'I'm the builder's forgiver,
For taxes 't will save, and that's good for the *liver*.'
'True,' says Tom, 'as you live upon farthings and mites,
For the *liver* 't is good, but 't is bad for the *lights*.'

On a Lady's Portrait being taken who used sometimes to beat her Husband.

'Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here;
What say you, my love, does it strike you?'
'I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you.'

On being locked in Kensington Gardens, the Gates of which are shut at nine o'clock p.m.

From Paradise Adam and Eve were shut out,
As a punishment due to their sin,
But here after nine, should you loiter about,
For your punishment you 'll be shut in!

To a silly childless Man.

So, Heaven is deaf to thy oft-urged petition,
Of such as thee 't will give no new edition.

On the English Propensity to Suicide.

Here Jack Roast-Beef, Esq. doth lie,
Who hanged himself he knew not why.

Pope's Epitaph by himself.

Heroes and kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

On a Miser.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf:
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself.

On a Shrew.

Two bones of my body have taken a trip,—
I buried my wife and got rid of my hyp.

On his Wife, by Dryden.

Here lies my wife; here let her lie!
Now she 's at rest, and so am I.

On a Liar.

If Niger lies, as Niger always will,
E'en let him, unrefuted, lie his fill.
Who draws me black, discredits not my phiz,
But shows me what *his own heart's* colour is.

The Wife's Prayer.

Dick told his spouse, 'He durst be bold to swear,
Whate'er she pray'd for, Heaven would thwart her pray'r.'
'Indeed,' says Nell, ''t is what I 'm pleas'd to hear,
For now I 'll pray for your long life, my dear.'

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Architect, who designed Blenheim.

Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

On Nothing. Written at the Request of a Lady.

Write on Nothing! Lady, shame so to puzzle me;
For something, lady, ne'er can nothing be.
This nothing must be something, and I see,
This nothing and this something—all in thee.

Grammatical Advice.

When man and wife at odds fall out,
Let syntax be your tutor;
'Twixt masculine and feminine,
What should one be but neuter?

On a Fool who was shot through the Head in a Duel.

Here lies poor Tommy; Nature at his end
Thought 't was but right for once to stand his friend;
For in the shades below he now can say,
'At least there 's something in my head to-day.'

EPIGRAMS BY PORSON.

I

The Bathos.

'Since mountains sink to vales, and valleys die,
And seas and rivers mourn their sources dry;
When my old cassock,' says a Welsh divine,
'Is out at elbows, why should I repine?'

2

A child having asked Porson to write some verses on a young woman, whose name was Susan, a favourite of the family, and then busy ironing linen, he at once said :

When lovely Susan irons smocks,
No damsel e'er looks neater,
Her eyes are brighter than the box,
And burn one like a heater.

3

On the Latin Gerunds, Di, Do, Dum.

When Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,
Then Dido wept in silence, and was Di-Do-Dumb.

4

On his Academic Visits to the Continent.

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd professor, Brunck :
I went to Worts, and got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor, Ruhncken.

In the *Morning Chronicle* appeared 101 epigrams ('sunt quædam mediocra, sunt malà plura'), which Porson is said to have written in one night, about Pitt and Dundas going drunk to the House of Commons, on the evening when a message was to be delivered from his Majesty relative to war with France. Pitt

tried to speak, but showing himself unable, was kindly pulled down into his seat by those about him. This scene being told to Porson, he produced amongst the rest the two following :

5

When Billy found he scarce could stand,
'Help, help!' he cried, and stretch'd his hand,
To faithful Henry calling :
Quoth Hal, 'My friend, I'm sorry for't;
'T is not my practice to support
A minister that's falling.'

6

'Who's up?' inquir'd Burke of a friend at the door :
'Oh! no one,' says Paddy; 'though Pitt's *on the floor*.'

7

'How well our friends,' saith Hal, 'have stood their ground!'
'Have they?' quoth Will, 'I thought they all turned round.'

An old Worldling's Jeremiade.

Too old to leap a gate;
Too old to flirt with Kate;
Too old to gaze on gold and count th' useless treasure;
To laugh, to sing, to talk, forbids my failing breath;
Too old, too old, for anything but death.

To a Female Cup-bearer. (108)

Come, Leila, fill the goblet up,
Reach round the rosy wine;
Think not that we will take the cup
From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 't were vain to seek,
No grape can such supply;
It steals its tints from Leila's cheek,
Its brightness from her eye.

The Love of Gold.

An old gentleman of the name of Gould having married a very young wife, wrote a poetic epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:

'So you see, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould.*'

To which his friend replied:

'A girl of eighteen may love gold, it is true;
But believe me, dear Sir, it is *gold* without *u.*'

On Barrington, Bishop of Durham, and Barrington (109) *the notorious Pickpocket.*

Two of a name—both great in their way—
At *court* lately well did bestir 'em;
The one was transported to *Botany Bay,*
And the other translated to *Durham.*

The Harrogate Waters.

As the devil was flying o'er Harrogate wells,
His senses were charmed with the heat and the smells;
'I know not,' cried he, 'in what region I roam,
But I guess by the sweets, that I 'm very near home.'

Alter et Idem.

You say you 're old, in hopes we 'll say you 're young,
But 't is your *face* we credit, not your *tongue*.

On a short Epigram with a long Introduction.

The head 's so large—the tail 's so small—
The point is scarcely seen at all.

Interest overcomes Principle.

Virtuous and friendly *Squab* will be,
While right and interest can agree;
But, when they differ, do not wonder
If Squab and virtue are asunder.

A false Estimate.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state:
She weds an idiot; but she eats on plate.

The Bully.

How kind has Nature unto Bluster been,
Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntless mien,
Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike dismay,
And, kinder still, gave *legs to run away*.

On a Club-waiter appearing melancholy, and saying he was meant for better things than handing plates.

Smart waiter! be contented with thy state,
The world is his who best knows how to wait.

A Nice Point.

Say which enjoys the greater blisses,
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favour'd elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?
Faith, 't is not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

The Point decided.

Nay, surely John 's the happier of the twain,
Because—the picture cannot kiss again!

On a Carrier who died of Drunkenness.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell:
A *carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more, so was *carried* at last;
For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, so he's now *carrion.*

Lord Byron.

The Dead Miser.

From the grave where dead Gripeall, the miser, reposes,
What a villanous odour invades all our noses!
It can't be his body alone—in the hole
They have certainly buried the usurer's *soul.*

On a certain M.P.'s ponderous Speeches.

Though Sir Edward has made many speeches of late,
The House would most willingly spare them;
For it finds they possess such remarkable *weight*,
That it's really a trouble to *bear* them.

Port and Claret.(110)

Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Prime was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried;
He drank the poison, and his spirit died.

Home.

To a Critic.

You say that 'in scribbling no figure I cut:'
No comment with truth can be rifer,
For while I *cut you*, should the question be put,
I must own that I cut but a *cipher.*

A Wife's Fool.

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always doat on fools;
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

The Force of Nature.

Ask not why Laura should persist
To lure with smiles and dimples;
A woman, like a botanist,
Delights in *culling simples*.

The Literary Quarrel.

The original author I wot
Is a very vile blockhead, God mend him!
To attack him a viler he 's got,
And a viler than that to defend him.

Mock Epitaph on an Attorney.

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney-at-Law;
And when he died,
The Devil cried,
Give me your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-Law.

The Orator's Epitaph.

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one-half my speeches.

Lord Brougham.

Written on a piece of glass the fiftieth part of an inch in length and the two-hundredth of an inch in width :—

A point within an epigram to find
In vain you often try ;
But here an epigram within a point
You plainly may descry.[111]

Sent with a Couple of Ducks to a Patient.

By the late Dr. Jenner.

I 've despatched, my dear Madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss —— is very much better:
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I 've sent her a couple of quacks.

The Reply.

Yes ! 't was *politic*, truly, my very good friend,
Thus a 'couple of quacks' to your patient to send ;
Since there 's nothing so likely as 'quacks,' it is plain,
To make work for a 'regular doctor' again.

A commercial traveller lately left a shirt at an inn, and wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by coach, which produced the following :

I hope, dear Sir, you 'll not feel hurt,
I 'll frankly tell you all about it ;
I 've made a shift with your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it.

A Reflection.

'Help! help!' cried old Father Francesco, one night,
While Friar John ran to his help in a fright,
'I have just seen the devil along my cell pass!
By our Lady 't was he—in the shape of an ass!'
'Less noise,' whisper'd John, with a look of disdain,
'When you chance to behold your own shadow again!'

On Murat's Summons to Gen. Sir J. Stuart to surrender Sicily, in order to spare the Effusion of Blood (1810).[112]

Says Murat to Stuart, 'Of blood I 'm so tender,
I beg, without fighting, your force you 'll surrender.'
Says the Hero of Maida [113] to Murat—'Excuse me;
And much your fine feelings amaze and amuse me:
Here determined we stand, you may come when you will,
Every drop in our veins we are ready to spill!'
Aside mutter'd Murat, 'Parblue! when I sent,
'T was *my own* blood to spare, and not yours that I meant.'

The Congress at Vienna (1814). [114]

In cutting, and dealing, and playing their cards,
Revoking and shuffling for tricks and rewards,
The *kings* have been changed into *knaves*, and the rest
Of the honours have either been lost or suppress'd.

Footman Tom and Dr. Toe.[115]

'Twixt Footman Tom and Dr. Toe
A rivalship befell,
Which should become the fav'rite beau,
And bear away the belle.

The footman won the lady's heart;
And who can wonder? No man:
The whole prevail'd against the part—
'T was *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

Heber.

On the Same.

Dear lady, think it no reproach,
It show'd a generous mind,
To take poor Thomas in the coach,
Who rode *before behind.*

Dear lady, think it no reproach,
It show'd you loved the more,
To take poor Thomas in the coach,
Who rode *behind before.*

Choice of Knave or Fool.

To Flavia's shrine two suitors run,
And woo the fair at once;
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

How thus twin-courted she 'll behave
Depends upon this rule—
If she 's a fool she 'll wed the knave,
But if a knave the fool.

James Smith.

On hearing that Napoleon's Spurs had been found in the Imperial Carriage after the Battle of Waterloo.

These Napoleon left behind,
Flying swifter than the wind,
Needless to him when buckled on,
Wanting no spur but Wellington.

Lord Erskine.

Fortunate Hits.

(James and Horace Smith, authors of the *Rejected Addresses.*)

James Smith was once handsomely rewarded for a very trifling production of his muse. He had met at a dinner-party Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired. Next morning James despatched to Mr. Strahan the following:

Your lower limbs seem'd far from stout
When last I saw you walk ;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer 3000*l.* Horace Smith, however, mentions that Mr. Strahan had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet.

Horace made a happier, though, in a pecuniary sense, less lucky epigram on Miss Edgeworth.

We every-day bards may 'anonymous' sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their *Edge*, the good own their *worth*.

From Lives of Wits and Humourists by John Timbs, F.S.A.

To a Wealthy Vinegar Merchant.

Let Hannibal boast of his conquering sway,
Thy liquid achievements spread wider and quicker;
By vinegar he through the *Alps* made his way,
But thou through the *world* by the very same liquor.

James Smith.

On Lord Brougham, when Mr. Brougham, saying that his Enmity to Pitt should be written on his Tomb.

Brougham writes his epitaph, to wit,
'Here lies the enemy of Pitt.'
If we 're to take him à la lettre,
The sooner 't is inscribed the better.

Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

On Jeffrey, the Edinburgh Reviewer, riding on a Donkey at the Seaside.

Short, but not so fat as Bacchus,
Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
See little Jeffrey on a Jackass.

Sydney Smith.

On a Caricature, in which three Harrow Boys appear placed in a Pair of Scales, outweighing an equal number of Etonians.

What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits of Harrow, jealous?
But that we soar aloft in air,
While ye are heavy fellows?

Rt. Hon. G. Canning.[116]

Reply to the same.

Cease, ye Etonians! and no more
With rival wits contend,
Feathers, we know, will float in air,
And bubbles will ascend.

Theodore Hook.

True Friends.

Well said, my friend, I like your creed,
That friends in need are friends indeed:
Thus you and I are friends most true,
For I 'm in need, and so are you.

EPIGRAMS BY THEODORE HOOK.

1.

On Shelley's Poem, 'Prometheus Unbound.'

Shelley styles his new poem '*Prometheus* Unbound,'
And 't is like to remain so while time circles round;
For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to *pay for the binding.*

2

On Mr. Coke's (Earl of Leicester) second Marriage.—Interesting to Gasmen.

When the *coal* is consumed, how great are the gains
To be made, as we know, from the *coke* that remains!
The reverse may, however, sweet Anna console,
When her *Coke* shall be gone, she will still have the *coal.*

3

On Mr. Milton, the Livery Stable-keeper.

Two Miltons in separate ages were born:
The cleverer Milton 't is clear we have got;
Though the other had talents the world to adorn,
This lives by his *mews*, which the other could not!

'Words cannot do justice to Theodore Hook's talent for improvisation: it was perfectly wonderful. One day, when sitting playing the piano and singing an extempore song as fluently as if he had had the music and words before him, Moore, the poet, happened to look into the room, when he instantly introduced a long parenthesis:

'And here's Mr. Moore
Peeping in at the door, &c.'

Table Talk of S. Rogers.

At another time, when playing and extemporising on the names of the company who were present, a Mr. Winter entered, when Hook at once went off as follows:

Here comes Mr. Winter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
And that too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's Winter his actions are summary.

Sometimes Hook was strangely puzzled by hard names, as in the case of a Mr. Rosenagen, a young Dane; but he mastered the difficulty as follows:

Yet more of my muse is required.
Alas! I fear she is done;
But no, like a fiddler that's tired,
I 'll Rosen-agen, and go on.

It is well known, he was the editor of that talented paper *John Bull*, at its commencement, 'which, besides its political satire, in quite a new vein, was, as it still continues to be, an excellent digest of the week's

news. Its treatment of public questions had much of the plain straightforward character which we associate with the *sobriquet* of *John Bull.* As a novelist he was second only to Sir W. Scott.'—*Timbs' Lives of Wits and Humourists.*

Lord Carlisle being very indignant at hearing that Napoleon (I.) had given Lady Holland a Snuff-Box, wrote some lines beginning ;

'Lady, reject the gift, 't is stained with gore,' &c.'

To which Lord Byron replied :

Lady, accept the gift a hero wore
In spite of all this elegiac stuff,
Nor let seven stanzas written by a bore
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff.

On seeing Sir J. C. Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) at Athens wearing Olive-green Trousers.

Green are the bays that good writing confers,
Our Byron has his, Corinna has hers :
And Hobhouse, determined to get himself some,
Came to Athens one day with green baize on his b—m.

Lord Sligo.

On Rogers the Poet, who was very Egotistical.

So well deserved is Rogers' fame,
That friends, who hear him most, advise
The egotist to change his name
To 'Argus,' with his hundred I's.

On Moore's Poems.

Lalla Rookh (117)
Is a naughty book,
By Tommy Moore,
Who has written four;
Each warmer
Than the former,
So the most recent
Is the least decent.

Sneyd.

On Lord Ward, first Earl of Dudley.

Ward has no heart they say; but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

S. Rogers.

Imitated.

The charming Mary has no mind, they say:
I prove she has—it changes every day.

On the Departure of a certain Count for Italy, when he sent some Italian Music in score for the Opera.

He has quitted the Countess—what can she wish more?
She loses one husband, and gets back a *score.*

S. Rogers.

EPIGRAMS BY T. MOORE.

1

Description of Mahomedans.

Men of the saintly murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given;
Who think through unbelievers' blood,
Lies the directest path to heaven.

2

A Stunning Question.

'Come, come,' said Tom's father, 'at your time of life
There 's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake;
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife.'
'Why so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?'

3

The Catholic Delegate and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

Said his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,
'Why refuse us the *veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?'
'Because, Sir,' said Ned, looking full in his phiz,
'You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already.'

4

On a Squinting Poetess.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine.*

5

What's my Thought like?

Quest. Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh ?
Ans. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly shout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

6

To Miss ——.

With woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you :
I pray you, if 't is not too far,
Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
Or what she meant to make you.

Yet, stay ;—you need not take the pains—
With neither beauty, youth, or brains,
For man or maid's desiring :
Pert as female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale,
The thing 's not worth inquiring!

On Moore the Poet.

When Limerick once in idle whim,
Moore, as her member, gaily courted,
The boys, for fun's sake, ask'd of him
To state what party he supported ;

When thus to them the answer ran,
At least 't is thus I 've heard the story,
'I'm of no party as a man,
But as a poet, *am-a-tory*.'

A lady having found a copy of Little's Poems (Tom Moore) under the pillow of her maid's bed, wrote on it in pencil :

You read *Little* I guess,
I wish you 'd read *less*.

Under which, no doubt inspired by the march of intellect, the maid wrote :

I read *Little* before,
Now I mean to read *Moore*.

Circumstances alter Cases.

'Whatever is, is right,' says Pope,
So said a sturdy thief ;
But when his fate required a rope,
He varied his belief.

I ask'd if still he held it good ;
'Why, no,' he sternly cried :
'Good texts are only understood
By being well applied.'

Out of Spirits.

'Is my wife out of spirits ?' said John with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
'Quite out, Sir, indeed,' said her maid in reply,
'For she finish'd the bottle this morning.'

On a Drunken Man.

He tumbles about, like a fool, we must own ;
For by keeping it up, he has knock'd himself down :
Yet, if he continues oft draining his cup,
By falling so often, he 'll knock himself up.

When Drunk.

Not drunk is he who from the floor
Can rise alone and still drink more ;
But drunk is he who prostrate lies
Without the power to drink or rise.

On the Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strahan, Leaders of the unfortunate Walcheren Expedition (1809). ([118])

The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strahan ;
Sir Richard, burning to be at 'em,
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Apoplexy.

Apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground, as butcher felleth ox.

EPIGRAMS BY LORD BYRON.

1

The World.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses that pull,
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

2

Tom Paine and Cobbett.[119]

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well;
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in Hell.

3

Windsor Poetics. On the Prince Regent (Geo. IV.) being seen as he stood between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I. in the Royal Vault at Windsor.

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another scepter'd thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king;
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
In him the double tyrant starts to life;
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah! what can tombs avail, since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both to mould a George?

4

To Mr. Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) on his Election for Westminster.

Would you get to the House through the true gate,
Much quicker than even Whig Charley went,
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate will send you to Parliament.

On reading Byron's Drama 'Cain, a Mystery' (1822).

Poet of Darkness! 't was thy former plan
To teach mankind t' abhor the race of man;
More darkling now the path thy muse has trod,
It leads the race of man t' abjure their God!

On Bonaparte's Failure in Russia.(1812)

Of all hard-named generals that caused much destraction,
And poor Boney's hopes so ill-naturedly cross'd,
The hardest of all, and the *keenest* in action,
That Russia produces is *General Frost.*

The changed Lover.

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow:—
So altered are thy face and mind,
'T were perjury to love thee now.

Lord Nugent.

Wine versus *Tea.*

If Wine be poison, so is Tea—but in another shape—
What matter whether we are kill'd by canister or grape?

On Epigrams.

The best of epigrams should be restrain'd:—
As to be read, in running, and retain'd.

On the Disappointment of the Whig Associates of the Prince Regent at not obtaining office.(121)

Ye politicians, tell me pray,
Why thus with woe and care rent?
This is the worst that you can say,
Some wind has blown the wig away,
And left the *Hair Apparent.*

Charles Lamb.

On the Mania of Ladies for Diamonds and Men for Play: written at the time of the Opening of Crockford's Club.

Thoughtless that 'all that's brightest fades;'
Unmindful of that *Knave of Spades,*
The Sexton and his Subs,
How foolishly we play our parts,
Our wives on *Diamonds* set their *hearts,*
We set our *Hearts* on *Clubs.*

BY CAMPBELL THE POET.

To a Young Lady who had asked him to write Something Original for her.

An original something, dear maid, you would wish me
To write; but how shall I begin?
For I 'm sure I have nothing original in me
Excepting Original Sin.

EPIGRAMS BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

1

On a bad Singer.

Swans sing before they die: 't were no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

2

Job's Luck.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows,—
Still the sly devil did not take his spouse.

But heav'n, that brings out good from evil,
And likes to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold of all Job had before,
His children, camels, asses, cows,—
Short-sighted devil not to take his spouse.

3

An Expectoration, or Splenetic Extempore, on his Departure from the City of Cologne.

As I am a rhymer,
And now, at least, a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer,
And the church of St. Geryon,
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

4

Expectoration the Second.

In Coln, the town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well-defined and separate stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne.
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine.

5

On a bad Poem.

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear Sir, it cannot fail;
For 't is incomprehensible,
And wants both head and tail.

On Samuel Rogers's Poem 'Italy.'

Of Rogers's 'Italy,' Luttrell relates,
'T would surely been dish'd if 'twern't for the plates.

Countess of Blessington.

The Inquest.

Poor Peter Pike is drown'd; and, neighbours say,
'The jury mean to sit on him to-day.'
'Know'st thou what for?' said Tom. Quoth Ned, 'No doubt,
'T is merely done to squeeze the water out.'

On the Prison Treading-mill, invented by Sir Wm. Cubitt of Ipswich.

The coves in prison, grinding corn for bread,
Denounce thee, Cubitt, every step they tread;
And, though the ancients (122) used thee, sure 't is hard
The moderns cannot use the prison-yard:—
By law they work, and walk, and toil in spite,
Yet ne'er exceed *two feet* from morn till night.

LEGAL JEUX-D'ESPRITS.

On Garrow's cross-questioning an Old Woman, trying to elicit from her that a Tender had been made for some Premises in dispute.

Garrow, forbear! That tough old jade
Can never prove a *tender made.*

Jekyll.

On Jekyll's being nearly thrown down by a very small Pig.

As Jekyll walk'd out in his gown and his wig,
He happen'd to tread on a very small pig:
'Pig of science,' he said, 'or else I 'm mistaken,
For surely thou 'rt an abridgment of Bacon.'

On Mr. Justice J. A. Park.

James Allen Park
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
And now he goes
In very fine clothes
In England.

Lord Erskine.

On More, Lord High Chancellor of England (1530).

When *More* some time had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen,
Till *More* be there again.(123)

No Reason in Law.

Our statesmen all boast that in matters of treason,
The law of Old England is founded on reason ;
But they own that when *libel* comes under its paw,
It is rarely indeed that there 's reason in law.

Dives and Lazarus.[124]

Dives the Cardiff Bar retains,
And counts their learnèd noses,
Whilst the defendant Lazarus
On *Abraham's* breast reposes.

Jekyll.

The History of a Case shortly reported by a Master in Chancery.

No. 1—*A Chancery Suit.*

Mr. Leach[125] made a speech,
Angry, neat, and wrong ;
Mr. Hart,[126] on the other part,
Was right, and dull and long.

Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without ;
Mr. Cooke quoted his book,[127]
And the Chancellor[128] said, *I doubt.*

Sir George Rose.

No. 2—*Case decided.*

A woman, having a settlement,
Married a man with none ;
The question was, he being dead,
If that she had was gone.

Quoth Sir John Pratt, 'Her settlement
Suspended did remain,
Living the husband, but him dead,
It did revive again.'

(Chorus of Puisne Judges)
Living the husband, but him dead,
It did revive again.

On the Appointment of Paul Stratford to be a Master in Chancery on the Death of Master Stanley.

Mr. Death, Mr. Death, it was very unmanly
To leave Emperor Paul[129] and take poor Master Stanley.

Conversation between James Smith (one of the Authors of 'Rejected Addresses') and Sir G. Rose, in allusion to Craven Street, Strand, where the former resided.

J. S. At the top of my street attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found:
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there 's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street.

Sir G. R. Why should honesty fly to some safer retreat
From attorneys and barges 'od rot 'em;
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom?

On a Proposed Inscription for the Gate of the Inner Temple.

As by the templars' holds you go
The Horse and Lamb,[130] display'd
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession—
The Lamb sets forth their *innocence*,
The Horse their *expedition*.

Oh happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.

Reply to the same.

Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems serve to show
Their clients, not themselves.

'T is all a trick; these are but shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care—for you 're the *Lambs*,
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the hope of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'T is you 're the showy *horse*, and they
The *jockeys* that would ride you.

Upon the Barons of the Exchequer.

Parke settled the law;
Rolfe settled the facts;
Alderson settled the counsel;
Pollock settled everything but the case;
Platt settled himself.

A Dilemma.

'I doubt,' quoth Leach, 'since choice is free,
And none my will controls,
If I Vice Chancellor will be,
Or Master of the Rolls.

'Though on the Rolls I 'm fully bent,
Two obstacles are plain,
I 'm loth to sit in Parliament,
Or live in Chancery Lane.[131]

'Betwixt gentility and *vous*
Few men feel so much bother:
Prudence deters me from one house,
And fashion from the other.'

While Lord Eldon was obtaining, by his doubts and delays, for the Court of Chancery the character of a court of *oyer sans terminer*, the despatch of the Master of the Rolls in *his* court of *terminer sans oyer*, was thus celebrated by one as causeless as the cause:

A judge sat on the judgment bench,
A jolly judge was he:
He said unto the registrar,
'Now call a cause to me.'

'There is no cause,' said registrar,
And laugh'd aloud with glee,
'A cunning Leach hath despatch'd them all,
I can call *no* cause to thee.'

On Sir John Leach, M.P., going over from the Opposition to the Tories.

The *Leach* you've just bought should first have been tried,
To determine its nature and powers;
You can hardly expect it will stick to *your* side,
Having fall'n off so lately from ours.

A Lawyer's Declaration: the best Fee, the Female.

Fee-simple, and the simple *fee*,
And all the *fee* in'tail,
Are nothing when compared with thee,
Thou best of *fees—fe-male.*

Judgment in Chancery.

When house and lands are gone and spent,
Then *judgment* is most excellent.

A Parody on the same.

When port and sherry's gone and spent,
Then Barclay's beer's most excellent.

The Lawsuit.

A weighty lawsuit I maintain ;
'T is for three crab-trees in a lane.
The trees are mine, there 's no dispute,
But neighbour Quibble crops the fruit.
My counsel, Bawl, in studied speech,
Explores, beyond tradition's reach,
The laws of Saxons and of Danes,
Whole leaves of Doomsday-book explains,
The origin of tithes relates,
And feudal tenures of estates.
' If now you 've fairly spoke your all,
One word about the crab-trees, Bawl.'

The Victory.

Unhappy Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer :
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injured still the more, the more he spoke :
At length, resolved his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right, by statute and by law,
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun :
Nine happy terms, through bill and answer, run,
Obtain'd his cause, had costs, and was undone.

To a Briefless Barrister.

If, to reward them for their various evil,
All lawyers go hereafter to the devil ;
So little mischief thou dost from the laws,
Thou 'lt surely go below without a cause.

On the Death of Sir Joseph Yates.[132]

Hadst thou but ta'en each other Judge,
Grim Death, to Pluto's gates,
Thou mightst have done 't without a grudge,
Hadst thou but left us Yates.

On the Statue in Clement's Inn of a Negro supporting a Sun-dial.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
For thee, alas! it still must flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

From Cannibals thou fled'st in vain,
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you 're slain,
The last will do 't alive.

Meum and Tuum reconciled.

The Law decides questions of *Meum* and *Tuum*,
By kindly arranging—to make the thing *Suum*.

The Lawyer's House.

The lawyer's house, if I have rightly read,
Is built upon the fool's or madman's head.

Rataliation.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,
How we smile at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns;
But no sooner we want them to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth 's at an end.

On Judge Grose condemning a Man convicted of Bigamy to the Payment of One Shilling.

Ye gentlefolks all, here 's a secret worth knowing,
In Leicestershire, wives are the cheapest things going.
To back my assertion this truth as fulfilling,
If you have a *Grose*, why you pay but a shilling.

Brevis esse laboro.

In a cause of three years, for three pinches of snuff,
Here 's a *Brief* of three yards; I hope that 's *Brief* enough.

The Advantage of a Nonsuit.

Full twenty years, through all the courts,
One craving process George supports.
You 're mad, George—twenty years! you 're mad:
A nonsuit 's always to be had.

On the Acquittal of one Angus for Murder at Lancaster.

This day twelve colts before a noted Ass
Agreed to hang a thief and let a murderer pass.

On an Ill-read Lawyer.

An idle attorney besought a brother,
For 'something to read—some novel or other,
That was really fresh and new.'
'Take Chitty,'[133] replied his legal friend,
'There isn't a book that I could lend
Would prove more novel to you!'

The Injustice of the Law of Libel.

You may say certain spades are black;
And you may call a spade a spade:
But if you name a Quack a Quack,
By law of libel, you are flay'd.

The ace of spades you deem an ace;
No legal terrors then you brave.
But 't is with cards alone the case
That you may call the Knave a Knave.

On the Oratory and Scarlet Robes of Sergeants at Law.

The Sergeants are a grateful race:
Their dress and language show it;
Their purple robes from Tyre we trace,
Their arguments go to it.

Jekyll.

Scire tuum nihil est.

To have a thing is little, if you 're not allowed to show it,
And to know a thing is nothing, unless others know you know it.

Lord Neaves.

The Gorham Controversy.[134] *Gorham* v. *Bishop of Exeter.*

Argument for.

Baptized a baby,
Fit sine labe;
As the act makes him,
So the Church takes him.

Argument against.

Unless he be fit,
We very much doubt it;
And, devil a bit,
Is it valid without it.

Judgment.

Bishop and vicar,
Why do you bicker
Each with his brother;
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other?

Adjudication.

Bishop nonsuited,
Priest unrefuted,
To be instituted,
Costs deliberative,
Pondering well,
Each take a *shell*,
The Lawyers *The Native.*

Chorus and Semi-chorus of People on the above.

Hurrah for the Bishop! Hurrah for the Vicar!
Hurrah for the row, that grows thicker and thicker!
Alas for the Church, that grows sicker and sicker!

Moral.

Odium theologicum to fish up,
In a priest is a curse;
But in right reverend Bishop
Ecce ter quaterque worse!

Q. E. D.

If the Vicar's a pest,
The Bishop *ecce turpior est.*

Sir George Rose.

Lines to the Court of Insolvent Debtors.

'*Risu solvuntur Tabulæ.*'

'Qui niger, et captivus eram, candore nivali
Splendidus, egredior carcere, liber homo.
Solvuntur curæ; solvuntur vincula ferri!
Solvitur attonitus creditor—in lacrymas.
Solvor ego; tantum non solvitur æs alienum:
A non solvendo rite solutus ero.'

The following translation is said to be by the late Rev. R. H. Barham, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

A blackleg late, and prisoner, hence I go
In whitewash'd splendour, pure as unsunn'd snow;

Dissolved my bonds ; dissolved my cares and fears;
My very creditors dissolved—in tears ;
All questions solved : the Act resolves me free,
Absolved in absolute insolvency.

On Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors.'

Lives of great men misinform us :
Campbell's lives in this sublime,
Errors (135) frightfully enormous,
Misprints on the sands of time.

The Round of Fashion.

To beat their poor old Grandames' hoops
Our modern dames endeavour :
'T is the old rage again *come round*,
And *bigger round* than ever !

W. H. Draper.

By an Old Bachelor.

Most contradictory, past doubt,
The sex, through thick and thin ;
For now, though crinolines go out,
The skirts are coming in !

Two of a Trade united.

How fitly joined the lawyer and his wife !
He moves at bar, and she at home, the strife.

On the Four Georges, Kings of England.

George the First was always reckon'd
Vile—but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended.

W. S. Landor.

The Georges. George I. Star of Brunswick.

He preferr'd Hanover to England,
He preferr'd two hideous mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent wife.
He hated arts and despised literature;
But he liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlighten'd patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a minister;
Consistent in his preference for every kind of corruption.

W. M. Thackeray.

George II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife, and I hated my son:
My spending was small, and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High-Dutch:
At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butcher'd the Scotch, and I bearded the French:
I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I was n't much missed when I died in a fit.
Here set up my statue, and make it complete,
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

W. M. T.

George III.

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuosest king the realm e'er knew.
I through a decent reputable life
Was constant to plain food, and a plain wife.
Ireland I risk'd, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.
My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part:
But yet I think I had an English heart:
When all the kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon.
Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for old England and old George.
I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.
Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the king in Europe like to me?
Monarchs, exiled, found shelter on my shores,
My bounty rescued kings and emperors.
But what boots victory by land and sea?
What boots that kings found refuge at my knee?
I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.
The rescued kings came kiss my garments' hem,
The rescued kings I never heeded them.
My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard.
All England thrill'd with joy, I never stirr'd.
What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power,
A crazy old blind man in Windsor tower?

W. M. T.

George IV.

He left an example for Age and for Youth to avoid.
He never acted well by man or woman,
And was as false to his mistress as to his wife;
He deserted his friends and his principles.
He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell;
But he had some skill in cutting out coats,
And an undeniable taste for cookery.
He built the palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
And for these qualities and proofs of genius,
An admiring aristocracy
Christened him 'The First Gentleman in Europe.'
Friends, respect the king whose statue is here,
And the generous aristocracy who admired him.

W. M. T.

Mr. Thackeray, in a letter to the editor, called these *Quasi*-epigrams; which originally appeared in the pages of our facetious contemporary 'Punch,' to which for many years the distinguished English novelist, Mr. Thackeray, was a contributor.

On the Improvements in London in George IV.'s time.

When viewing with exulting eyes
Rome's marble glories round him rise,
Augustus said: 'The world shall own
I found thee brick and left thee stone.'
Some princes can improve a city faster:
They find it *honest brick* and leave it plaster.

Impromptu by Mrs. Carey, on reading that Lord Exeter's horse, 'Progress,' refused to run against Mr. Wortley's 'Scandal.'

Oh! surely this horse had more wit than his master,
In thus wisely refusing to run:
For we know by experience that *Scandal* flies faster
Than any horse under the sun.

On Dennis Collins throwing a Stone at William IV.

When at the head of our most gracious king
Disloyal Collins did his pebble fling,
'Why choose,' with tears the injured monarch said,
'So hard a stone to break so soft a head?'

A Natural Conclusion.

The lottery's *puffed* its latest sigh,
And *kick'd* its latest prance;
Well, 't is no wonder *that* should die
Which only lived by *chance*.[136]

The Miser and the Beggar.

''T is in vain, my good man,' said a miser one day
To a beggar who closely did press,
'For I'm sure if I give but a penny away,
My pocket will be *penny-less*.'

In Vino Veritas.

A brute thou art at best: but mad with wine,
The rage of tigers is less fierce than thine;
Wine but displays the baseness of thy heart;
Not makes thee bad—but shows thee as thou art.

Proxies.[137]

'By proxy I pray, and by proxy I vote,'
A graceless peer said to a churchman of note:
Who answered, 'My lord, then I 'll venture to say,
You 'll to heaven ascend in a similar way.'

On a Malignant Dull Poet.

When a viper its venom has spit, it is said,
That its fat heals the wound which its poison has made:
Thus it fares with the blockhead who ventures to write—
His dulness an antidote proves to his spite.

On a Dissatisfied Ill-tempered Man.

Still restless, still chopping and changing about;
Still enlarging, rebuilding, and making a rout:
Little Timothy, outré as it may appear,
Pulls down, and builds up again, ten times a-year:
With this altering rage, poor dissatisfied elf,
What a pity it is he don't alter himself.

A Conversational Epigram.

Said Bluster to Whimple, 'You juvenile fool,
Get out of my way, do you hear?'
Said Whimple, 'A fool did he say? by that rule
I'm much *in your way* as I fear.'

On the Column erected to the Duke of York's Memory.

In former times the illustrious dead were burned,
Their hearts preserved in sepulchre inurned:
This column, then, commemorates the part
Which custom makes us single out—the heart;
You ask, 'How by a column this is done?'
I answer, '*'t is a hollow thing of stone.*'

On a newly made Duke.

Ask you why gold and velvet bind
The temples of that cringing thief?
Is it so strange a thing to find
A toad beneath a strawberry leaf?

On Bank-notes being made a Legal Tender.[138]

The privilege *hard* money to demand,
It seems but fair the public should surrender;
For I confess I ne'er could understand,
Why cash called *hard* should be a legal *tender.*

Malt-liquor, or cheap French Wine.

No ale or beer, says Gladstone, we should drink,
Because they stupefy and dull our brains.
But sour French wine, as other people think,
Our English stomachs often sorely pains.
The question then is which we most should dread,
An aching belly or an aching head?

J. H. C. Wright.

By an Under-graduate of Cambridge plucked for the degree of B.A. by his Examiner, the Rev. T. Shelford.

I have heard they *pluck'd* geese upon *Shelford Fen*,[139]
But never till now knew that *Shelford* pluck'd men.

A Letter Wanting.

Said vain Andrew Scalp, 'My initials, I guess,
Are known, so I sign all my poems, A. S.'
Said Jerrold, 'I own you're a reticent youth,
For that's telling only two-thirds of the truth.'

On a certain M.P.'s Indisposition.

Haste, son of Celsus,[140] Perceval is ill;
Dissect an ass before you try your skill.

The Poets to certain Critics.

Say, why erroneous vent your spite?
Your censure, friends, will *raise* us;
If you do wish to damn us quite,
Only begin to *praise* us.

On hearing a Debate in the House of Commons.

To wonder now at Balaam's ass were weak,
Is there a night that asses do not speak?

Conservative Logic.

'Taxes are equal is a dogma which
I'll prove at once,' exclaimed a Tory boor;
'Taxation *hardly presses* on the rich,
And likewise *presses hardly* on the poor.'

Upon the late Duke of Buckingham's moderate Reform Bill.

For Buckingham to hope to pit
His bill against Lord Grey's is idle!
Reform, when offered *bit* by *bit*,
Is but intended for a *bridle*.

Blank Cartridge.

On the Duel between Moore the Poet, and Jeffrey the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.

When Anacreon[141] would fight, as the poets have said,
A reverse he displayed in his vapour,
For while all his poems were loaded with lead,
His pistols were loaded with paper.

For excuses, Anacreon old custom may thank;
Such a *salvo* he should not abuse:
For the cartridge, by rule, is always made blank,
Which is fired away at *Reviews*.

Conjugal Patience.

Sir Simon, as snoring he lay in his bed,
Was awaked by the cry, 'Sir, your lady is dead.'
He heard, and returning to slumber, quoth he,
'In the morn, when I wake, oh! how grieved I shall be.'

Proposed Valentine to a Greek Professor of great Learning but rough Manners.

Thou great descendant of the critic line,
True lineal child of Bentley, Brunck, and Porson,
Forgive my sending you this valentine—
It is but coupling Valentine with Orson.

On a Woman of Sixty years of age marrying a Lad of Seventeen.

Hard is the fate of ev'ry childless wife,
The thoughts of wedlock tantalise her life.
Troth, aged bride, by thee 't was wisely done,
To choose a child and husband both in one.

Brotherly Kindness.

Sir Hector brags he's rich and great,
And lives upon his own estate;
But he permits his younger brothers
To live upon th' estates of others.

The False Looking-glass.

In a false glass Joe loves himself to spy ;
If 't were a true one, he the glass would fly.

On Marriage.

Thanks, my good friend, for your advice,
But marriage is a thing so nice,
That he who means to take a wife
Had better think on 't all his life.

Attributed to Lord Palmerston.

On an Album.

An Album ! prithee what is it ?
A book like this I 'm shown,
Kept to be fill'd with others' wit
By people who have none.

The World.

This world is the best we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in :
But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'T is the very worst world, Sir, that ever was known.

Self-Knowledge.

Fitz to the peerage knows he 's a disgrace ;
So mounts the coach-box as his proper place.

On Hunt's Attack upon the late Lord Camden, who held several Sinecures.

Camden gives up a part with wondrous pain,
The whole unable longer to retain:
So the fat Beaver, when by Huntsmen press'd,
Bites off his tail to save the rest.

An officer in a ball-room having refused to dance because he did not, as he said, see a handsome woman in the room, caused one of the ladies to write as follows:

The Compliment returned.

'So, Sir, you rashly vow and swear,
You 'll dance with none that are not fair;
Suppose we women should dispense
Our hands to none but men of sense?'
'Suppose! well, madam, pray what then?'
'Why Sir, *You 'd never dance* again.'

Many Roads to Heaven.

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines, and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds
And far too many faggots.

I think while bigots storm and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to heaven.

M. Praed.

On a Globe of the World.

Try ere you purchase ; hear the bauble ring ;
'T is all a cheat, a hollow, empty thing.

All Men's Idolatry.

Various religions various tenets hold,
But all one god acknowledge—namely, *gold.*

For Trades' Unionists.

What is a Unionist? one who has yearnings
For an equal division of unequal earnings ;
Idler or bungler or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

Eb. Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymer.

On Twining, the Teaman.

It seems as if Nature had curiously plann'd
That men's names with their trades should agree ;
There 's Twining the Teaman, who lives in the Strand,
Would be *whining*, if robb'd of his T.

The Creed of Poverty.

In politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be,
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

A tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, named Sheepshanks, posted a notice in the college hall of his intention to lecture on the Tenth Satire of Juvenal; but the word Satire having been spelt Satyr, caused a wag to write underneath the following:

The Satyrs of old were Satyrs of note,
They 'd the head of a man but the shanks of a goat;
The Satires of Jesus all Satires surpass,
They 've the shanks of a sheep but the head of an ass.

Wedgwood.

On Charles Dickens, the eminent Author of the 'Pickwick Papers,' and whose first Work was 'Sketches by Boz.'

Who the dickens *Boz* could be,
Puzzled many a learned elf;
Till time unveiled the mystery,
And *Boz* appeared as Dickens' self.

Distich of an Italian Poet in honour of Lord Exmouth's Victory of Algiers (1817):

Exmouth, en venit, vicit; sed Cæsar major
Nam non imposuit, sustulit ille jugum.

Thus rendered:

'I came, I conquer'd:' may brave Exmouth say;
And, more than Cæsar, bear the palm away:
He but impos'd the yoke; but Exmouth's sword
Broke it in twain. Give praise unto the Lord.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

A Dialogue. Lycidas to Prudentia.

Descend, fair Stoic, from thy flights ;
From Nature learn to know
Our passions are the needful weights
That make our virtues go.

Prudentia to Lycidas.

True, Lycidas : but think not so
Another truth to shun ;
Our passions make our virtues go,
But make our vices run.

Archdeacon Blackburne.

On Mr. Hog's Promise to give a Pair of Breeches from his own Sheep.

Friend Hog once promised me a pair of breeches,
Wove from the fleecy flocks that swell his riches.
I trusted him, forgetting, like a fool,
That Hogs afford much cry, but little wool.

Lord Neaves.

Bishop Blomfield's first Charge to his Clergy poetised.

Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,
Dance not, fiddle not, flute not ;

Be sure you have nothing to do with the Whigs,
But stay at home, and feed your pigs ;
And, above all, I make it my special desire,
That, at least once a week, you dine with the squire.

Sydney Smith.

'The witty Canon of St. Paul's thus versified the first charge of Blomfield Bishop of London; and through the rest of his life Smith hung upon his lordship's flanks with jests and raillery for his abominable doings as one of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.' On Blomfield's being preferred to the bishopric of Chester, one of the boys of the Grammar School of his native town of Bury wrote the following epigram :

Through Chester-ford to Bishop's-gate
Did Blomfield safely wade;
Then leaving ford and gate behind,
He 's Chester's bishop made.

His lordship, the son of a schoolmaster of Bury St. Edmunds, had held the livings of Great and Little Chesterford and St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. As a scholar he was eminent, and edited, with commentaries, an edition of the Tragedies of Æschylus. It seems uncertain which of the two, Blomfield, Bishop of London, or Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, Bulwer in his novel of *Alice* had his eye upon when he said : 'The three orthodox qualifications for a mitre are, editing a Greek play, writing a political pamphlet, and apostatizing at the proper moment.'

To a Corpulent Lady past her Prime.

You ask me, your servant, to give you in rhyme,
Some apt definitions of space and of time;
If your ladyship looks at your rear and your face,
You'll gain excellent notions of time and of space.

Col. Napier, father of Generals C. and Wm. Napier.

The Doctor's Coat of Arms.

A doctor who, for want of skill,
Did sometimes cure, and sometimes kill,
Contrived at length, by many a puff,
And many a bottle fill'd with stuff,
To raise his fortune and his pride;
And in a coach, forsooth, must ride.
His family coat, long since worn out,
What arms to take was all the doubt.
A friend, consulted on the case,
Thus answered with a sly grimace:
'Take some device in your own way,
Neither too solemn nor too gay;
Three ducks suppose: white, grey, or black;
And let your motto be *Quack! Quack!*'

The following epigram, if not written by Tom Moore, the poet, was related by him at a literary soirée at Lady Blessington's. Sir R. Peel challenged the Irish Agitator, O'Connell. This was before the latter made his vow against duelling. He was to have followed Peel to Dover and thence to France, where they were to meet. O'Connell, however, pleaded his

wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. About the same time some Irish patriot refused a challenge on account of the illness of his *daughter*, so the epigram ran :

Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Scripture command ;
One honour'd his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days might be long in the land.

'An event occurred in November 1829, which gave rise to many epigrams. Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, being on a visit at Mr. Coke's (Earl of Leicester) of Holkham, had the good fortune, when making one of a shooting party, to kill *two woodcocks at one shot.* This fact, too, was all the more remarkable as it was performed with the use of one eye only, for upon his own authority we have it that he was blind of the other from his birth. If truth, however, must be told, this piece of success seems to have been more owing to good luck than good management ; seeing that, as he himself candidly acknowledged, at the moment of firing "he saw *not* the two cocks which it brought down, but only the further one of the couple, the other having risen into the line of fire just as he pulled the trigger." The woodcocks, thus marvellously slain, Chantrey with his chisel, and a legion of his poetical friends with their pens, would not willingly let die. He sculptured the birds in marble ; and to this day they are to be seen represented on their monument at Holkham "with the utmost beauty, truth, and tenderness, at the moment and in the attitude of their

unlooked-for-death." Inasmuch, too, as the tasteful Ovid erst sang the dirge of Corinna's parrot, Catullus mourned the fate of Lesbia's sparrow in beauteous verse, our own Marvel, Gray, Cowper, Grenville, Rogers, and other bards, had condescended to elegise or eulogise birds, beasts, and fishes of various kinds; and Hogarth, the late Duchess of York, and Lord Byron, did not disdain to duly entomb and epitaph their departed canine friends, there was no lack of precedents to justify the poets of the day in contributing their share with the mighty sculptor towards raising his woodcocks to immortality.' The Editor gives a few of these jeux-d'esprits, taken from that excellent little work, *Winged Words on Chantrey's Woodcocks*, edited by the Rev. J. P. Muirhead, and published by Mr. Murray.

1

Life in death, a mystic lot
Dealt thou to the wingèd band;
Death—from thine unerring shot,
Life—from thine undying hand.

Bishop of Oxford.

2

Their good and ill from the same source they drew,
Here shrined in marble by the hand that slew.

Lord Jeffrey.

3

The same skill'd hand that took their lives on high,
Here on this marble, bids them never die.

Lord J.

4

The life the Sportsman-artist took,
The Artist-sportsman could restore ;
As true and warm in every look,
And far more lasting than before.

Lord Y.

5

Driven from the North that would have starv'd them,
This was the way that Chantrey sarv'd them,
He shot them first, and then he carv'd them.

Hudson Gurney.

6

The carver's knife in vain their limbs shall sever,
In Chantrey's marble they unite for ever.

P. R. Duncan.

7

Not cypress bring, nor bays, but green shamrocks,
Nor let th' Hybernian lay provoke thy mocks,
Which sings how dead we live, too stone wood-cocks.

M. P. Boulton.

8

With gun or chisel thou art doubly clever,
Chantrey ! Thy twins in death are twins for ever.

M. P. B.

9

Chantrey invented the best of gun-locks,
Which cocks one hammer, and hammers two cocks.

J. P. Muirhead.

10

Amaz'd I view the consecrated spot
Where Chantrey kill'd two woodcocks at a shot :
For yonder, lo ! his breathing victims are,
More deathless than in life, and lovelier far.

J. P. M.

11

He hit the birds, and with an aim as true,
And hand as skilful, hit their likeness too !

J. P. M.

12

Ye woodcocks that from Chantrey flew away,
That day you liv'd, to die another day ;
More blest the pair, at once by Chantrey slain !
That day you died, one day to live again.

Editor of Gent. Magazine.

13

Long may this spotless marble tell,
When Chantrey fired, two woodcocks fell ;
They met their doom together ;
But now by his transcendent art,
Into new life he bids them start,
And makes them live for ever.

Hon. Frederick Anson.

14

Shall Chantrey be called a destroyer or not?
He slaughters indeed his two birds at one shot :
But pitying his victims, with gen'rous endeavour,
To make more than amends, by his chisel so clever,
He revives them to live on in marble for ever.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

The Rule of the Road.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
Both in riding and driving along;
If you *go to the* left you are sure to *go right*,
If you *go to the right* you *go wrong*:

But in walking the streets, 't is a different case,
To the right it is right you should bear,
To the left should be left quite enough of free space
For the persons you chance to meet there.

To a Feather in a Lady's Hat.

If Lucy but wear it, a feather 's a charm:
Ah! who can be safe if a feather can harm?
Fly, youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art,
And, warn'd by the feather, beware of the dart.

On a Gaming-house.

To this dark cave three gates pertain—
Hope, Infamy, and Death, we know:
'T is by the first you entrance gain,
By the last two alone you go.

Prosperity and Adversity.

When fortune smiles and looks serene,
'T is 'Pray, Sir, how d' ye do?
Your family are well, I hope,
Can I serve them or you?'

But if, perchance, her scale should turn,
And with it change your plight,
'T is then, 'I 'm sorry for your fate,
But times are hard—good night.'

On a Dog-collar.

Latrans excepi fures ; et mutus amantes :
Sic placui Domino ; sic placui Dominæ.

Thus translated :

At thieves I bark ; at lovers wag my tail !
And thus I please both Lord and Lady Thrale.

Written during Lord Melbourne's Administration (1834).

In olden times one fool was kept at court,
And thought sufficient for the royal sport ;
But in Victoria's days we 've seen of late
A fool in every office of the state ;
And so for state affairs being quite unfit,
Their wives and sisters in the counsel sit.

Brag and Grab.

The initials of Brougham, Russell, Althorp, and Grey,
If rightly disposed, the word *Brag* will display ;
Transpose them, and *Grab* will appear to the view ;
Which hints at what many assert to be true—
That they, like former statesmen, still follow the plan,
First to *brag* what they 'll do, and then *grab* all they can.

Whiggish Presumption, or the Days of the Bedchamber Plot (1839).

'The Queen is with us,' Whigs exulting say,
'For when she found us in she let us stay.'
It may be so; but give me leave to doubt,
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out.

Of Two Welshmen.

Two squires of Wales arrived at a town,
To seek their lodging when the sun was down;
And (for the innkeeper his gates had locked)
In haste, like men of some account, they knocked.
The drowsy chamberlain doth ask who's there?
They told, that gentlemen of Wales they were.
'How many,' quoth the man, 'are there of you?'
They said, 'Here's John ap Rees, ap Rise, ap Hew;
And Nicholas ap Giles, ap Stephen, ap Davy:'
'Then, gentlemen, adieu,' quoth he, 'God save ye.
Your worships might have had a bed or twain,
But how can that suffice so great a train?'

On the Death of Dr. Morrison[142]*; from Bentley's Miscellany.*

'What's the news?' 'Why, they say death has killed Dr. Morrison.'
'The pill-maker?' 'Yes.' 'Then death will be sorry soon.'

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast:
Physic their cobbler is, and death the last.

On the long Speeches of the French Deputies about the Liberty of the Press.

The French enjoy freedom, they say;
And where is the man who can doubt it?
For they have, it is clear, every day
The freedom of talking about it.

Hitting the right Nail on the Head.

The Whigs resemble nails. How so, my master?
Because, like nails, when *beat*, they *hold the faster.*

On entering by mistake a Lady's Room while she was at her Toilet.

Thus unadorned—was no new charm revealed?
No blemish undisguised?
Oh fool! can Beauty ever be concealed,
Or Innocence surprised?

Parody on 46th Ode of Anacreon.

ΧΑΛΕΠΟ'Ν τὸ μὴ φίλῆσαι,
etc.

Hard, ye critics, 't is to print,
Hard one's hopes of praise to stint;
But to print, and lie on stall—
Critics, this is worse than all.

B. N. Turner.

New-made Honour. (*Imitated from Martial.*)

A friend I met, some half hour since—
'*Good morrow, Jack!*' quoth I;
The new-made knight, like any prince
Frown'd, nodded, and pass'd by:
When up came Jem—'*Sir John, your slave!*'
'Ah! James; we dine at eight—
Fail not'— (low bows the supple knave)
'Don't make my lady wait.'
The king can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman, and my dinner.

Rev. R. H. Barham, Author of the Ingoldsby Legends, &c.

When ask'd by Allen t' other day,
What fish I fain would face,
'Turbot,' I said, 'was my delight,'
But Allen swore t' was plaice.

T. W. Croker.

Which Men are preferable?

Whether tall men, or short men, are best,
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
I can't say, but I this can protest,
All the fair are in favour of *Hy-men.*

A Wonder to be wondered at.

Sylvia makes sad complaints, 'She's lost her lover.'
Well, nothing strange can I in this discover:
Nay, then thou 'rt dull—for here the wonder lies,
She had a lover once—don't that surprise?

On the Marriage of a Lady named Little, who was remarkably short of Stature.

Thrice happy Tom—I think him so;
For mark the poet's song,
'Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that *little* long.'

From The Green Book (*Dublin, J. Duffy*, 1845).

1

When I meet Tom, the purse-proud and impudent blockhead,
In his person the poets' three ages I trace:
For the *gold* and the *silver* unite in his pocket,
And the *brazen* is easily seen in his face.

2

On Two Pretty Girls.

'How happy could I be with either,' was said
By Macheath to his wives in the play;
But were two such charmers as you in their stead,
He could not wish either away.

Oh! no, until death with such angels he'd grapple;
They both are so temptingly fair;
That, as Adam lost Heaven by eating an apple,
I'd forfeit *my* chance for a pair.

Composed when the great Soyer went to join his august Fellow-artists in Elysium.

Soyer is gone! Then be it said,
Indeed, indeed, great Pan is dead.

From the Mirror.

The Power of Gold.

Gold is so ductile, learnèd chymists say,
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way:
The metal 's base, or else the chymists err,
For now-a-days our sovereigns won't *go far.*

To the Gasmakers.(143)

Our morals as well as appearance must show
What praise to your labours and science we owe.
Our streets and our manners you 've equally brighten'd,
Our city 's less *wick*-ed, and much more *enlighten'd.*

On a Bankrupt lately turned Preacher.

No more by creditors perplexed,
Or ruin'd tradesmen's angry din;
He boldly preaches from the text,
'A stranger, and *I took him in.*'

The Railway of Life.

Short was the passage through this earthly vale,
By turnpike roads when mortals used to wend;
But now we travel by way of the rail,(144)
As soon again we reach the journey's end.

On seeing a Pompous Funeral for a Bad Husband.

'Why for your spouse this pompous fuss,
Was he not all his life your curse;
Did he not teaze, and scold, and fight,
And plague you morning, noon, and night?'

'True, but at length one single action
Made up for each past malefaction.'
'Indeed! what was this action, pray?'
'Why, Sir, it was—he died one day.'

Jupiter Amans. Dedicated to Victor Hugo.

'Le Petit' call not him who by one act
Has turn'd old fable into modern fact.
Nap Louis courted Europe: Europe shied;
The imperial purple was too newly dyed.
'I 'll have her though,' thought he, 'by rape or rapine;
Jove nods sometimes, but catch a Nap a napping!
And now I think of Jove, 't was Jove's own fix,
And so I 'll borrow one of Jove's own tricks.
Old itching Palm I 'll tickle with a joke,
And he shall lend me England's decent cloak.'
'T was said and done, and his success was full;
He won Europa with the guise of Bull.

From 'The Leader.'

On an ugly Woman sitting for a Daguerreotype.[115]

Here Nature in her glass—the wanton elf,
Sits, gravely making faces at herself;
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,
Repeats the blunders that she made before.

Inscription written by Lord Holland, and still to be seen in a Summer-house in the Grounds of Holland House; in which Rogers, author of 'Pleasures of Memory,' 'Italy,' and other Poems, often rested.

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell,
To me, those *Pleasures* that he sings so well.

On the closed Establishments of Moses and Son, the Tailors.

Half Hebrew, half English, the slopseller Moses
Cries clo'es all the week, but on Saturday closes.

R. Simpson.

The best Aperient.

'What is the best aperient, Doctor, please?'
'The best aperient?—a bunch of keys.'

R. Simpson.

The law allows one husband to one wife,
But wives will seldom brook this straitened life;
They must have two: besides her Jack, each Jill,
In spite of law and gospel, weds her will.

R. Simpson.

On a Bad Sermon from the Text: 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.'

When each points out a different way,
What medium shall we *keep*?
The text invites to watch and pray,
The priest himself, to sleep.

T. Russell.

Written in the Waiting-room at the Secretary of State's Office.

In sore afflictions sent by God's commands,
In patience Job the great example stands;
But in these days a trial more severe
Had been Job's lot, if God had sent him here.

The Mystery of Mysteries.

Nix, Glacies, et Aqua; tria Nomina, Res tamen una:
Sic in personis trinus Deus, et tamen unus.

Thus rendered:

Snow, Ice, and Water; one, yet three in name:
Father, Son, Spirit, three, yet each the same.

E. L. S. from 'N. and Q.'

On a Classic Controversy.

Nay, marvel not to see these scholars fight,
In brave disdain of certain scathe and scar;
'T is but the genuine, old Hellenic spite:—
'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'

Saxe.

What is God?

How God exists attempt not to explore,
In awful silence the Supreme adore:
The mystery immense confounds the brain,
Himself alone his nature can explain.

A Choker for Church-rate Abolition.

'Where's Church-rate repeal?' Trelawny may cry:
Alas! 't is hung up in last Wednesday's tie.[146]

On a Distinguished Officer declining the Honorary Degree of D. C. L. on account of the Heavy Fees at that time demanded.

Oxford, no doubt you wish me well,
But, prithee let me be:
I can't alas! be D.C.L.
Because of L.S.D.

Rev. H. L. Mansell.

On a D. C. L. Degree being given to a Gentleman on the strength of two not very brilliant Essays.

A doctor's degree we are told to convey
To an A double S for a double S A.

H. L. M.

On Oxford Fees.[147]

When 'Alma Mater' her kind heart enlarges,
Charges her graduates, graduates her charges;
What safer rule could guide the accountant's pen
Than that of *doubling* fees for *Dublin* men?

H. L. M.

It was suggested some little time ago, to alter the cut of the Commoners' Gowns—proverbially ugly. This produced the following :

Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them;
We feel for their wrongs, and propose to *re-dress* them.

H. L. M.

On a Proposal to lower the University Charges upon Degrees conferred by 'Accumulation,' i.e. when two steps are taken at once.

Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,
Nor lower too much accumulators' fees;
Lest—unlike Goldsmith's 'land to ills a prey,'
Men should *accumulate*, and 'wealth decay.'

H. L. M.

On Lord W. Lennox, author of a Novel called the 'Tuft-hunter.'[148]

A duke[149] once declared—and most solemnly too—
That whatever he liked with his own he would do;
But the son of a duke has still farther gone,
He will do what he likes with what is n't his own.

The Lying Coward.

Quoth gallant Fritz, 'I ran away
To fight again another day.'
The meaning of his speech is plain:
He only fled to fly again.

Sydney Smith's Advice when the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's complained of the Delay in fixing the Wood Pavement.[150]

Why fret and frit your time away,
Grumbling about this wooden way?
Just put your heads together, friends,
And in a trice we 've means to ends.

Rev. J. C. Napleton.

Tom Tick could scarce a shop pass by,
Without an earnest wish to buy
A ring, seal, watch, or costly raiment;
And so polite was Tom to those
Who 'd sell him trinkets, jewels, clothes,
That he *liked everything* but—*payment.*

On the Execution of a Malefactor whose Name was Vowell.

'Vowell!' quoth Ned, with sigh profound,
'The forfeit now is paid;
Thy num'rous crimes have justice found,
Though justice was delay'd.'

'True,' says his friend, 'but cease, I pray,
Suppress at once your sigh,
Since, thank our stars, no one can say,
'T is either *U* or *I*.'

The Lapdog and his Mistress.

That Dorilis thus, on her lap as he lies,
Should kiss little Pompey, excites no surprise;
But the lapdog, whom thus she keeps fondling and praising,
Licks her face in return—that I own is amazing.

The Deceptive Beauty.

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
Who fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

If e'er, to seize the tempting bliss,
Upon her lips you fall,
The plastered fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe, through a wall.

W. L. Collins.

The following couplet was addressed to a clergyman, who used to preach Archdeacon Hare's sermons:

Ne vendas lepores alienos, prome leporem
Nativum: melior syllaba longa brevi.

Thus rendered:

I

Don't rob the Archdeacon, friend, give us instead
A little less Hare and a little more head.

W. H. Draper.

2

He sells us his Hares, and small credit he gains;
Let him lengthen the letter, and give us his brains.

H. T. Hill.

The Coxcomb.

To determine the cut of a coat
He is known to excel—after that
He never indulges a thought,
Save how he shall tie his cravat.

There's nothing beyond to expect
From such a fair-form-loving elf,
Who causes his glass to reflect,
Though void of reflection himself.

Very like a Whale.

The first of all the royal infant males
Should take the title of the Prince of *Wales*;
Because 't is clear to seamen and to lubber,
Babies and *whales* are both inclined to *blubber*.

On the Pun.

Why a pun to define do you make so much pother?
'T is but to say one thing, while meaning another:
And the truth of this axiom, the way to decide is,
By rememb'ring its origin—'*P*unica fides.'

From 'Notes and Queries.'

On McAdam the Roadmaker.[151]

'My essay on Roads,' quoth McAdam, lies here,
The result of a life's lucubration;
But does not the title-page look rather bare?
I long for a Latin quotation.'

A Delphin edition of Virgil stood nigh,
To second his classic desire;
When the roadmaker hit on the Shepherd's reply,
'Miror magis,' I rather *add* mire.

From 'Notes and Queries.'

On Pio Nono and Cardinal Wiseman. Papal Aggression.[152]

Cum Sapiente Pius nostras juravit in aras:
Impius, heu! Sapiens, desipiensque Pius.

Dr. Scott.

Thus translated:

1

Pius with Wiseman England's Church defies;
Thou impious Wiseman! Pius thou unwise!

2

A Wiseman and a Pius plots against our Church devise:
Ah, Wiseman, be more pious! Ah, Pius, be more wise.

W. H. Draper.

3

Wiseman and Pius our altars fair attacked;
Wiseman the piety, the wisdom Pius lacked.

J. C. Napleton.

On our imitating the French.

The formal ape endeavours, all he can,
With antic tricks to imitate a man:
Parisian fops no less ambitious seem
To have a face, an air, a tail like them.
From whom our taste thus only disagrees,
These mimic apes—and we but mimic these.

Commercial.

A little stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art:
'T is mean to rob a henroost, or a hen,
But stealing thousands makes us gentlemen.

The Coach Load, or Pluralities.

On one side a Canon of Exeter sat,
On the other a Christ Church Canonical hat,
A Prebend of York in one corner repos'd
On the other the Vicar of Staverton doz'd:
You 'll imagine from this the coach was quite full;
There was only one personage—Dr. John Bull.

On the Telegraphic Wire connecting England and America.[154]

John Bull and Brother Jonathan
Each other ought to greet;
They 've always been extravagant,
But now 'make both ends meet.'

From the Seat of War.[155]

Gaeta's defenders, 't would seem, have a turn
For the tailoring craft; for from Reuter we learn
That as soon as the news of an arm'stice them reaches,
They all set to work, sirs, repairing their breaches.

On the 'Saturday Review,' overheard in the Street.

'What ails thee, friend, you look so wondrous triste,
Like *Snarly Yow*,[156] or some such ugly beast?'
'I 've got the devils—orange, green, and blue:
I feel just like—the *Saturday Review*.'

On the Insurrection in Poland (1863).

'T was the Russian's conscription, the papers declare,
Made the nation fling off his control;
So it is not the pole that has stirred up the bear,
But the bear who has stirred up the Pole.

Matrimonial Caution.

A scholar was about to marry.
His friend said, 'Ere thou dost be wary;
So wise art thou that I foresee
A wife will make a fool of thee.'

W. S. Landor.

A Domestic Ruler.

Outrageous hourly with his wife is Peter,
Some do aver that he has been known to beat her.
'She seems unhappy,' said a friend one day:
Peter turn'd sharply: 'What is that you say?
Her temper you have there misunderstood,
She dares not be unhappy if she would.'

W. S. Landor.

The latest production of the Pasquinesque kind is the following by a well-known Queen's Counsel:

Rome.

A Gallis Romam servaverat anser;[157] ab ipsis
Romanis Romam Gallica servat avis.

Thus translated:

Of old was Rome from Gallic thrall
Saved by a goose, they say;
From Rome's own sons the bird of Gaul[158]
Saves Rome in modern day.

W. H. Draper.

A Late Repentance.

Pravus, that aged debauchee,
  Proclaim'd a vow his sins to quit;
But is he yet from any free,
  Except what now he *can't* commit?

A Contrast.

'Tell me,' said Laura, 'what may be
The difference 'twixt a clock and me.'
'Laura,' I cried, 'Love prompts my powers
  To do the task you 've set them:
A clock reminds us of the hours;
  You cause us to forget them.'

To a Mr. Wellwood who exaggerated.

You double each story you tell;
  You double each sight that you see:
Your name 's W, E, double L,
  W, double O, D.

Double Vision Utilised.

An incipient toper was checked t' other day
In his downward career in a rather strange way.
The effect of indulgence, he found to his trouble,
Was, that after two bottles, he came to see double;

When with staggering steps to his home he betook him,
He saw always *two wives* sitting up to rebuke him.
One wife in her wrath makes a pretty strong case;
But a *couple* thus scolding, what courage could face?

Gallus cantat.

At Trent's famed Council, when on Reason's side,
A Frenchman's voice assailed the Pontiff's pride,
Some Romish priest, the Gallic name to mock,
Exclaimed: 'T is but the crowing of a cock!'
'So call it,' 't was replied; 'we 're well content,
If when the cock crows, Peter would repent.'

Whether, at the present time, Peter (Pio Nono) *ad Galli cantum*, will repent of his late Encyclical Letter, or of any of his other errors, is a question which time only will determine.

On a vehement Discussion at Oxford, about inserting the word 'all' *in a Petition against the Abolition of Church Rates.*

When tottering rates in fierce debates
Are placed upon their trial,
Will one word *all* arrest their fall?
Will *your all* vanquish *Miall*?(159)

Mock Epitaph on the Cheltenham Waters.

Here lie I and my three daughters,
All from drinking the Cheltenham waters.
While if we had kept to the Epsom salts,
We should not be now in these here vaults.

Coalition Extraordinary.

On Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Derby being confined at the same time of the Gout (1865)

The Premier *in*, the Premier *out*,
Are laid up both with *pedal* gout,
And no place can they go to;
Hence it ensues, that though of old
Their differences were manifold,
They now agree *in toto.*

J. P.

Perhaps it may be deemed allowable to append to a collection of Epigrams the following witty poem of Goldsmith, every verse of which may be said to be epigrammatic:

On Madam Blaize, the glory of her sex.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning ;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, with silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size ;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all :
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder—mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore ;
For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) Jacob's edition of the *Greek Anthology* is founded upon Brunck's, but is much superior, and ranks as the standard edition of the *Greek Anthology*. It is in 13 volumes 8vo, published at Leipsic, 1795–1814. After the restoration of the manuscript of the *Palatine Anthology* to the University of Heidelburg, Jacobs published a separate edition of the *Palatine Anthology*, Leipsic, 1813–1817, 4 vols. 8vo.—See Art. *Planudes* in Dr. Smith's *Classical Dictionary*.

The edition used for these translated epigrams is the latter (1813–1817).

(2) So also is Lord Byron's distich:

Die, as thou must; and as thou rott'st away
E'en worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

According to the virulent epigram of the ancients, the Cappadocians were addicted to every vice. In conjunction with the Cilicians and Cretans they came in again for a share of another unenviable distinction, being one of the people intended by τὸ διακαππα κακιστα.

(3) Mead, it is well known by the medical profession, was famous in his day for his knowledge, skill, and success in curing his patients. His works, *On Poisons*, *Discourse concerning the Plague*, *On the Scurvy*, and *Medicina Sacra*, very popular at the time, were translated into German, French, and Italian. He was F. R. S., physician to George II., and the intimate friend of Boerhaave, whose life was written by Dr. S. Johnson.

(4) Cato, it is said, exercised the functions of his office with a stringency which passed into a proverb, but which the above satirical epigram shows made him many a bitter enemy.

(5) Planudes ascribed this epigram to Lucillius, and Horace, in his 2nd book of Satires, 2nd Sat., v. 129 to 134, seems to have made use of it.

(6) This said by a servant to his master, who set much store by a vine from which he expected excellent wine. Before he could taste it a boar

broke into his vineyard, and, on his attempting to drive it out, turned upon him and killed him. The adage teaches us 'not to be too sanguine of success,' and 'to take time by the forelock.' Its Latin form is,

Multa cadunt inter calicem, supremaque labra :

and its French,

Entre la bouche et le verre
Le vin souvent tombe à terre.

—See *Bland's Proverbs.* The original has been ascribed to Palladas, but wrongly, for it is praised by writers long before his time.—See p. 577 of Major Macgregor's most valuable and excellent translation of the *Greek Anthology.*

(*) There were, according to Dr. Smith (*Classical Dictionary, Biography* &c.) two celebrated Grecian courtezans of this name :—1. The elder, a native of Corinth, who lived in the time of the Peloponnesian war, celebrated as the most beautiful woman of the age, and notorious for her avarice and caprice.—2. The younger, daughter of Timandra of Sicily, and the rival and contemporary of Phryne of Thespiæ of Bœotia. The beauty of Phryne acquired for her immense wealth, and gave rise to some of the greatest works of art, viz., the picture of Apelles, 'Venus Anadyomene,' and the marble statue, the 'Cnidian Venus,' of Praxiteles. This famous statue, for which the Cnidians refused a sum offered by King Nicomedes equal to their heavy public debt, was finally carried to Constantinople, where it perished by fire in the reign of Justinian.

(*) 'The story of Arria and Pætus is related in the 72nd number of the *Tatler*, in which the above epigram is praised as "one of the best transmitted to us from antiquity." In Spence's *Anecdotes* is mentioned 'a group of Arria and Pætus by a Greek artist; and it is observed that the blow which Pætus gave himself is represented as "a very bold stroke, and takes away the false idea one might have got of him from the well-known epigram of Martial."'—*Martial and the Moderns, by A. Amos, Esq.*

'The letters of Pliny abound in instances of self-murder, a practice which at this time may almost be dignified with the name of a national usage.' 'The resolution of the men was rivalled by that of the women also, and was supported apparently in either case, more by natural force of character and innate daring, than by any training in speculative philosophy. The illustrious deed of Arria, the wife of Pætus, who, when her husband was sentenced for conspiring with Scribonianus, gave herself the first blow and handed him the dagger with the words "Pæte, non dolet!" "It is not painful, Pætus," was, it seems, no act of sudden impulse, but the accomplishment of a deliberate resolution not to survive him. The admiration

Pliny expresses for this fierce-minded creature, whose memory was treasured in the hearts of her family, shows in what honour the suicide even of women was held, in the dislocation of the true moral sense among the Romans of the period.'—See *Rev. C. Merivale's History of the Romans under the Empire*, vol. vii.

The story of Arria and Pætus is told at length by Pliny the younger, ep. 3. 16.

(9) Jeremy Taylor, in a *Discourse on the Invalidity of a Deathbed Repentance*, quotes the two concluding lines of Martial's epigram, as to which he observes, that 'he that repents to-day repents late enough that he did not begin yesterday; but he that puts off till to-morrow is vainer still.' The same lines are quoted by J. Taylor in another *Discourse on Habitual Sins*, wherein he writes, 'Think it not a hasty commandment that we are called upon to repent to-day. It was too much that yesterday passed by you, it is late enough if you do it to-day.'

(10) Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, gives this epigram as an instance of a perfect poem being comprised in a single verse.

(11) From an epigram (lib. xiv. ep. 186) in Martial and one in Seneca, Becker and Dr. Smith state it to have been the practice among the Romans to prefix portraits of authors to books. 'The engraved portrait of Shakespeare in the first edition of his plays, which is vouched by Ben Jonson, is a notable example of the early revival of this practice in England. Sir Matthew Hale's portrait prefixed to his works represents his thumb, according to his practice, placed in his girdle, and Ben Jonson speaks of his own picture as exhibiting "A mountain belly, and a rocky face." There are many epigrams of Martial on statues and pictures which are by no means destitute of modern interest, *e. g.* those on Polycletus's Juno, the bust of Socrates, an encaustic painting of Phaethon.'

(12) So far as the point of this epigram is concerned, it might have been written yesterday. Catherine of Aragon, Henry VIII.'s Queen, in 1500, 'brought Fardingales into use amongst us.' See Duke of Manchester's *Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne*; and not many years ago, Eugenie, Empress of France, introduced crinolines.

(13) Camden, in speaking of this great victory, says, 'Several monies were coined, some to commemorate the victory, with a fleet flying with full sails, with this inscription, "Venit, vidit, fugit" (It came, it saw, it fled); others in honour of the Queen, with fire-ships and a fleet all in confusion, inscribed "Dux fœmina facti" (A woman the leader of the exploit).

(14) The day after the death of George IV. Miss Lloyd met his brother at the house of Lady Sydney: she asked him familiarly whether he was

to be proclaimed as King William or King Henry. 'Helen Lloyd,' he replied, 'that question has been discussed in the Privy Council, and it has been decided in favour of King William.' He added, 'the decision had been mainly influenced by the idea of an old prophecy,' the drift of which was that expressed in this epigram. See *Diaries of a Lady of Quality from 1797 to 1844*, edited by Hayward. Superstition has connected with misfortune the name also of John in the lives and reigns of John of England, John of France, and John Baliol of Scotland; and therefore it was that Robert III. of Scotland, whose christian name had been John, to elude the bad omen, assumed the name of Robert (rendered dear to Scotland by the recollections of Robert Bruce), though he had a brother, the Duke Albany, whose name was Robert.—See Scott's novel, *Fair Maid of Perth*.

(15) An expansion or translation of Martial's line :—'Fortuna multis dat minus, satis nulli.'

(16) More correctly the junction of the two crowns. The legislative union between England and Scotland, forming together the kingdom of Great Britain, was, as every one knows, accomplished May 1707.

(17) Donne's talent lay in satire which savours more of the coarse style of Juvenal than of the elegant humour of Horace. He was a favourite with James I., who delighted in his conversation, and was highly praised by Dryden, and Pope thought it worth his while to modernise his satires. Donne was author of *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions; The Ancient History of the Septuagint translated from the Greek of Aristeas*.

(18) Marvell was assistant to Milton when Latin Secretary to O. Cromwell, and wrote *The Rehearsal Transposed*, as well as many poems and letters. He is still remembered for his great political integrity. Charles II. delighted in his conversation, but was unable to persuade him to support his measures.

(19) Dryden's epigrammatic force is displayed in parts of his poems. The above lines on Tonson arose from the poet's being refused the sum he asked for his admirable translation of Virgil, who said on sending them, 'Tell the dog he who wrote them can write more.' The threat at once caused Tonson to send the sum asked.

(20) Sedley, one of the wits of Charles II.'s time, whose daughter (Countess of Dorchester) became mistress to James II. He was an earnest promoter of the Revolution, and after Mary was on the throne he said, 'I have returned the obligation I owed King James. He made my daughter a countess, and I have helped to make his daughter a queen.'

Mary seemed destined to be the object of the repartees of the Sedley family. The Countess of Dorchester had the audacity to present herself before the queen, when she held her first drawing-room. Her majesty turned away her head, as if offended at her intrusion; on which the bold woman exclaimed:—'Why so haughty, madam? I have not sinned more notoriously in breaking the seventh commandment with your father, than you have done in breaking the fifth against him.'—*Strickland's Queens of England.*

(21) 'Atterbury was a man of great learning and brilliant talents, and as a speaker, preacher, and writer, had few equals. His defence of the authenticity of Lord Clarendon's History is said to be the most beautiful and touching specimen of eloquence in the English language.'

(22) The favourite of Charles II. whose name contributed a letter in the anagram of the 'Cabal' Ministry, noted for his wit and profligacy, 'who furnished Pope with a subject for some satirical lines in one of his *Moral Essays*,' and sat for Dryden's portrait of Zimri in his *Absalom and Achitophel.* Buckingham, it is well known, in his *Rehearsal*, a play once popular for its ridicule and the wit with which it sparkled, ridiculed Dryden under the character of Bayes.

(23) 'It is not possible to read, without some contempt and indignation, poems of the same author, ascribing the highest degree of *power* and *piety* to Charles I., then transferring the same *power* and *piety* to Oliver Cromwell; now inviting Oliver to take the crown, then congratulating Charles II. on his recovered right.'—See *Dr. Johnson's Lives of the British Poets—Waller.*

(24) After the accession of James II., Dryden, it is well known, went over to the Roman Church. This step engaged him in controversy and exposed him to much censure and ridicule from his contemporary wits, amongst whom the scurrilous muse of Tom Brown, a man of some mark in his day, was not the least conspicuous, but it led Dryden to write his celebrated poem, *The Hind and the Panther*, which was answered by Lord Halifax.

(25) 'The Duchess was the sole daughter and heiress of the twentieth Earl of Oxford. She is among the Hampton Court Beauties. This daughter of Aubrey De Vere married the first Duke of St. Albans, the son of Charles II. and Nell Gwynne. The great-grandson of this duke and duchess married Miss Moses, the damsel who was refused by Lord Peterborough because her fortune did not come within 15,000*l.* of what he considered might qualify her to become his wife.'

(26) 'Pope was often in the habit of spending his winter evenings in the

library of Murray's (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) house in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and on one occasion the rising lawyer, being called away to a consultation, put into the poet's hand a volume of Latin epitaphs by Dr. Friend just published, saying "they had been much read and admired." Pope, who, like other great men, felt jealous of a supposed rival, was alarmed lest his own fame in epitaph-writing, on which he particularly valued himself, should be dimmed, and on Murray's return showed him the above epigram. The next night, Pope having produced a Latin epitaph of his own composition which he maintained to be equal to any of Friend's, Murray, detecting a false quantity in it, threw it into the fire, saying that the finest of English Poets, and he who had most embellished his own language, ought to write in no other.'—See *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices.*

(27) Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all bear a part. The Kit-cat Club is said to have its original from a mutton-pie.—See *Addison's Spectator*, No. 9.

A list of its members (39) is given in *Addisoniana*. They consisted of noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and fortune, chiefly of Whig principles. Tonson, the eminent bookseller, the secretary. Their portraits were drawn by Sir G. Kneller. 'Each member gave Tonson his, and he is going to build a room for them at Barn Elms.' —*Spence's Anecdotes.* All portraits of the same size are to this day called kit-cat pictures. Horace Walpole says: 'The Kit-cat Club, generally mentioned as a set of wits, in reality the *patriots that saved the nation.*' It is doubtful whether Pope or Arbuthnot wrote the above epigram, in which the club is ridiculed.—See Bohn's Edition of Addison's works.

(28) 'In this poem Pope has given us one of the most sweeping, fierce, and brilliant philippics, in which, under the mask of a reprobation of bad writing and bad taste, genius ever revenged the injuries of self-love.'—See *Shaw's Outlines of English Literature.*

(29) The 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23rd books of the *Odyssey* were by Broome, as well as the notes to the whole 24 books. He also made extracts from Eustathius for the notes to the translation of the *Iliad*; for all which he received from Pope 500*l.*, with as many copies of the work as he wanted for his friends.—See *Dr. Johnson's Life of Broome*, Hazlitt's edition, vol. iii. p. 118.

(30) Josiah Hort, Bishop of Kilmore, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, author of a *New Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille*, for the publication of which Faulkner, the bookseller, was

imprisoned. The bishop, not having indemnified Faulkner, excited the ire of Swift, who penned the above satire.

(21) The musical world in the reign of Queen Anne was divided after the introduction of the Italian Opera into London into two factions, one favouring the Italian, Bononcini, and the other the German, Handel. Addison's papers in the *Spectator* against both are too well known to need remark. Swift, who seems never to have been partial to music, joined in the fray; and the above epigram was written by him expressive of his astonishment that 'such difference there should be 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.' Spite, however, of both Swift's and Addison's ribaldry and humour, the Italian Opera still retains its hold of the British public, and though poor Bononcini is almost forgotten, Handel's fame is greater than ever: 'his excellency in every style of music, but more especially in sacred music of the choral kind, being universally acknowledged.'

(22) So in *Gulliver's Travels*, the most admirable satire ever conveyed in a narrative, and the most plausible disguise that fiction ever bore, Swift expresses his indignant contempt of his fellow-mortals. The king of Brobdingnag, after hearing the historical account of European affairs, exclaims: 'It was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, envy, hatred, lust, malice and ambition could produce;' 'and adds: 'by what I have gathered from your own relation and the answers I have with much pains wrung and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin, that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth.'

(23) In Swift's time two keen and memorable controversies divided the literary world, and in some respects were mingled with each other—*A Comparison of Ancient and Modern Learning*, a controversy which passed from France to Britain. Sir W. Temple published, in favour of the ancients, his *Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, and Swift's powers of satire were exerted in behalf of his patron and caused him to write *The Battle of the Books*, in which it is remarkable he has omitted Milton's name, and no mention is made of Newton, who in 1686 had published his great and immortal work *The Principia*. Swift's piece caused the epigram to be written.—See W. Scott's edition of Swift's works.

(24) In 1724 a man named Wood obtained a patent to coin 180,000*l.* in halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland. To obstruct the currency of Wood's brass money, Swift wrote his celebrated letters under

the name of M. B. Drapier, to show the folly of giving gold and silver for coin not worth, as Swift said, a third part of its nominal value. The letters, it is needless to say, were successful, and the patent was withdrawn, much to the annoyance and indignation of the government; and henceforth Swift was idolised by the populace as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland.

(25) This is a translation of Martial (b. v. ep. 52).

(26) Shown by Mr. Singer to be an expert adaptation of a much older one, 'Johnnie Carnegie laisheer,' &c.—*Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vol. i. p. 482.

(27) The husband of the beautiful countess resided as English Ambassador in Paris during Addison's visit there, circa 1701. It was in compliment to her that he composed the above lines which were engraved on his toasting-glass at the Kit-cat Club. It was a rule of the club that each member on his admission should name the lady of his choice and write a verse to her beauty.

(28) 'Marlborough was insatiable of riches.'—*Lord Macaulay's History of England.* Swift said of him 'he was covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it.' 'When I recollected this epigram, and saw that now by the genius of Brown a magnificent body of water was collected, I said, they have *drowned* the epigram.'—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

(29) 'On January 2, 1711, appeared the last number of the *Tatler*, and at the beginning of March following appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary spectator.' 'Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately: yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel.' 'They have such grace, such wit, such humour, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal.'—See *Lord Macaulay's Essays, Life and Writings of Addison*, Longman and Company Publishers.

(40) Budgell, Addison's relative, wrote some papers in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, *Lives of the Family of the Boyles*, and translated Theophrastus's *Characters* from the Greek.

(41) In 1722 Atterbury was imprisoned in the Tower on a very well-founded charge of treason. Such cases were embarrassing to the ruling powers; and in the royal drawing-room the question had been mooted, 'What was to be done with the bishop?' The *Cadogan* of the above epigram was present and replied, 'Throw him to the lions.' The brutality of the suggestion may in some measure excuse the bishop's retaliation.

Atterbury's assertion that Cadogan was the 'offspring of hangman and of bawd' was too severe and not altogether correct; for if his grandfather, Sir C. Hardress Waller, was one of the judges of Charles I., Cadogan's mother, Bridget Waller, was certainly not open to the episcopal abuse.

(43) Dean of Christchurch, composer of two catches: viz., 'Hark, the bonny Christchurch bells,' and 'A Smoking Catch' to be sung by four men whilst smoking. He composed many services in music for the church, and no less than twenty anthems. His knowledge of architecture was considerable, as appears by Peckwater Square in Oxford, the Chapel of Trinity College, and the Church of All Saints, which were designed by him. He was appointed one of those persons who were intrusted with the publication of Lord Clarendon's History; and Bishop Burnet speaks highly of the part he took in the controversy with the Papists in James II.'s reign. The above epigram is a translation of the Dean's lines:

'Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi;
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis: atque futura;
Et vini bonitas; et quælibet altera causa.'

(44) William III. during his long absences from England, as general of the confederate armies of Spain and Germany against France, was compelled to invest the regal power in a council of nine; and among the governing junta of nine regents was included Tennyson, Archbishop of Canterbury. This gave rise to the above epigram.

(44) The first edition of Dryden's translation of *Virgil's Æneid* is somewhat oddly connected with the memory of William III. Jacob Tonson, the celebrated publisher, designed that the work should be dedicated to that monarch. Dryden, who had been deprived of his pension and laureateship by Queen Mary, swore that he would rather commit his manuscript to the flames, than submit to pay that compliment to the Dutch sovereign. He insisted on dedicating every canto to a separate Mecænas of his own among the aristocracy. The extensive patronage thus obtained for the work, induced the publisher to let the poet have his own way. Old Jacob, though baffled, was not foiled, having devised a notable plan for outwitting Dryden and flattering William at the same time; for he directed the artist whom he employed to illustrate the *Æneid*, to represent a lively portraiture of his majesty for the *beau idéal* of the person of the pious Æneas. As the features of the hero of Nassau cannot possibly be mistaken wherever they are seen, the likeness was staring, and the bookseller rejoiced in the success of his scheme. As for William himself, he no more cared for dedications by an English poet than he did for compliments in Chinese; either

way it was a matter of perfect indifference to him. Not so to Dryden, whose intense displeasure at the sight of the features of the pious Æneas vented itself in the above bitter epigram, the more bitter because founded on truth.—See *Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England.*

(45) Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, wishing to possess a palace of her own, obtained of Queen Anne a grant for fifty years of that portion of the demesnes of St. James's on which the present Marlborough House stands, and which had been the private pleasure-garden of her uncle Charles II., and his consort, Catherine of Braganza. The building cost between forty and fifty thousand pounds: 'of which,' says the duchess, 'the queen paid not one shilling, although many angry people believed otherwise.' The rage of the people was, to do them justice, not at the outlay by the queen of the public money in favour of the duchess, but because, in laying the foundations of the palace, called to this day Marlborough House, she had caused to be rooted up a fine young oak tree, sprung from an acorn which King Charles had set with his own hand. The king had plucked the acorn from his friendly oak that screened him so well at Boscobel. The above epigram was succeeded by the two following, still more severe.

(46) This is an allusion to the scandals which pursued the memory of the Duchess of Marlborough's mother.

(47) 'Sidney, Lord (afterwards Earl of) Godolphin, being deeply disappointed at his endeavour to retain office as Lord Treasurer to Queen Anne, in a state of exasperation, on receiving the queen's final order of dismissal, not only broke his *white staff*, but flung it contemptuously into the fire. The incident gave rise to the above party epigram written by Dean Swift, who had arrived in London, suborned by the Tories to write them up, and to write their opponents down.'

(48) James II.

(49) The Pretender.

(50) The point of this epigram is taken from one by Pasquier on Beza's three wives. The Lady Catheart, whose romantic story is mentioned in Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent*, was wont to say: 'I have been married three times; the first time for money, the second for rank, the third for love; and the third was worst of all.'

(51) The origin of this epigram was kindly communicated to me by Mr. Yates, of Well-bank House, Sandbach, county court judge for Cheshire (to whom the Editor is indebted for several most excellent epigrams in this collection). 'My ancestor,' said he, 'Mr. Yates of Peel Hall, and Mr. P. Dawson of Hornby Castle, were very *lean spare* men, and hap-

pened to be Trustees of the Manchester School Mills (the revenue from which formed part of the endowment of the grammar school), and in that capacity instituted proceedings to maintain their exclusive right of grinding corn within the manor of Manchester, and were successful. This was of course an unpopular proceeding, and gave rise to the epigram alluded to from the pen of a well-known wit and poet of the day, Dr. Byrom. On referring to the brief which my grandfather (afterwards the Hon. Mr. Justice Yates) held in the case, I find the suit to compel the burgesses of Manchester to grind at the school mills came on for hearing in May 1756.' Byrom, it may be as well to add, was one of the earliest practitioners of stenography, of which he wrote an improved system. He was a contributor, too, to the *Spectator*, and author of the song, 'My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,' &c., the beautiful Pastoral to Phœbe, and of letters in the same work signed *John Shadow*.

(23) When Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, in 1757, became Secretary of State, the 'stupendous statesmanlike qualities of his mind began to reveal themselves, and a new impetus was given to every department of government. The French, with whom we were then at war, were beaten in all directions. The most brilliant actions were performed on the continent, whilst, in other parts of the globe, the flag of Great Britain was triumphant, and many valuable places, both in America, as Quebec in 1759, and in the East Indies were added to our possessions.'

(24) Son of Dr. Bentley, the friend of Walpole.

(25) Beau Nash.

(26) 'From his high spirits, his boastfulness, his undissembled vanity, his propensity to blunder, his provoking indiscretion, his unabashed audacity, he afforded to the Tories, especially to Swift, an inexhaustible subject of ridicule and satire.' His *Histories of his own Times, Reformation, Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, Discourse of Pastoral Care*, and *Life of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, are well worth reading.

(27) Cave's London residence. See too *Nichol's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. viii. p. 511.

(28) Wilkes, so notorious in his day for his opposition to the Bute and Grenville ministries by his journal *The North Britain*, for his obtaining a verdict with 4,000*l.* damages against Lord Halifax, then Secretary of State, for illegal imprisonment under a general warrant for his publication of the obscene work, *The Essay on Woman* (written by Archbishop Potter's son, with notes pretended to be by Bishop Warburton), and for his contests with the House of Commons and ultimate triumph as to his return for Middlesex, had 'a face so hideous that the caricaturists were forced, in their own despite, to flatter him; but he was a man of taste,

reading, and engaging manners, whose sprightly conversation was the delight of green-rooms and taverns, and pleased even the gravest when he abstained from detailing the particulars of his amours, and from breaking jests on the New Testament.'

(*) George II. never was a patron to learning or genius, and Colley Cibber's birthday odes as Poet-Laureate were notoriously bad. His comedies met with success. He figures in the *Dunciad*, having made Pope his enemy by the *Non-Juror*, acted in 1717.

(*) It is but just to Charles II.'s memory to mention that Butler had 300*l.* and an annual pension of 100*l.* for his immortal poem of *Hudibras*.—See Life of Butler in Bohn's Edition of his works.

(*) 'Sir Joshua Reynolds is a great painter, but, unfortunately, his colours seldom stand longer than crayons.'—*Horace Walpole's Letter to Sir H. Mann* (1775). It is too true that this is the case with the colouring of many pictures painted by him during a short period of his life: he thought that he had discovered a mode of rendering colours more vivid, and employed it, without duly considering the chemical qualities of his materials. But he was soon made acquainted with the mistake he had committed, re-assumed his durable system with increased beauty and vigour, and continued to employ it till the termination of his valuable labours. 'The colouring of Reynolds' (says Mr. Philips) 'in his best works, combines the highest qualities of Correggio and Titian with the brilliancy and luxuriance of the Dutch and Flemish schools deprived of their timidities.'

(*) Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton, where learning that Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments to the Chancellor, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the above epigram, in which, with admirable address, our English Roscius turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

(*) 'Goldsmith would never allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe; and being in company one day with Garrick and other intimate friends insisted upon trying his epigrammatic powers with the dramatist, and each of them was to write the other's epitaph. Mr. Garrick immediately said 'his epitaph was finished,' and spoke the above distich. Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily, grew very thoughtful, and either would not or could not write anything at that time: however, soon afterwards he produced his much-admired and last poem called *Retaliation*, which contains the mock

epigrammatic epitaphs of Garrick, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the rest of the party.'—See *Cunningham's Goldsmith's Works*, vol. i.

(63) The number constituting the French Academy, who, it is said, were thirty years in compiling their dictionary.

For history of completion of Johnson's Dictionary, see Boswell's Life of him, vol. i.

(64) Pitt's death was deplored as a great national loss. On his becoming for the second time Secretary of State (1757), the war with France, which had been waged with great loss and disgrace, immediately assumed a new aspect. His vigorous administration soon caused a change for the better, and was attended by the most decisive successes both in America and Europe, the East Indies, and other parts of the globe. 'In his appointments Pitt, neglecting the claims of seniority, as well as those of aristocratic and parliamentary interest, was guided by merit alone: and this was the secret of the success with which our arms were at this period attended.'

(65) This eminent physician, about a century ago, wrote a Treatise on the curative powers of the Malvern Waters, in which accounts are given of cures apparently more remarkable than any of which the present age can boast.

(66) 'Foote's mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but it was all caricature. He could take off some strange peculiarity, a stammer, or a lisp, but Garrick could seize those differences of manner and pronunciation which, though highly characteristic, are yet too slight to be described. They had both an infinite fund of comic humour in writing and conversation.' 'Foote's farces procured for him the title of the English Aristophanes.' Dr. Johnson said of him that 'for loud, obstreperous, broad-faced mirth he had no equal.' Of Garrick, Pope said, "he never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival.' 'He possessed a matchless versatility of genius for the exhibition of passion, and was alike at home in comedy and tragedy. He chiefly dedicated his talents to the great characters of Shakspeare, and excited a noble emulation to represent worthily England's great national poet.'—See *Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

(67) Mary and Elizabeth Gunning ('those goddesses the Gunnings,' as Mrs. Montague styles them in one of her celebrated letters) were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq. of Castle Coote, Ireland, by Bridges, daughter of Theobald Bourke, 6th Viscount Mayo. Maria was born in 1733, and Elizabeth in 1734. Their first appearance at the English Court was in 1751. The surpassing loveliness of the Gunnings has almost become

matter of history; nor perhaps is there any instance of mere beauty having excited so extraordinary a sensation as that produced by the appearance in the fashionable circles of London of these two portionless Irish girls. Horace Walpole writes to Sir H. Mann, June 18, 1751: 'They are declared to be the handsomest women alive. They can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away.' Elizabeth in Feb. 1752 married James, 6th Duke of Hamilton, who died Jan. 17, 1758, and in March 1759 she became the wife of Col. J. Campbell, afterwards 5th Duke of Argyll, and died in 1790.

Maria married George William, 6th Earl of Coventry, and died in 1760. The quantity of paint which she laid on her face is said, by checking the perspiration, to have been the immediate cause of the disorder which occasioned her death.—*Jesse's George Selwyn*, vol. i.

(68) *Menagiana*, vol. iii. p. 376. Ed. of 1716. Equally happy were Lord Chesterfield's lines to a young lady who appeared at a Dublin ball with an orange breastknot:

'Pretty Tory, where 's the jest
To wear that riband on thy breast,
When that same breast betraying shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?'

(69) Quick's friends were never satisfied unless he travestied some part or other of the plays he performed: and it is told of him that once when playing *Richard III.* on coming to the part where the king exclaims: 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' by way of putting a finishing stroke to the fun, he extemporized: 'and if you can't bring me a horse, bring me a jackass.'

(70) Rhedycina was formerly a commonly accepted name for Oxford.

(71) Lady Georgiana Spencer, the 'beautiful Duchess of Devonshire,' as she was called, was the eldest daughter of John, 1st Earl Spencer. She was born in 1757, and in 1774 became the wife of William, 5th Duke of Devonshire. She was a woman of surpassing loveliness and peculiar fascination of manners. Descended in the fourth degree lineally from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that beautiful woman. Her beauty did not, like that of the Miss Gunnings, consist in regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society. Her heart might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life, adorn our nature, and diffuse a nameless charm over existence. The personal exertions made by her in favour of

Fox during the contested election for Westminster in 1784 are well known. It was probably during this election that the well-known compliment was paid to her by the Irish mechanic, 'I could light my pipe,' said he, 'at her eyes.'

(72) The Venetian Senate remunerated Sannazaro at the rate of a handsome sum of gold for every line of the above epigram.

(73) The French have translated this biting epigram thus:

Leo sans sacramens expire:
Comment les avait-il reçus?
Avant sa mort le maitre sire
Dès long-temps les avait vendus,

(74) Acon, supposed to be the minion of Henry III. of France, and Leonilla for the princess of Eboli, the mistress of Philip II. of Spain, each of whom had lost an eye; but for each defect each was most beautiful.

(75) The Chancellor seems to have had a peculiar hatred to bishops, which little idiosyncrasy has escaped his biographers, as they in no way that I am aware of notice it.

(76) It is almost needless to mention that the thirteenth and last battle between the houses of York and Lancaster was fought on Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485, and that 100,000 human beings lost their lives in these contests, which originated with the descendants of Edward III. First battle fought May 22, 1455. Union of the roses in the marriage of Henry VII. with the princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., 1486. Partisans of the House of Lancaster chose the *red* rose as their mark of distinction, and those of York were denominated from the *white*.

(77) In reference to the last line of this very celebrated epigram, a tradition existed at Westminster many years ago to the effect that it was written by Dryden, while at school there. It was then, as it perhaps is now, the custom for the boys to write Latin verses on certain days of the week, either from the Psalms or some other portion of Scripture. Upon the occasion alluded to, Dryden had neglected, it was said, to write any. The subject was 'the marriage of Cana in Galilee;' and when the time came for sending in the exercises, Dryden, in order to escape the immediate consequences of his idleness, hastily wrote down the above pentameter, and heading the paper, as was usual, with the subject and his name, sent it up amongst the others. The tradition added that the extreme beauty of the thought saved the great poet from the discipline which the master, Dr. Bushby, was about to administer. The truth, however, is that this celebrated line forms part of the above epigram by Crashaw, of the Charterhouse, and afterwards of St. Peter's College, Cambridge,

in a volume of Latin poems which he published at Cambridge in 1634, and consequently only three years after Dryden was born.

(78) The Italian proverb says of the Genoese, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and man without faith. Pope Julius was the patron of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Bramante. Having turned his arms against France, his career was checked, and he was declared suspended by the Council of Pisa.

(79) This controversial incident happened in the 16th century. Peter Heylyn tells us in his *Cosmographie* of these two brothers, William and John Reynolds, that the former was at first a Protestant of the Church of England, and the latter trained up in Popery beyond the seas. On a conference between them it so fell out that John was so convinced by his brother's arguments he returned to England and became a rigid English Protestant, and William, overcome by his brother's reasoning, stayed beyond the seas and proved a very violent and virulent papist.

(80) 'The allusion here, in the last couplet, is to the distribution of the waters of the Seine, through pipes and wells for the use of the inhabitants of Paris.—In Vavassor's works there are two Latin epigrams on this subject.'

(81) Alençon was a hideous fellow, whom his own sister loathed, and to whom his most intimate companion, Bussy d'Amboise, once said, 'If I were Alençon and you were Bussy, I wouldn't have you for a lacquey.' His brother-in-law, Henry Quatre, was sarcastic on the double-mindedness of the deformed prince, as his enemies were on his double nose, that having so swollen as to look something like a couple of bottles, and to give rise on his going to Flanders to the above cutting epigram. See *Duke of Manchester's Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne*, p. 257, vol. i.

(82) Boileau, whilst offering himself the most beautiful models of pure and perfect poetry, taught the French people to admire Corneille, Molière, and Racine. His *Art of Poetry* appeared in 1673: and it is said served in some degree as a model for Pope, who imitated it in many of his best passages in his *Essay on Criticism*. It suggested to Regnard the following epigram:

Ci git maître Boileau qui vécut de médire
Et qui mourut aussi: par un traite de satyre.
Ce coup dont il prappa lui fut enfin rendu.
Si par malheur un jour son livre étoit perdu
A le chercher bien loin, passant, n'est embarrasse
Tu le retrouveras tout entier dans Horace.

'As a critic Boileau did much to rivet the fetters of classicality on his

countrymen, and to give their literature that trimmed and clipped look which Johnson contrasted with the wild nature of our own greater writers.'

(43) This epigram gave rise to several excellent caricatures of the effects of law. In one of these there were three figures, a big fat lawyer and two litigants mere skeletons in appearance; the former standing between them with an oyster-shell in each outstretched hand, exclaims: 'Gentlemen, the oyster was a good one, the Court awards you a shell each.' 'I never was ruined but twice,' said a wit; 'once when I lost a lawsuit, and once when I gained one.'

It is told of James I. that on his arrival in England, he was taken from tribunal to tribunal in Westminster Hall, and his remark was, 'A' rogues, a' rogues;' and when Peter the Great had watched for some time the litigation going on in the Court of Chancery, he exclaimed to the English nobleman who acted as his cicerone that 'in the whole of his dominions, he possessed but two lawyers, and that he intended to hang one of them immediately he got back to Russia.' 'A lawyer,' said Lord Brougham, 'is a learned rascal who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.'

(44) It must, however, be told that Colbert did much for France. He founded Quebec and Cayenne, the dockyards of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort, and gave a new impetus to the commerce of the country. 'Besides these works he instituted the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and the Academy of Sciences, and by his recommendation the Royal Observatory was built. He is generally considered as the inventor of the theory of the balance of trade.' His talent for architecture was evinced by his erecting elegant structures in Paris, the Hotel des Invalides, the façade of the Louvre, the triumphal arches of the Boulevardes, the gardens of the Tuileries, &c.

(45) The most cruel of the demagogues of the French Revolution (1789). Early in life he published a treatise *On Crimes and Punishments*, in which he denied the right of society to put offenders to death When raised to power by the Jacobin Club, a scene of blood followed, to which hardly a parallel can be found in history. That triumvirate of fiendish bloodthirsty monsters, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, spread dismay and death throughout France. 'At length a confederacy was formed against Robespierre, who was arrested July 9th, 1794, but not till his lower jaw was broken by a pistol-shot in an abortive attempt at suicide. He suffered the next day under the guillotine amidst the execrations of the multitude.'

(46) 'Tiraeque had the reputation of producing every year a book, while

his wife with equal regularity produced a bantling, till her number was said to have reached so high a figure as thirty.' 'The jokes are endless against him for the equal number of *libri* (books) and *liberi* (children) that thus came into the world, and as he was a teetotaller, he was all the more readily assailed by his less temperate brethren.'

(⁸⁷) The licentiousness of his writings, it is needless to say, caused his rejection. 'His allusions and personalities to passing events give his epigrams a value which none of the innumerable imitations of Martial, Ausonius, and Owen can ever attain.' His works were published in seven volumes in 1776.

(⁸⁸) A French poet of some renown in his day who contracted an intimacy with Voltaire which ended in a quarrel, and the two poets lampooned each other without mercy.

(⁸⁹) Talleyrand served under so many governments widely different in their principles, that his enemies sarcastically said of him he would serve the devil if he had the opportunity. 'His wit was caustic, ready, and penetrating, a crowd of examples attesting his accomplishments in this respect.' His talents and fame as a diplomatist are too well known to require notice, but it may be mentioned that when the Constitutional Monarchy party desired to maintain peace with England he was considered as the 'only man fitted to execute the delicate commission of opening negotiations with the Court of St. James.' His profligacy, if we are to believe some memoirs of him, was at one period of his life notoriously great, and caused him to be an object of abhorrence.

(⁹⁰) Roger Bacon, in his treatise *De Nullitate Magiæ*, published at Oxford 1216, expressly mentions the composition of gunpowder; but many writers maintain it was known much earlier in many parts of the world. Dean Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels*, after telling the king of Brobdingnag of its invention and the manner of using it and its destructive effects, adds: 'his majesty was struck with horror at the description, and said he was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I could entertain such inhuman ideas,' and that 'some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been its contriver.'

(⁹¹) History tells us this destructive war was commenced in 1618 by Matthias, Emperor of Germany, and was brought to a close by the Peace of Westphalia, signed at Munster, October 24, 1648, between France, the Emperor, Frederic II., and Sweden: Spain continuing the war against France. Matthias's cruel treatment of the Protestants caused a revolt of his Bohemian subjects. 'By the Peace of Westphalia the principle of the balance of power in Europe was first recognised, Alsace given to France, and part of Pomerania and some other districts to Sweden; the Elector

Palatine restored to the Lower Palatinate, the civil and political rights of the German States established, and the independence of the Swiss Confederation recognised by Germany.'

(92) In 1793 was published, in Paris, the first part of Paine's *Age of Reason*, and the second part came out in 1795, being *An Investigation of True and Fabulous Theology*, a work expressly levelled against the truth of revealed religion. 'In it are evinced a considerable share of energy of language and acuteness of investigation.' It was most ably and satisfactorily answered by Bishop Watson in his *Apology for the Bible*.

(93) In this naval engagement between the Toulon and British fleets nine of the French line-of-battle ships were taken and two were burnt. This victory, it is well known to all, obtained Nelson a peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and the thanks of Parliament, and a pension of 3,000*l.* per annum. In this battle, Nelson, adopting a masterly and bold manœuvre, steered a part of his fleet inside the enemy, who were thus exposed between two fires; a plan pursued by Admiral Blake in his naval engagements.

(94) Miles Peter Andrews, M.P. for Bewdley, wrote several plays, all alike bad. His first comedy, *The Election*, is spoken of in the *Biographia Dramatica*, as a nauseous potion washed down the throats of the public with music. The epigram is on Andrews's *Mysteries of the Castle*. In it probability is said to have been set at defiance, and the author alternately exhilarated, astonished, and terrified the gods in the gallery.

(95) Burke, it is well known, was a native of Ireland and the most active and persevering of all Hastings' enemies in this celebrated trial, which lasted upwards of seven years. For full particulars see Gleig's *Memoirs of Warren Hastings*, 3 vols., and Macaulay's review of the same.

(96) Passed 31 Charles II. (1769). By this Act—the subject's *Writ of Right*—no subject can be detained in prison except in cases wherein the detention is shown to be justified by the law. 'It can be suspended only by the authority of Parliament. In such a case the nation parts with a portion of its liberty to secure its own permanent welfare, and suspected persons may then be arrested without cause or purpose being assigned.'—See *Blackstone's Commentaries*.

In Pitt's time it was suspended three or four times, which excited much public indignation on the part of those who opposed his measures.

(97) Cash payments were discontinued February 25, 1797, when notes of *one* and *two* pounds were put into circulation. A return to cash payments was partially resumed in 1817, and the restriction altogether ceased in 1821.

(98) The *Anti-Jacobin* (in No. 8) thus speaks of the threatened invasion of this country, for which the French publicly formed and organised their *Army of England*:—'Its advanced guard is to be formed from a chosen corps of banditti, the most distinguished for massacre and plunder. It is to be preceded, as it naturally ought, by the genius of the French Revolutionary Liberty, and it will be welcomed, as they tell us, "on the *ensanguined* shores of Britain by the generous friends of Parliamentary Reform." In the interval, however, till these golden dreams are realised, it is necessary that this *Army of England*, while it yet remains in France, should be fed, paid, and clothed. For this purpose a new and separate fund is provided, and is to be termed "The Loan upon England," to be raised by anticipation on the security and mortgage of all the lands and property of this country.' This gasconade, which sounds too extravagant for reality, was nevertheless seriously announced by a message from the Executive Directory, and we are told that the merchants of Paris eagerly offered to advance on such security the money which was to defray the expenses of the expedition against England.

(99) The eminent English dramatic poet, author of the *Old Bachelor*, *Double Dealer*, *All for Love*, &c.

(100) Sir W. Congreve, the inventor of the Congreve rocket, which proved most effective both at the battle of Leipsic in 1813, and at Waterloo.

(101) In Nelson's last naval fight off Cape Trafalgar, 18 French and Spanish ships were taken, 11 escaped into Cadiz, 6 of which were reduced to mere wrecks. See Southey's *Life of Lord Nelson.*

(102) In this year Napoleon became Emperor of the French, and a few months afterwards he erected the Cis-Alpine republic into a kingdom and crowned himself King of Italy at Milan.

(103) Lord Castlereagh.

(104) Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.

(105) Donkeys, formerly much used at Brighton in smuggling.

(106) Placed on the new church.

(107) Spencer devised an overcoat without skirts, called after its inventor a *Spencer*, and much worn in former days by elderly gentlemen; and Sandwich brought into fashion the luncheon of seasoned meat between slices of bread and butter, which goes by his name. From *Notes and Queries.*

(108) From *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, and translated in Latin elegiacs by Mr. Booth, of Magdalen College.

([109]) Barrington was transported for abstracting the gold snuff-box of a foreign nobleman at a drawing-room of Queen Charlotte in the character of an Irish bishop. He rose afterwards to be stage manager and High Sheriff at Botany Bay, and in a prologue to a play wrote:—

> True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good.

([110]) John Home, the divine and dramatic author, wrote, as most men know, the tragedy of *Douglas*, which met with the greatest success; but which evoked the indignation of the hypocritical, canting fanaties of the Scottish Kirk, who compelled him to retire from the ministry. He obtained, notwithstanding, a pension from his countryman Lord Bute. 'Home had the old Scottish prepossession in favour of claret and utterly detested port. When claret was expelled from the market by high duties he wrote the above epigram.'—*Notes and Queries.*

([111]) The above is in the possession of the Microscopical Society.—*Notes and Queries.*

One is reminded by this of Homer's *Iliad* in a nut, which refers to Pliny, b. 8, c. 21, who says it was copied in so small a hand that the whole work could lie in a walnut-shell: 'in nuce inclusam Iliada Homeri carmen, in membrana scriptum tradidit Cicero.' Pliny's authority is Cicero *apud Gallium*, 9, 421. See also M. Huet's account of a similar experiment in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxxix. p. 347.

([112]) In Napoleon's invasion of Spain, Murat commanded the French army, and under the name of Joachim Napoleon was in 1808 proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies and reigned in peace till 1812, his rule being characterised by mildness and liberality. From his love of daring, impetuous bravery, and uniform success in battle, the emperor called him 'the best cavalry officer in Europe.'

([113]) This town is noted for the defeat of the French by the British under Stuart. The overthrow of Murat in 1815 restored the former royal family to the throne of Naples, from which Francis II. was driven by Garibaldi in 1860. It now forms part of the Italian kingdom under Victor Emmanuel II.

([114]) 'The first Congress of Vienna was convened by the treaty of Paris, May 30, 1814, for the settlement of the affairs of Europe after Napoleon's abdication. Besides many sovereign princes, the Congress was composed of plenipotentiaries from the courts of Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, &c. The principal arrangements of the Congress were collected in one grand Act of 121

articles, which was signed by the ministers of Great Britain, Austria, France, Portugal, Prussia, Russia and Sweden, June 9th 1815.'

[115] Halliwell, a fellow of Brasenose, ycleped Dr. Toe from his lameness, paid attention to an Oxford flirt who jilted him and married her footman.

[116] 'Some of the Etonians, it appears, with Canning at their head, published a weekly periodical, called *The Microcosm*, and soon after its appearance in 1786, a contemporary paper emanated from Harrow School, which came forth with a somewhat indiscreet frontispiece representing the two publications in a balance, the Harrow periodical outweighing its rival. Upon seeing it, Canning dashed off the above epigram, which Hook, a Harrow boy, answered.

[117] 'Young ladies read Moore's *Lalla Rookh* without (I presume) being aware of the grossness of the Veiled Prophet.'—*Table Talk of Sam. Rogers.*

[118] 'The expedition consisted of 35 ships of the line and 200 smaller vessels, and 40,000 land-forces, Strahan commanding the fleet and Chatham the army. Perhaps a more powerful and better appointed armament had never previously left the British ports, or ever more completely disappointed public expectation. Flushing was invested in August, and a dreadful bombardment followed: but no suggestion on the part of the naval commander, nor urgency on the part of the officers, could induce Chatham to vigorous action, until the period of probable success was gone, and necessity obliged him to return with the troops that disease and an unhealthy climate had spared.'

'The place was completely evacuated Dec. 23, 1809. An enquiry was instituted by the House of Commons, and Lord Chatham, to prevent greater disgrace, resigned his post of master-general of the ordnance, but the policy of ministers in planning the expedition was, nevertheless, approved.' See Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, and G. H. Townshend's *Manual of Dates*—Art: *Walcheren Expedition.*

[119] 'Some years after Paine's death, which occurred in America, Cobbett caused his remains to be brought to England, where he expected to find them greeted with enthusiasm, but the undertaking only brought ridicule upon himself.'

[120] It is matter of history that in 1812 Napoleon, at the head of 500,000 men, invaded Russia, whose armies he signally defeated in several engagements. In September of that year he entered Moscow, which he found evacuated and almost totally consumed by fire. After spending a month there in expectation of overtures of peace from St. Petersburgh, the frost and snow of a Russian winter compelled him to commence a

precipitate retreat. Harassed also by innumerable foes, a great part of the French army, deprived of every thing, perished in the snow, or found a grave in the icy waters of the Berezina. Notwithstanding this reverse of fortune some of Napoleon's most extraordinary battles were fought during his retreat. As a general his great genius was evinced by his novel method of rapidly concentrating a vast overwhelming force at some weak point of his enemy's lines, and thus causing confusion and ensuring victory. His two great mistakes in life appear to have been this Russian expedition, and his too speedy return from Elba before the allied armies had dispersed.

(121) A return of the king's (George III.) malady, caused Perceval, then Prime Minister, to propose the Prince of Wales as Regent under the same restrictions with regard to the creation of peers, the granting of offices, &c. as those laid down by Pitt in 1788. 'The arrangements were not finally completed till January 1811. George III. never recovered, and the regency consequently lasted till his death in 1820. At first it was anticipated there would be a change of ministry, and Lords Grey and Grenville were actually employed to draw up answers to the addresses of Parliament but being disgusted by some alterations suggested by Sheridan, they declined any further interference and the old ministry was retained.'

(122) The treadmill, introduced into most of the large prisons of Great Britain, and first used at Brixton Gaol (1817), is of a more complicated construction than that which was invented and used by the Chinese in ancient times to raise water for the irrigation of their fields.

(123) By his talents and indefatigable application to business there was not in the Court of Chancery a cause left undecided. See Sir J. Mackintosh's life of him in *Lardner's Cab. Cyclopædia—Eminent British Statesmen*, and *Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors*.

(124) Some years ago an action was brought at the Cardiff assizes by a *rich* plaintiff against a *poor* defendant, who was unable to pay a counsel; when Abraham Moore, Esq. of Exeter, a barrister, *volunteered* to defend him, which caused Jekyll to write the above epigram.

(125) Afterwards Master of the Rolls.

(126) Afterwards Vice Chancellor.

(127) On Bankruptcy.

(128) The Chancellor was Lord Eldon. His lordship soon after decided a case against Rose, the writer of the above jeu-d'esprit, and, looking good-humouredly at him, said: 'In this case, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor does *not* doubt.' The character assigned to Sir J. Leach by Rose was: 'nor did he change, but kept in lofty place.'

(120) Stratford was a pompous man and received this nickname.

(120) The arms of the Inner and Middle Temple.

(121) The house of the Master of Rolls used to be there.

(122) Grandfather of Joseph St. John Yates, Esq., Judge of County Courts, Cheshire.

(123) A very eminent special pleader, and author of *Laws of Bills of Exchange, Checks on Bankers, Promissory Notes, Bankers' Cash Notes and Bank Notes, A Treatise on the Parties to Actions and to Pleadings*, and many other laborious and learned works which have become indispensable auxiliaries to every legal student and practitioner.

(124) This was handed about amongst the gentlemen of the bar at the time of the Gorham appeal to the Privy Council as from the pen of Sir George Rose. It is almost needless to mention that Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, having refused to institute Gorham to the Chancellor's living of Brampford Speke (not considering his views on Baptismal Regeneration sound), much litigation ensued in consequence, and ended by Mr. Gorham's successful appeal to the Privy Council. The affair proved a most dainty delightful morsel for the gentlemen of the long robe. They chuckled, no doubt, at the opportunity afforded them of sending in heavy bills for costs.

(125) A few of these will suffice to show the truthfulness of the epigram: Campbell states that 'Lawrence Booth, Bishop of Durham, who was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1473, had risen by merit from obscurity: and that although he gained great distinction from his proficiency in literature, law, and divinity, having been elected head of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and Bishop of Durham, he was nevertheless inefficient in the Court of Chancery and in Parliament; and that *to console him* for the deprivation of the Great Seal in 1474, he was soon after translated from Durham to York.' If Lord Campbell knew no more of the Bishop's qualifications as Lord Chancellor than he appears to do of his origin, the whole of the above passage would be a tissue of barefaced and gross assumptions, palmed upon the public in the garb of truth. He might have learnt that Chancellor Booth's ancestors for five generations are recorded as persons of note and territorial possessions in Cheshire and Lancashire. His grandfather was a knight living in the reign of Edward III., and his grandmother was of the ancient family of Workesley of Workesley. His mother was of the family of Savage, of ancient and honourable descent, at Clifton or Rock Savage in Cheshire. Of his brothers the eldest was created a knight in 14 Henry VI., and among his nephews and nieces may be reckoned a dean of York, a bishop of Exeter, a bishop of Hereford, and a countess of Westmorland, who were all Booths. Is this an origin

which Lord Campbell would define as *obscure?* If his statement as to the bishop's origin be not a wilful perversion, it is as gross a mistake as that of his calling Lord Chancellor Arundel and Archbishop of Canterbury, 'son of *Robert* Earl of Arundel and *Warren*' (see vol. i. p. 290); or that of Edmund Stafford, bishop of Exeter, *brother* of the present earl; or that of John Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury, *son* of the Earl of Stafford—*vid.* same vol. In his life of Wedderburn, Lord Chancellor Loughborough, he asserts 'there are overwhelming proofs the MS. of the celebrated Letters of Junius was delivered by Sir P. Francis to Woodfall the publisher.' The editor of this book found, on repeated applications to Campbell for these proofs, his Lordship utterly unable to afford them, who made the most flimsy excuses for not giving them. In a number of *Notes and Queries*, he was challenged by another party to produce them, but without effect. 'Such want of accuracy is very damaging to his lordship as an author and historian, and tends to verify the complaints which have been made of the hasty and superficial manner in which he has compiled his biographies, especially the early chancellors. He is blamed, too, for want of candour in acknowledging his obligations to other authors and quotations from their works, and for the absence of a complete and uniform statement of proofs and authorities. He has culpably neglected *original* records and authorities, and has copied wholesale from *Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops*, unwinnowed of its numerous errors.' —See *Gent. Mag. for* 1848.

Foss, also, in his admirable work *On the Judges of England*, points out many instances of Lord Campbell's inaccuracy. Still, it must be allowed *Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors and Chief Justices*, with all their defects, are writings of great merit, and contain much valuable historical information.

(136) The first state lottery mentioned in English history began drawing at the western door of St. Paul's Cathedral, January 11, 1569, and continued day and night until May 6 following. It contained 40,000 lots at 10s. each lot. The profits were for repairing the fortifications on the coast of England, and the prizes were pieces of plate. The first lottery for sums of money took place in 1630. Lotteries were established in 1693, and for more than 130 years yielded a large annual revenue to the crown. They were altogether abolished in this country by 6 Geo. IV. c. 60 (1826), the last public lottery having been drawn October 18, 1826.

(137) The earliest notice of proxies found recorded in the Rolls of Parliament is in 35 Edward I. at the Parliament at Carlisle. Selden, in his *Privileges of the Baronage*, says, 'The first mention of proxies that occurs in the memories of our Parliament is of Carlisle under Edward I.' See also the *First Report of the Committee on the Dignity of a Peer*, in

which, after referring to the Parliament at Carlisle, are the following words:—'From these entries it appears that the personal attendance of individuals was generally dispensed with, on their sending procurators to answer for them.'

(138) The Bank of England incorporated by Royal Charter in 1694. The charter, as is well known, has been frequently renewed and extended. In 1696 the Bank suspended cash payments, but having recovered from a temporary pressure, flourished greatly until again compelled, by the drain upon its resources caused by the French war at the close of the last century, to suspend cash payments, for which an Order in Council appeared February 27, 1797, when notes of *one* and *two* pounds were put into circulation and made a legal tender. Cash payments were resumed partially in 1817, and the restriction altogether ceased in 1821.

(139) Well known to Cambridge men, and famous for rearing geese.

(140) A celebrated Roman physician, styled the Hippocrates of the Latins. His work *De Medicinâ*, in eight books, evinces extensive erudition and is much admired for its purity of language.

(141) In 1801, Moore produced the *Odes of Anacreon*, which he had composed while at college, which acquired for him the title of 'Anacreon Moore.' He soon afterwards brought out *The Poetical Works of Thomas Little*, and *Odes and Epistles*, which latter Jeffrey, then the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, having severely criticised, led to the 'bloodless duel,' which caused the above epigram, and which provoked Lord Byron's satire in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:

> 'Can none remember that eventful day,
> That even glorious, almost fatal fray,
> When Little's leadless pistol met his eye.'
> &c. &c. &c.

(142) Famous for his quack medicines.

(143) In 1739, this inflammable aëriform fluid was first evolved from coal, and in 1814 gas-lights became general in London, and were soon afterwards used in most other places.

(144) George Stephenson, the father of English railroads, in 1815 discovered the steam blast, and 'applied it in the construction of a second engine, and in 1829 he employed a multitubular boiler in the *Rocket*, which proved the victor in the competition of engines held at Rainhill in October of that year, attaining a maximum speed of 28 miles per hour, and an average of 15. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the first public line worked by steam power in 1830.

(145) M. Daguerre made his discoveries known in 1839. By this process the pictures of the camera lucida are rendered permanent.

(146) The result of a late division on Church-rates in the House of Commons, equality of votes on either side, cannot but be said to constitute between Churchmen and Dissenters a connection which may be considered as forming a most intimate *tie*. After repeated efforts to carry a motion for their abolition, Sir J. S. Trelawny has signified his intention to abandon the measure altogether.

(147) This epigram was composed when the expense of incorporation—a process sometimes resorted to by alumni of Trinity College, Dublin—was raised.

(148) When young, Lord W. L. constructed this unreadable novel, the plot being borrowed from Bulwer, and the scenes from G. P. R. James. This contrivance did not induce anyone but reviewers to read the book.

(149) Fourth Duke of Newcastle. H. P. P. Clinton, K.G.

(150) In England there were few paved streets before Henry VII.'s reign. London first paved about 1533. Wood pavement commenced in 1839. This kind of paving not answering the expectations of its advocates, the streets which were laid down with wood have been all taken up.

(151) 'According to McAdam's invention, excellent roads were formed by laying down layers of broken granite, or other hard stone, which became hardened into a solid mass by the traffic passing over them. For his invention Government granted him 10,000*l.* and offered him a baronetcy, which honour he declined.'

(152) The Pope in 1850 issued the bull establishing a Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England, and soon afterwards Wiseman was created Archbishop of Westminster. Great agitation in this country ensued in consequence, and caused the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill to be passed.

(153) Dr. Bull, who held so many preferments, died in 1858, aged 68.

(154) A successful subaqueous telegraph was laid in 1858 across the Atlantic Ocean, connecting Ireland and America; and the first public despatch, a message from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, was received August 17, and the cable continued effective until September 1st of that year, when the signals became unintelligible. It is to be hoped this grand scheme of uniting Europe and America by an electric telegraph will still be fully accomplished, and made as available as other submarine telegraphs, when improvements have been made in the machinery to be employed. A new Atlantic telegraph cable is now constructing.—See the *Railway News*.

(153) 'A revolution having broken out at Naples, the king, Francis II., fled to Gaeta September 7, 1860, which was besieged by the Sardinian army, and surrendered February 14, 1861.'

(154) *Snarly Yow, or The Dog Fiend*, one of the very best of Captain Marryatt's novels.

(155) The well-known legend of M. Manlius, the saviour of the Roman capitol: see a full account of this in *Lyddell's History of Rome*, vol. i. p. 169. At the present time no one can doubt, but for a considerable force of French soldiers being stationed in Rome, the temporal power of the pope (Pius IX.) would soon be at an end in the 'Eternal City.' As it will shortly be withdrawn, and His Holiness will then have to depend upon mercenary troops, it remains to be seen how long the corruptions of his government will be tolerated by a people who expelled him in 1848.

(156) The French eagle. The standard of the eagle first borne by the Persians, and adopted by the Romans 102 B.C. The eagle was the imperial standard of Napoleon I. and is that of Napoleon III. The double-headed eagle is used by Austria, Russia, and Prussia. 'The golden eagle, which glittered in the front of the legion, was the object of the fondest devotion of the Roman troops.'—*Gibbon*, ch. i.

(157) The great opponent of church rates in the House of Commons.

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